THE MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS

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THE MINSTRELSY

OF THE

SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.

A COLLECTION OF HIGHLAND MELODIES, WITH GAELIC AND ENGLISH WORDS.

Selected, Edited, and Arranged by

ALFRED MOFFAT.

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Preface.

MY sincere thanks are offered to those gentlemen who have so generously supplied English translations for many of the Gaelic songs in this volume. My thanks are due to Mr. Malcolm Mac Farlane, editor of *Songs of the Highlands* (Logan & Co., Inverness); to Mr. Lachlan Mac Bean, Kirkcaldy, editor of *The Scottish Songs and Hymns of the Gael* (Eneas Mackay, Stirling); and to Mr. Alexander Stewart, Stenhousemuir. I am also indebted to Dr. J. Stoddart Walker, for allowing me to reprint some of Professor Blackie's beautiful translations from the Gaelic. To Mr. Henry Whyte (Fionn), I am especially indebted, not only for having permitted me to use many songs from his *Celtic Lyre* and *Ceòl nan Gàidheal*, but for having so kindly assisted me with much valuable information regarding Gaelic poetry and music, subjects in which he is so well versed.

ALFRED MOFFAT.

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The Minstrelsy
# of the
SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.

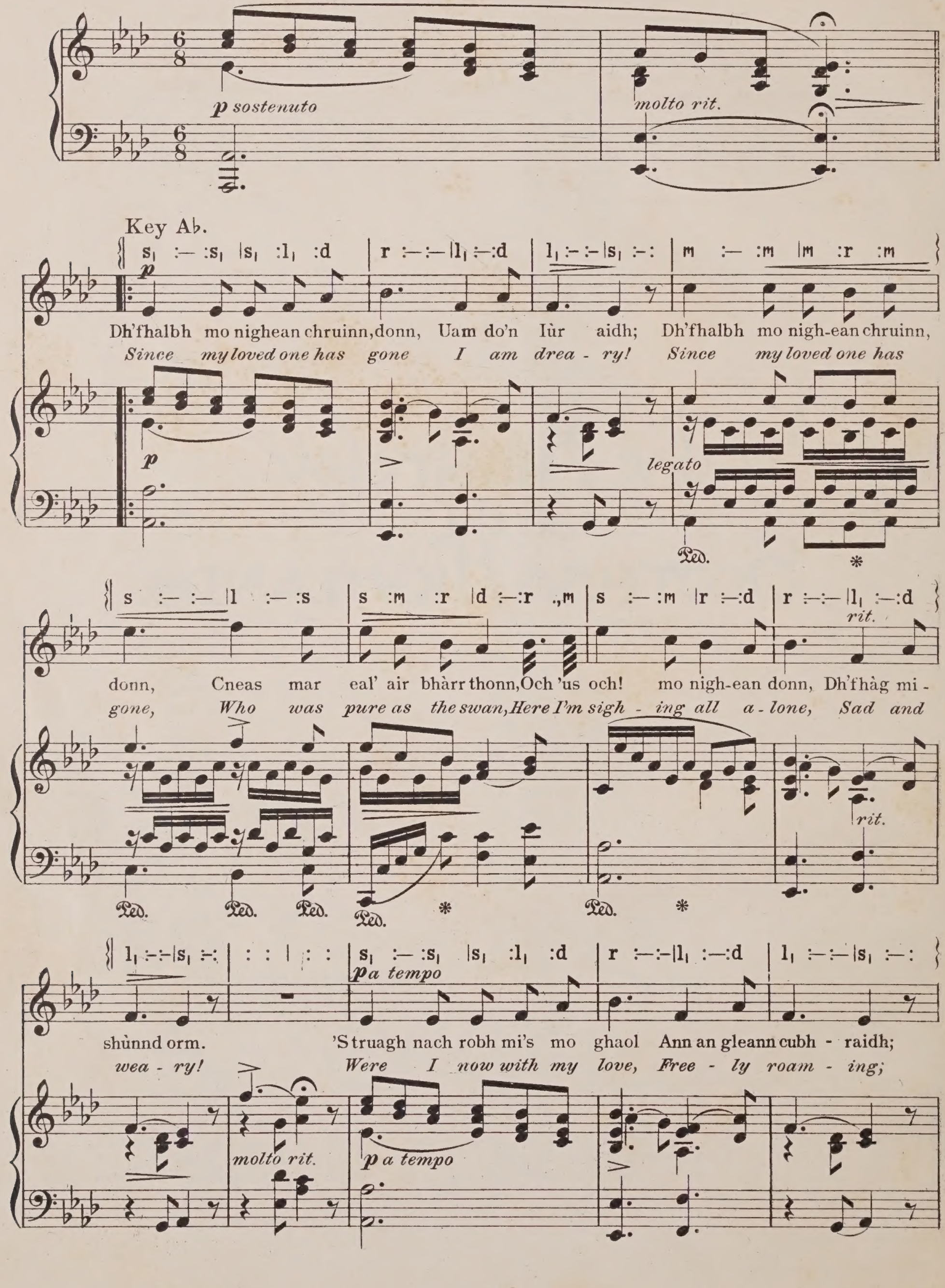
MO NIGHEAN CHRUINN, DONN.

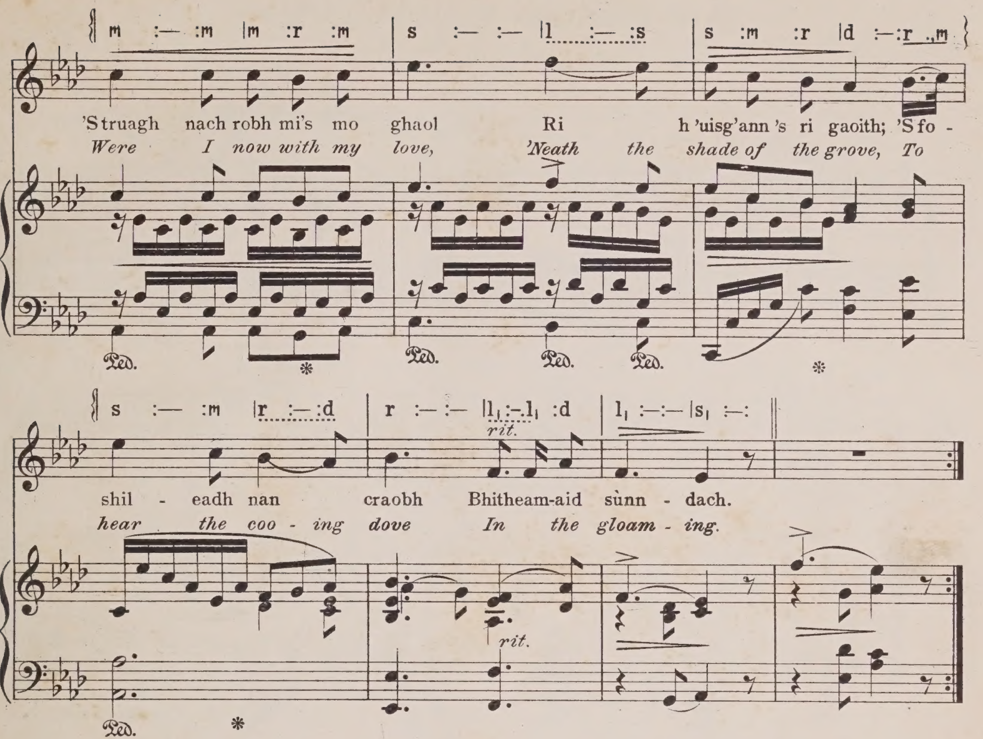
My neat auburn maid.

Gaelic Words old.

Translation by HENRY WHYTE. (Fionn.)

Quasi adagio molto espressione.


p sostenuto
molto rit.
Key A♭.
s, :— :s, |s, :l, :d | r :— :— |l, :— :d | l, :— :— |s, :— : | m :— :m |m :r :m
p
Dh'fhalbh mo nighean chruinn, donn, Uam do'n Iùr aidh; Dh'fhalbh mo nigh-ean chruinn,
Since my loved one has gone I am drea - ry! Since my loved one has
p
legato
s :— :— |l :— :s | s :m :r |d :— :r .,m | s :— :m |r :— :d | r :— :— |l, :— :d
donn, Cneas mar eal' air bhàrr thonn, Och 'us och! mo nigh-ean donn, Dh'fhàg mi -
gone, Who was pure as the swan, Here I'm sigh - ing all a - lone, Sad and
rit.
rit.
l, :— :— |s, :— : | : : | : : | s, :— :s, |s, :l, :d | r :— :— |l, :— :d | l, :— :— |s, :— :
p a tempo
shùnnd orm. 'S truagh nach robh mi's mo ghaol Ann an gleann cubh - raidh;
wea - ry! Were I now with my love, Free - ly roam - ing;
molto rit.
p a tempo


'Struagh nach robh mi's mo ghaol Ri h'uisg'ann 's ri gaoith; 'S fo - shil - eadh nan craobh Bhitheam-aid sùnn - dach.
Were I now with my love, 'Neath the shade of the grove, To hear the coo - ing dove In the gloam - ing.
rit.
rit.

2.
Na'm biodh agamsa spréidh
  Bhithinn glé chùirteil,
Na'm biodh agamsa spréidh
Feadh bheann 'us feadh shléibh,
B'ùr a gheibhinn thu féin,
  'S cha bu chéil ùmpaidh.
Ged tha thusa an dràsd
  Ann an gleann Iùraidh,
Ged tha thus' ann an tàmh,
Tha t'aigne fo phràmh,
Agus mise gun stàth,
  Le do ghràdh ciùrrta.

3.
Beir mo shoraidh le gràdh
  Uam do'n Iùraidh;
Beir mo shoraidh le gràdh
Dh'fhios na h-òigh rinn mo chràdh;
'S o'n nach math leath' mar thà
  Tha i féin tùrsach.
Cha'n 'eil aice mar chéil'
  Ach am fior ùmpaidh,
Cha'n 'eil aice mar chéil',
Ach sean bhodach gun spéis,
'Se mar ghearran o fhéill—
  Doirbh, breun, bruideil!

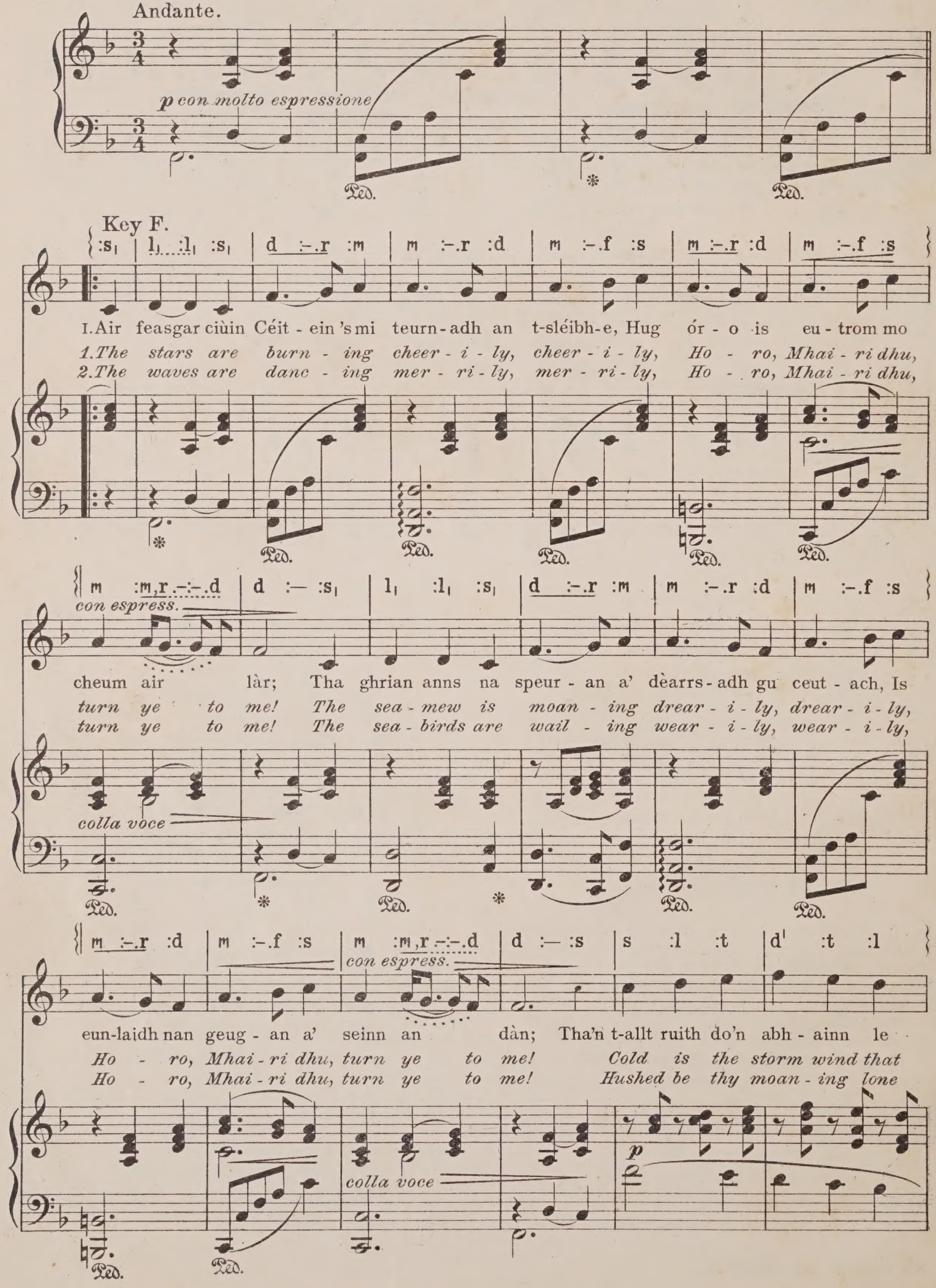
2.
Had I sheep on the hill
  I might woo thee;
Had I sheep on the hill,
By each fountain and rill,
Then of thine own free will
  Thou would'st choose me.
Thou art now far away
  In Glen Iuray;
Thou art now far away,—
Sad by night and by day,—
While here I pine alway,
  Naught can cure me!

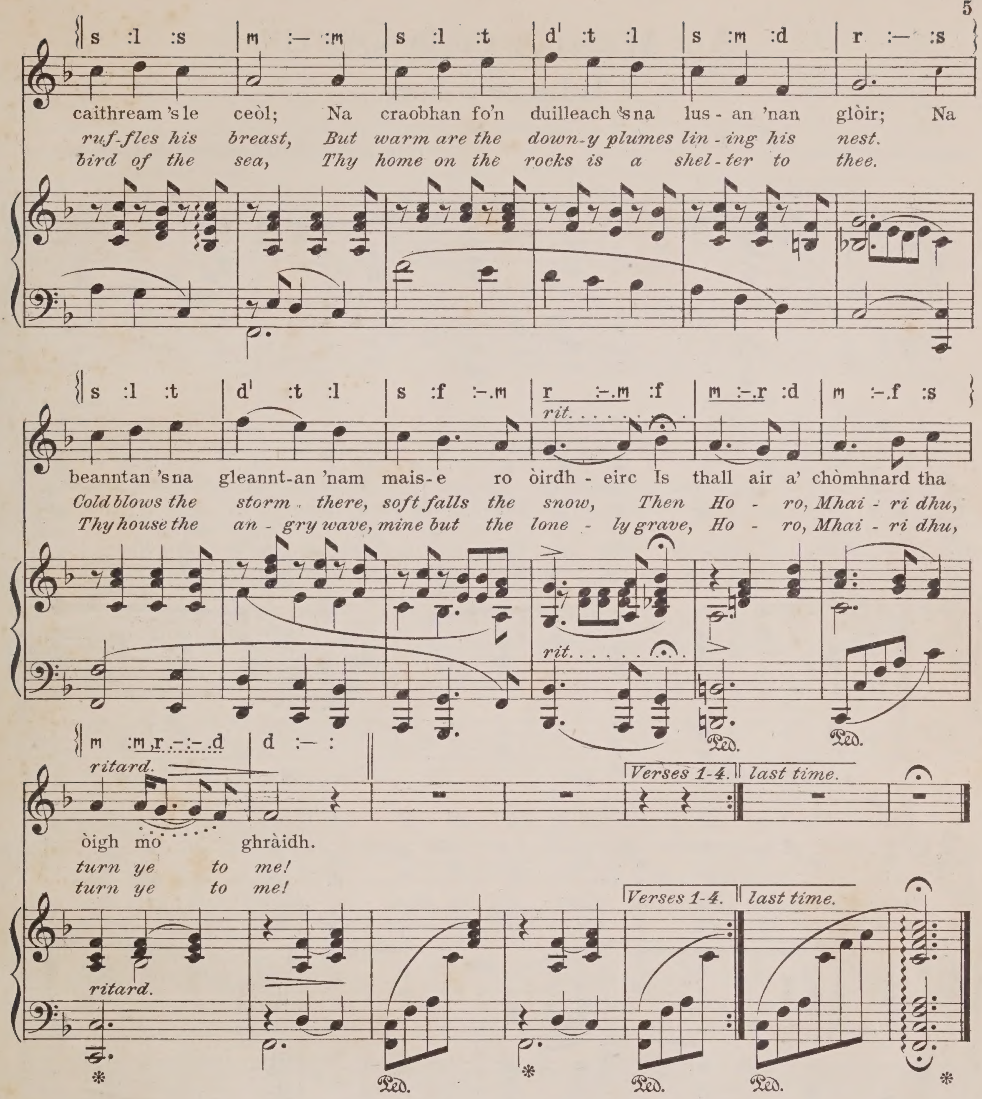
3.
Bear my love to the maid,
  Once so cheerful;
Bear my love to the maid,
Whom I'll never upbraid,
For now she's lowly laid,
  Sad and tearful.
'Tis an old carl, I hear,
  Wooed my maiden;
'Tis an old carl, I hear,
With his gold and his gear;
And now he's left my dear,
  Sorrow-laden.

AIR FEASGAR CIÙIN CÉITEIN.

Turn ye to me.

Translation by JOHN WILSON (Christopher North.)


Andante.
p con molto espressione
Ped.
Key F.
:s_1 | l_1 :l_1 :s_1 | d :-.r :m | m :-.r :d | m :-.f :s | m :-.r :d | m :-.f :s
I. Air feasgar ciùin Céit - ein 's mi teurn - adh an t-sléibh - e, Hug ór - o is eu - trom mo
1. The stars are burn - ing cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly, Ho - ro, Mhai - ri dhu,
2. The waves are danc - ing mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, Ho - ro, Mhai - ri dhu,
m :m,r.-:-.d | d :— :s_1 | l_1 :l_1 :s_1 | d :-.r :m | m :-.r :d | m :-.f :s
con espress.
cheum air làr; Tha ghrian anns na speur - an a' dèarrs - adh gu ceut - ach, Is
turn ye to me! The sea - mew is moan - ing drear - i - ly, drear - i - ly,
turn ye to me! The sea - birds are wail - ing wear - i - ly, wear - i - ly,
colla voce
m :-.r :d | m :-.f :s | m :m,r.-:-.d | d :— :s | s :l :t | d¹ :t :l
con espress.
eun-laidh nan geug - an a' seinn an dàn; Tha'n t-allt ruith do'n abh - ainn le
Ho - ro, Mhai - ri dhu, turn ye to me! Cold is the storm wind that
Ho - ro, Mhai - ri dhu, turn ye to me! Hushed be thy moan - ing lone
colla voce
p


caithream 's le ceòl; Na craobhan fo'n duilleach 's na lus - an 'nan glòir; Na
ruf-fles his breast, But warm are the down-y plumes lin - ing his nest.
bird of the sea, Thy home on the rocks is a shel-ter to thee.
rit.
beanntan 's na gleannt-an 'nam mais-e ro òirdh - eirc Is thall air a' chòmhnard tha
Cold blows the storm there, soft falls the snow, Then Ho - ro, Mhai - ri dhu,
Thy house the an - gry wave, mine but the lone - ly grave, Ho - ro, Mhai - ri dhu,
rit.
ritard.
òigh mo ghràidh.
turn ye to me!
turn ye to me!
Verses 1-4.
last time.
ritard.

2.

A chailin gun fhoill, bidh mo dhùrachd a choidhch' dhuit,
A mhaighdeann ghlan aoidheil is caoimhe sùil;
Tha grinneas do dhòighean fa m' chomhair an còmhnuidh
Is fòs do bhinn chòmhradh tha mòdhar ciùin;
Is duilich leam fhéin mar nach d'éirich dhomh àgh,
'S gur suarach mo bhuannachd 's nach buanaich i là,
Na'm biodh agam saibhreas sin thoillinn uait fàbhar
Is rachainn gun athadh 'nad dhàil a nunn.

3.

Is truagh nach do stiùir thu, a Fhreasdail, mo chùrsa
'Nad chaoimhneas d'a h-ionnsuidh an tùs mo ré;
Sin bhithinn-sa eudmhor, deanadach, gleusda
An àite bhi géilleachd roimh cheann na réis.
Roimh 'n àm so b'e dòchas bu dhòmhsa mar mhaoin;
Bhiodh doilgheas an là-'n-diugh am màireach air sgaoil;
Ach thàinig thu, Mhòrag, is leòn thu le gaol mi
Nach tarruing gu faochadh mur taobh thu rium féin.

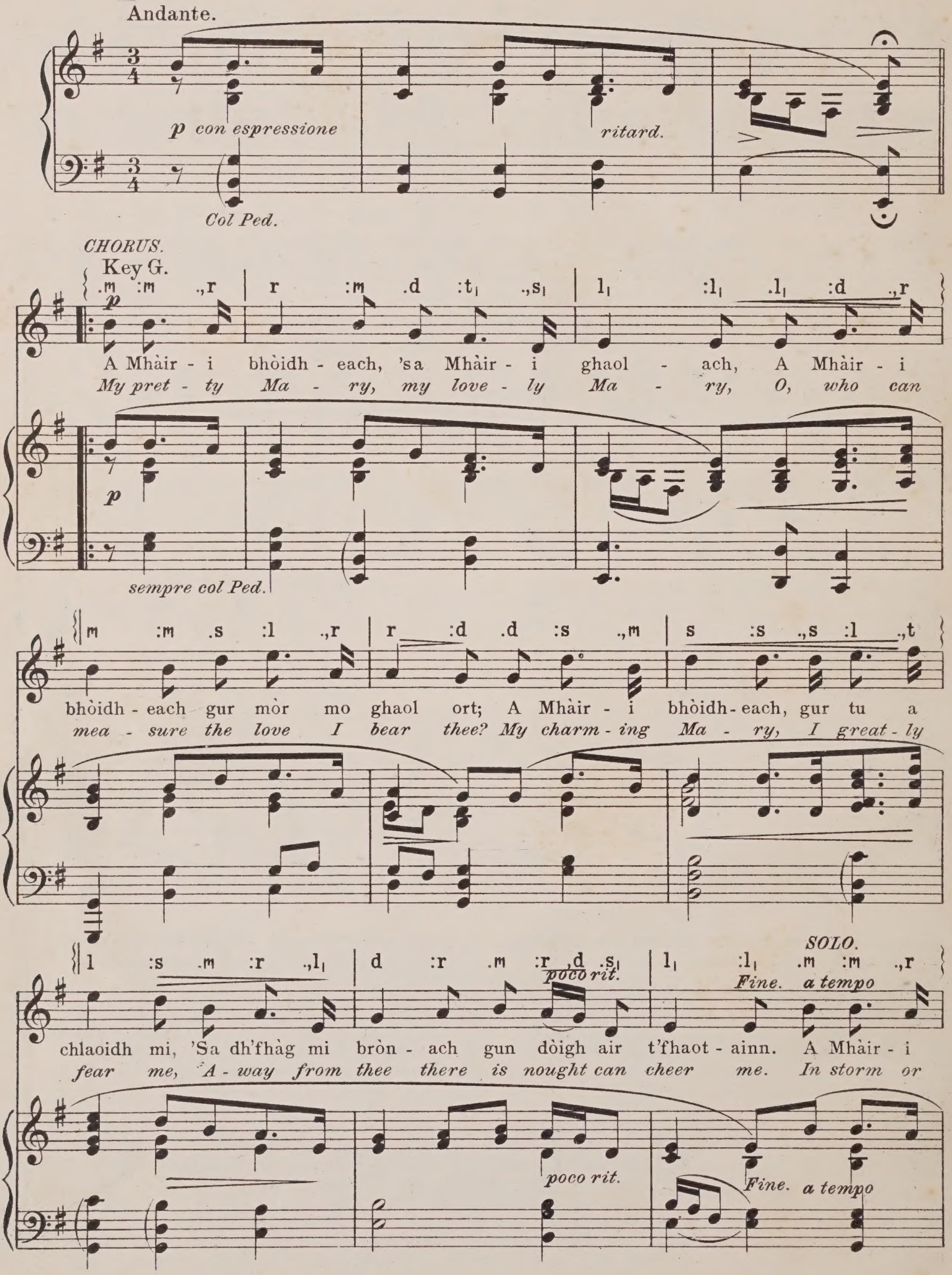
4.

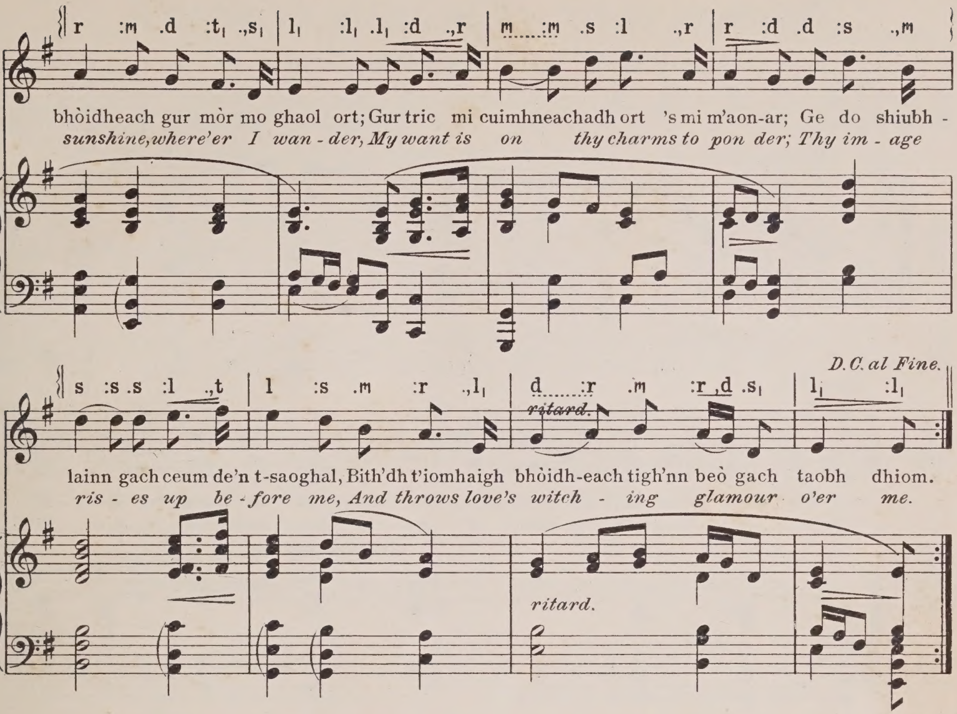
Tha 'm feasgar a' ciaradh o'n theirig a' ghrian;
Tha rionnag 'san iarmailt os cionn an dùin;
Eòin bhuchainn a' bharraich air casgadh an caithreim:
C'ar son tha mi fanachd aig taobh a' chùirn?
Sud thall air an réidhlean gun duin' ach i féin
A' mhaighdeann fhìor-uasal nam buadh is nam beus:
A dheòin no a dh'aindeoin, gur daingeann mo spéis di,
'S air Nàile! gu'n téid mi 'na dàil a nùnn.

MÀIRI BHÒIDHEACH.

My pretty Mary.

Gaelic Words old. Translation by MALCOLM MACFARLANE.


Andante.
p con espressione
ritard.
Col Ped.
CHORUS.
Key G.
.m :m .,r | r :m .d :t₁ .,s₁ | l₁ :l₁ .l₁ :d .,r
A Mhàir - i bhòidh - each, 'sa Mhàir - i ghaol - ach, A Mhàir - i
My pret - ty Ma - ry, my love - ly Ma - ry, O, who can
p
sempre col Ped.
m :m .s :l .,r | r :d .d :s .,m | s :s .,s :l .,t
bhòidh - each gur mòr mo ghaol ort; A Mhàir - i bhòidh - each, gur tu a
mea - sure the love I bear thee? My charm - ing Ma - ry, I great - ly
l :s .m :r .,l₁ | d :r .m :r .d .s₁ | l₁ :l₁ .m :m .,r
chlaoidh mi, 'Sa dh'fhàg mi bròn - ach gun dòigh air t'fhaot - ainn. A Mhàir - i
fear me, A - way from thee there is nought can cheer me. In storm or
poco rit.
SOLO.
Fine. a tempo
poco rit.
Fine. a tempo


r :m .d :t, .,s, | l, :l, .l, :d .,r | m :m .s :l .,r | r :d .d :s .,m
bhòidheach gur mòr mo ghaol ort; Gur tric mi cuimhneachadh ort 's mi m'aon-ar; Ge do shiubh -
sunshine, where'er I wan - der, My want is on thy charms to pon der; Thy im - age
D.C. al Fine.
s :s .s :l .,t | l :s .m :r .,l, | d :r .m :r ,d .s, | l, :l,
ritard.
lainn gach ceum de'n t-saoghal, Bith'dh t'iomhaigh bhòidh-each tigh'nn beò gach taobh dhiom.
ris - es up be - fore me, And throws love's witch - ing glamour o'er me.
ritard.

2.
'S truagh nach robh mi 's mo Mhàiri bhòidheach
Ann an gleannan faoin 'us ceò air;
'S ged bu rìgh mi 's an Roinn-Eòrpa,
Cha'n iarrainn pòg ach o Mhàiri bhòidheach.

A Mhàiri bhòidheach, &c.

3.
O Mhàiri! lughdaich thu mo chiall domh;
Tha mo chrìdh' le do ghaol air lionadh;
Tha gach là dhomh cho fad ri bliadhna,
Mur faic mi t'aodann a tha mar ghrian domh.

A Mhàiri bhòidheach, &c.

4.
C'ait' am faicear 's an t-saogh'l bean t'aogais,
Cha'n 'eil i idir ann ri fhaotainn,
Am maise, 'n tuigse 's an deagh bheusan,
Tha thu ro àrda os cionn gach té dhiubh.

A Mhàiri bhòidheach, &c.

5.
Gu ma slàn do mo Mhàiri bhòidheach,
Ge b'e àite 's am bi i chòmhnuidh;
'Se mo dhùrachd-sa 'm fad 's a's beò mi,
Gu'm bi gach sòlas aig Màiri bhòidheach.

A Mhàiri bhòidheach, &c.

2.
Could I but sojourn with thee only
In some green glen, secure and lonely,
Then neither glory, fame, nor treasure,
Could ever bring me half such pleasure.

My pretty Mary, &c.

3.
Thy absence has of joy bereft me,
And nought but sorrow now is left me;
From day to day 'tis sighing, pining,
For thy sweet face like a sunbeam shining.

My pretty Mary, &c.

4.
Who ever saw thee but felt thy power?
Of Beauty's handmaids thou'rt the flower;
And sense and worth, all else excelling,
Within thy virtous mind are dwelling.

My pretty Mary, &c.

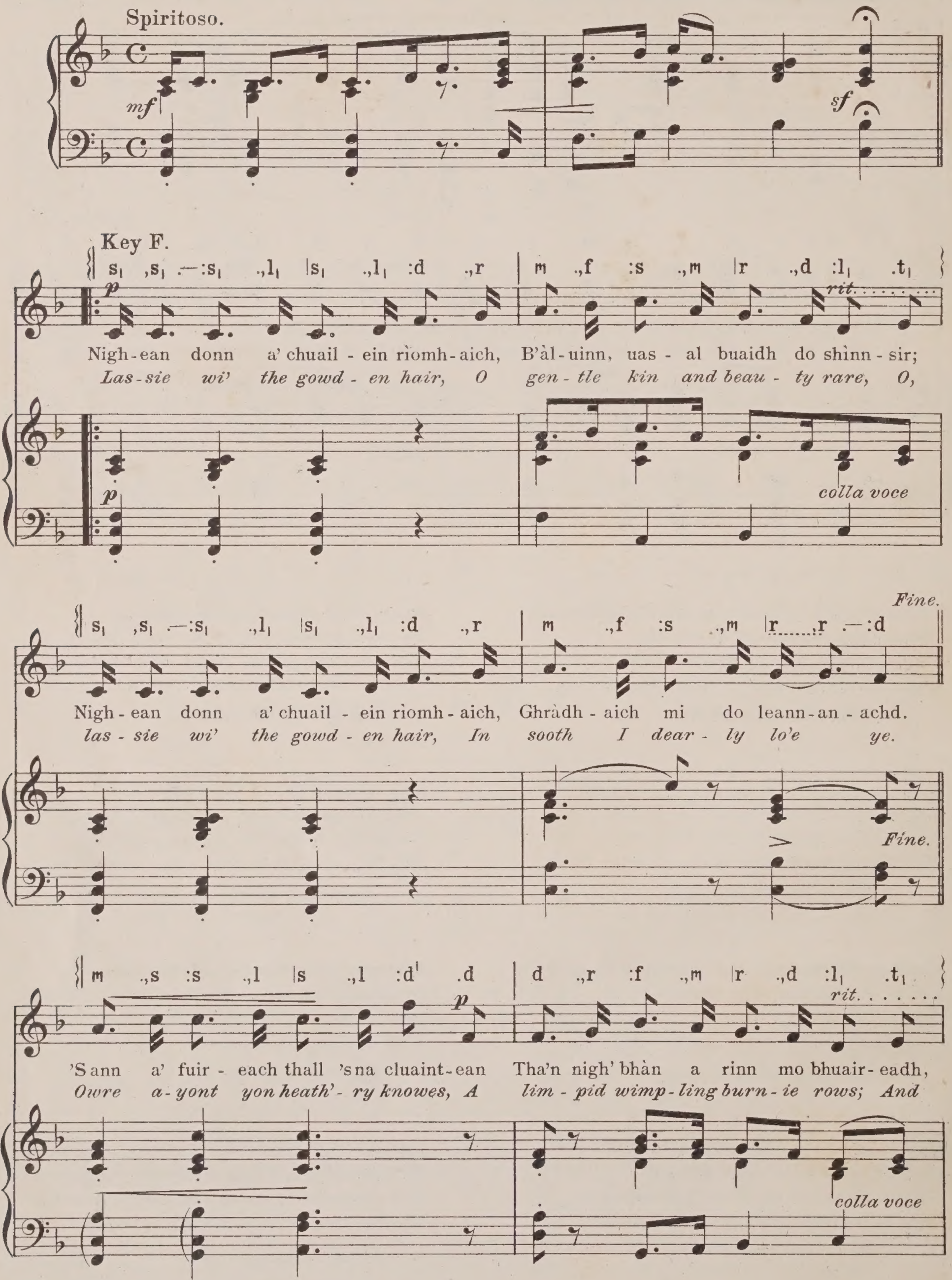
5.
Oh! ne'er may evil chance come near thee,
With grief or gloomy doubts to fear thee;
But pleasant hopes and musings thine be,
To cheer the days until thou mine be.

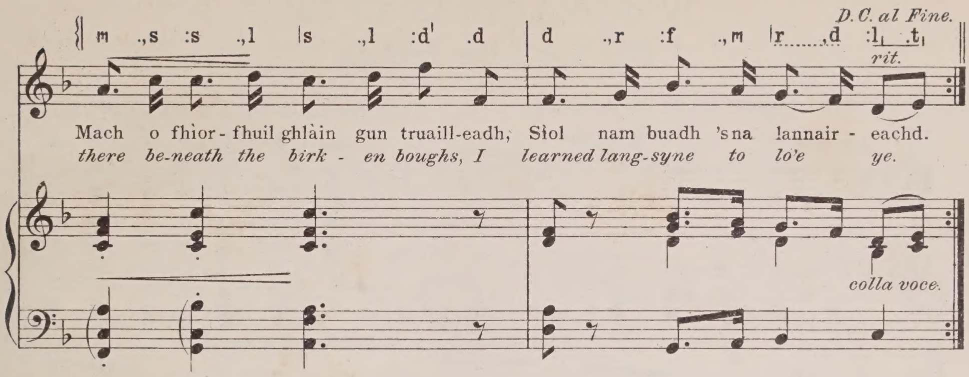
My pretty Mary, &c.

NIGHEAN DONN A' CHUAILEIN RÌOMHAICH.

Lassie wi' the gowden hair.

Gaelic Words old. Translation by MALCOLM MAC FARLANE.


Spiritoso.
mf
sf
Key F.
s, ,s, .—:s, .,l, |s, .,l, :d .,r | m .,f :s .,m |r .,d :l, .t,
p
rit.
Nigh-ean donn a' chuail-ein rìomh-aich, B'àl-uinn, uas-al buaidh do shinn-sir;
Las-sie wi' the gowd-en hair, O gen-tle kin and beau-ty rare, O,
colla voce
Fine.
s, ,s, .—:s, .,l, |s, .,l, :d .,r | m .,f :s .,m |r ..r .—:d
Nigh-ean donn a' chuail-ein rìomh-aich, Ghràdh-aich mi do leann-an-achd.
las-sie wi' the gowd-en hair, In sooth I dear-ly lo'e ye.
Fine.
m .,s :s .,l |s .,l :d' .d | d .,r :f .,m |r .,d :l, .t,
p
rit.
'S ann a' fuir-each thall 'sna cluaint-ean Tha'n nigh' bhàn a rinn mo bhuair-eadh,
Owre a-yont yon heath'-ry knowes, A lim-pid wimp-ling burn-ie rows; And
colla voce


D.C. al Fine.
m .,s :s .,l |s .,l :d' .d | d .,r :f .,m |r .,d :l, .t,
rit.
Mach o fhìor-fhuil ghlàin gun truaill-eadh, Sìol nam buadh 'sna lannair-eachd.
there be-neath the birk-en boughs, I learned lang-syne to lo'e ye.
colla voce.

2.

An tigh-an-eas a thogadh òg thu
Fo sgàil taighe Taobh-a'-chrònain,
Far am biodh na féidh air lòintean,
'S loin ri ceòl air mheangain duit.
Nighean donn, &c.

3.

An àm do 'n bharrach a bhi brùchdadh,
Bhiodh na smeòraichean a' dùsgadh
Air bhàrr gheugan a sheinn ciùil
'S a thogail cliù mo leannain-sa.
Nighean donn, &c.

4.

Basan mìne, caoine, tlàtha,
Meòir chaol, fhada dh' iom'readh snàtha:
C' àit' am facas riamh thug bàrr ort
'Tarruing snàth'd troimh anairtean.
Nighean donn, &c.

5.

Tha do chridhe mar an daoimean
Air là gréine, 's e ri soillse;
'S e gun ghoimh, gun ghìomh, gun ghaoid ann:
'S mòr do loinn, 's cha 'n ainneamh e.
Nighean donn, &c.

6.

Thug mi cion, 's cha 'n fhaod mi àicheadh,
Do nigh'n duinn a' chuailein àluinn;
'S mòr gu 'm b' fheàrr bhi suidhe làmh rith'
Na fìon Spàinnd is caineal ann.
Nighean donn, &c.

2.

Where the stream loups owre the linn,
Below the ben that tow'rs abune,
Where deers and roes in freedom rin,
'Twas there I vow'd to lo'e ye.
Lassie, &c.

3.

When the simmer day comes roun',
The sangbirds a' their voices tune
And strive wi' ither wha can soun'
The sweetest praises to ye.
Lassie, &c.

4.

Sewing linen, silk, or lawn,
Wi' needle in yer lily han',
Where's the matron in the lan'
That I wad even to ye!
Lassie, &c.

5.

Clear as sunshine is yer mind,
Guid sense and beauty rare combined,
Wi' heart that's ever leal and kind,
Into love's meshes drew me.
Lassie, &c.

6.

I canna tell, my bonnie doo,
A tithe of a' my love so true,
Or how I lang to hear frae you
That ye as dearly lo'e me.
Lassie, &c.

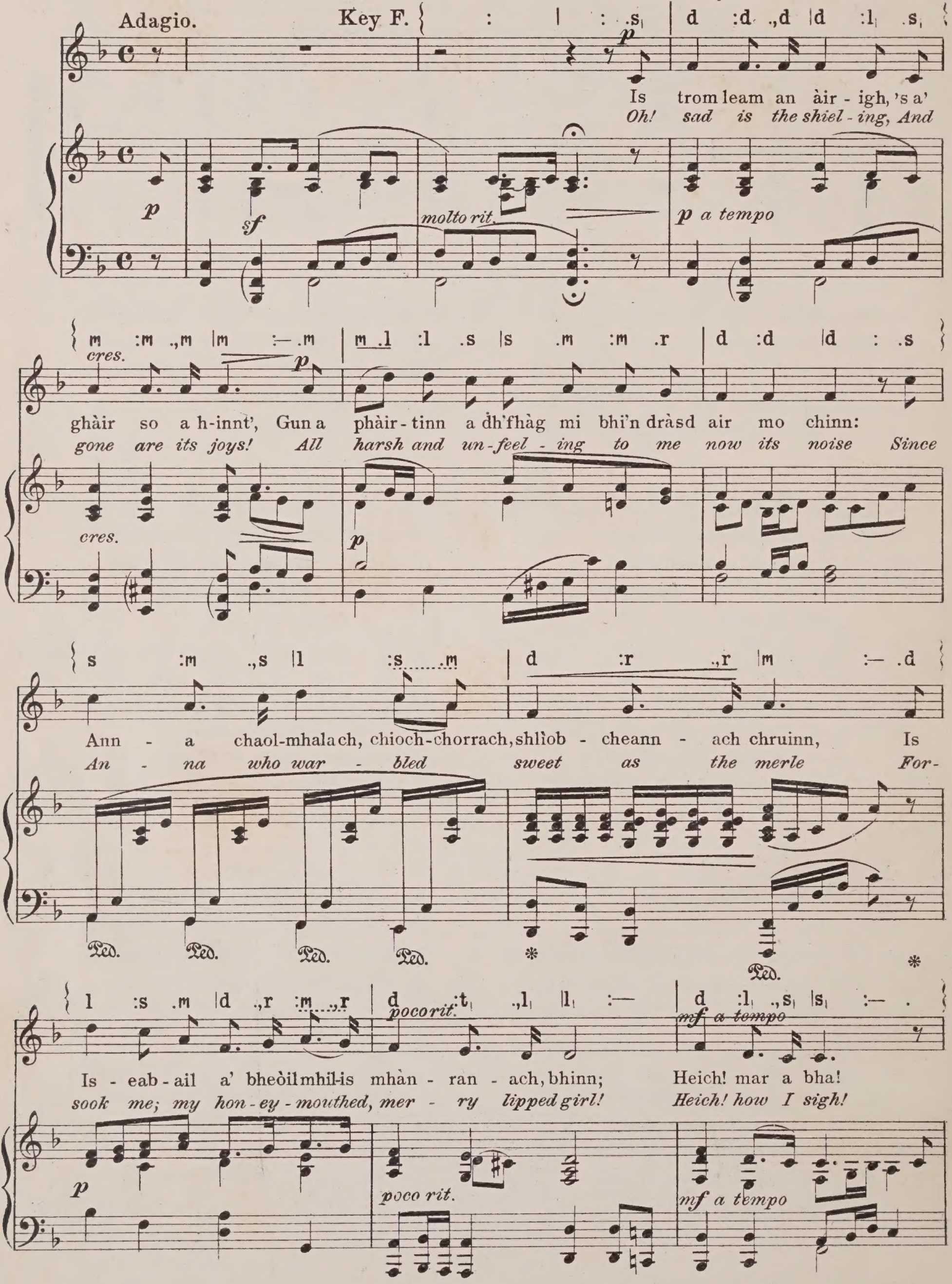
Nighean donn a' Chuailein riomhaich.

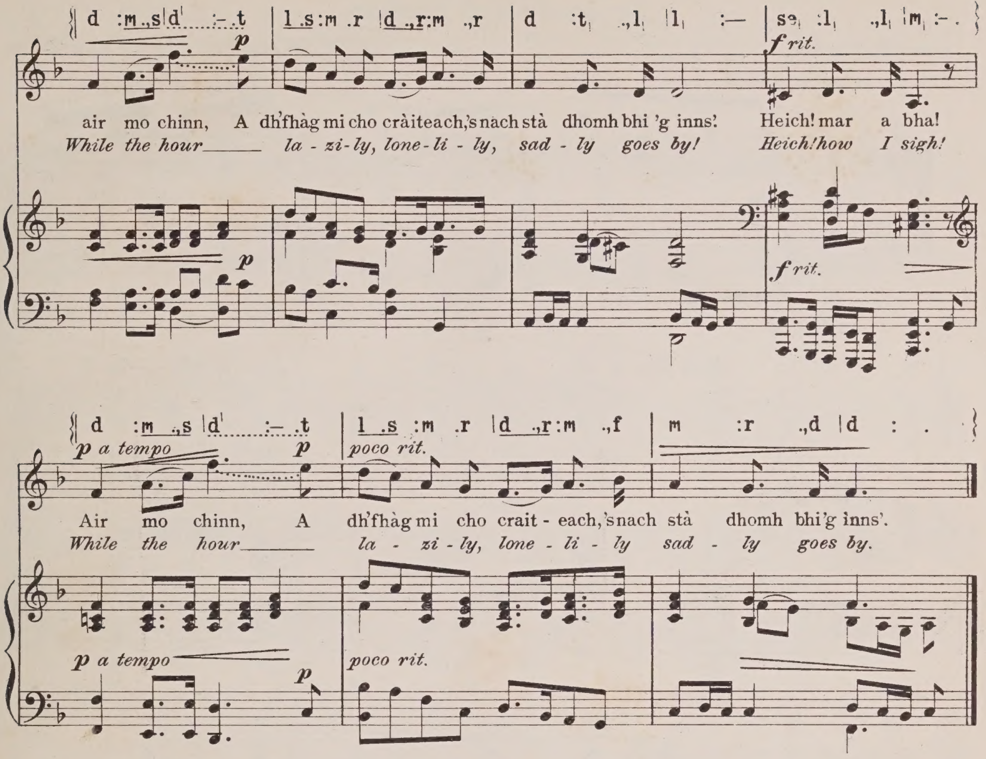
IS TROM LEAM AN ÀIRIGH.

Oh! sad is the shieling.

Gaelic words by ROBERT MACKAY (Rob. Donn.)

Translation by THOMAS PATTISON.


Adagio.
Key F.
: | : .s₁ | d :d .,d |d :l₁ .s₁
p
Is trom leam an àir - igh, 's a'
Oh! sad is the shiel - ing, And
p
sf
molto rit.
p a tempo
m :m .,m |m :— .m | m .l :l .s |s .m :m .r | d :d |d : .s
cres.
p
ghàir so a h-innt', Gun a phàir - tinn a dh'fhàg mi bhi'n dràsd air mo chinn:
gone are its joys! All harsh and un - feel - ing to me now its noise Since
cres.
p
s :m .,s |l :s .m | d :r .,r |m :— .d
Ann - a chaol-mhalach, chioch-chorrach, shlìob - cheann - ach chruinn, Is
An - na who war - bled sweet as the merle For-
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. * Ped. *
l :s .m |d .,r :m .,r | d :t₁ .,l₁ |l₁ :— | d :l₁ .,s₁ |s₁ :— .
poco rit.
mf a tempo
Is - eab - ail a' bheòil mhil-is mhàn - ran - ach, bhinn; Heich! mar a bha!
sook me; my hon - ey - mouthed, mer - ry lipped girl! Heich! how I sigh!
p
poco rit.
mf a tempo


d :m .,s |d' :– .t | l .s :m .r |d .,r :m .,r | d :t, .,l, |l, :— | se, :l, .,l, |m, :– .
p
f rit.
air mo chinn, A dh'fhàg mi cho cràiteach,'s nach stà dhomh bhi 'g inns'. Heich! mar a bha!
While the hour lazily, lonelily, sadly goes by! Heich! how I sigh!
p
f rit.
d :m .,s |d' :– .t | l .s :m .r |d .,r :m .,f | m :r .,d |d : .
p a tempo
p
poco rit.
Air mo chinn, A dh'fhàg mi cho crait-each,'s nach stà dhomh bhi 'g inns'.
While the hour lazily, lonelily sadly goes by.
p a tempo
p
poco rit.

2.

Shiubhail mis' a' bhuaile, 's a suas feadh nan craobh,
'S gach àit anns am b'àbhaist bhi pògadh mo ghaoil;
'N uair chunnaic mi'm fear bàn ud, 's e mànran r' a mhnaoi,
B'fhèarr leam nach tiginn idir làimh riu, no 'nan gaoith.
'S e mar a bha, air mo chinn
A dh' fhàg mi cho cràiteach, 's nach stà dhomh bhi 'g ìnns

2.

Last night as I wandered up past the old trees
I mourned while I pondered what changes one sees!
Just then the fair stranger walked by with my dear,—
Dreaming, unthinking, I had wandered too near;
Till "Heich!" then I cried when I saw
The girl with her lover draw close to my side.

3.

O'n chualas gu'n ghluaiseadh tu uam leis an t-saoir,
Tha mo shuain air a buaireadh le bruadraichean gaoil;
De'n chàirdeas a bha sud, cha'n fhàir mi bhi saor!
Gun bhàrnaigeadh làimh riut, tha'n gràdh dhomh 'n a mhaor
Air gach tràth, 's mi ann an strì,
A' feuchainn r'a àicheadh, 's e fàs rium mar chraoibh.

3.

Anna, the yellow haired, dost thou not see
How thy love unimpaired wearieth me?
'Twas as strong in my absence when banished from thee—
As heart-stirring, powerful, deep as you see.
Heich! it is now at this time
When up like a leafy bough high doth it climb.

4.

Ach, Anna bhuidhe 'n Dòmhnuill, na'm b'eol duit mo nì,
'S e do ghràdh gun bhi pàight' leag a mhàn uam mo chli;
Tha e dhomh à t'fhianuis, cho gniomhach 's 'n uair chì,—
Diogalladh 's a' smùsach, gur ciùrrtach mo chrìdh',
Nis, ma tha mi ga do dhìth
Gu'm b'fheàirrde mi pàg uait mus fàgainn an tìr.

4.

Ach, ach! now I'm trying my loss to forget—
With sorrow and sighing, with anger and fret.
But still that sweet image steals over my heart;
And still I deem fondly hope need not depart;
Heich! and I say that our love,
Firm as a tower gray nought can remove.

For another setting of this song see page 100.

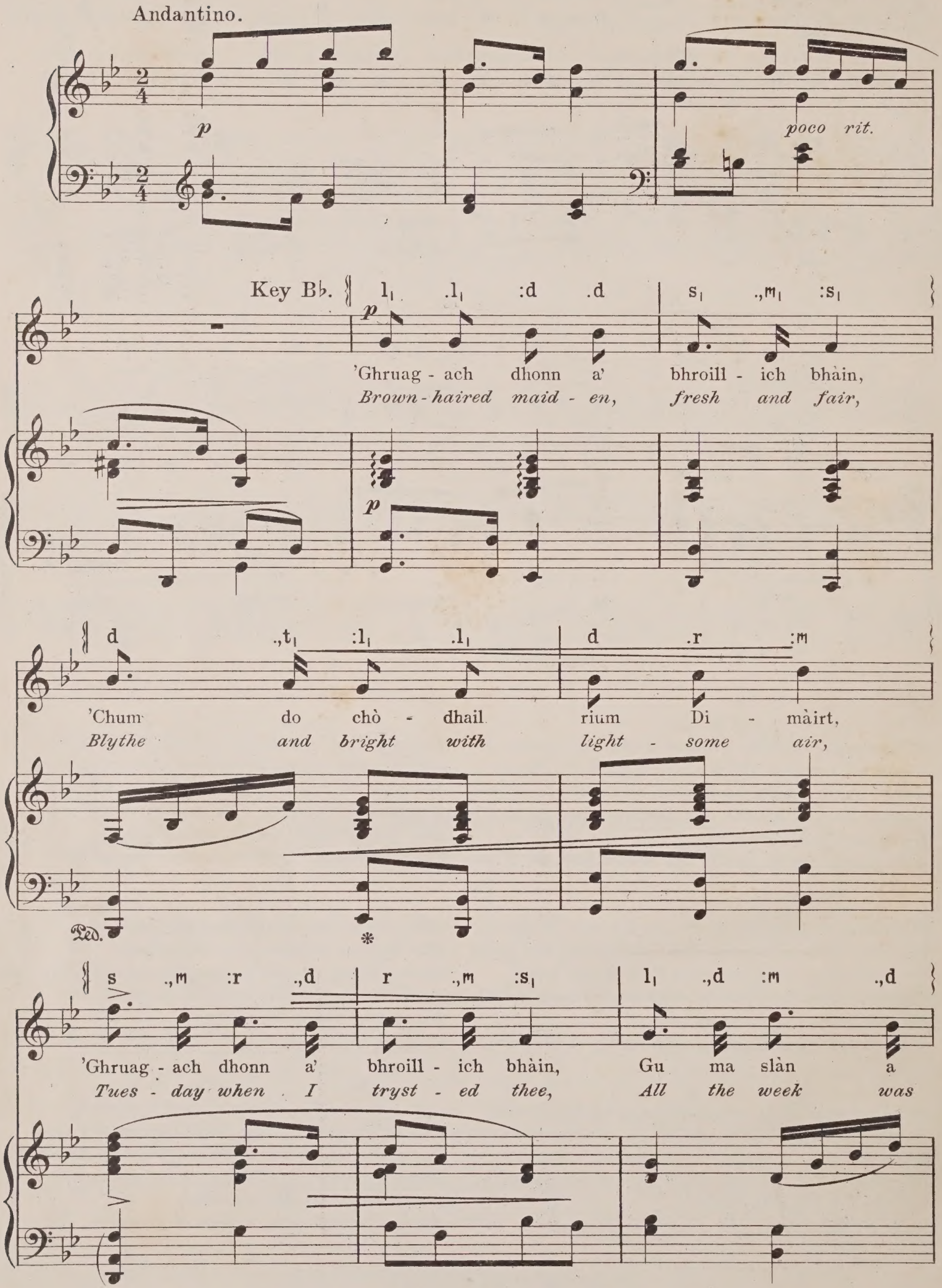
Is trom leam an àirigh.

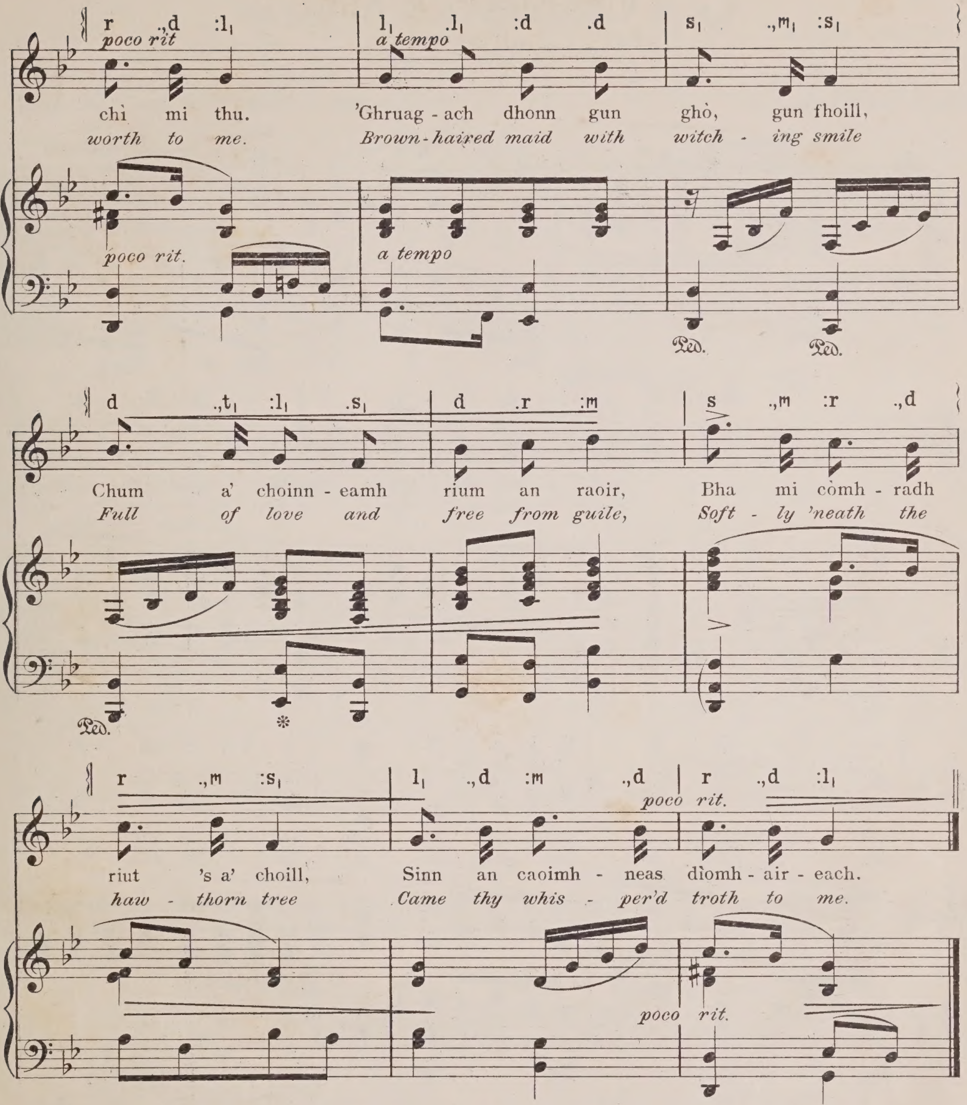
’GHRUAGACH DHONN.

Brown-haired maiden.

Gaelic Words old.

Translation by Professor BLACKIE.


Andantino.
p
poco rit.
Key B♭.
l, .l, :d .d | s, .,m, :s,
p
’Ghruag - ach dhonn a’ bhroill - ich bhàin,
Brown - haired maid - en, fresh and fair,
p
d .,t, :l, .l, | d .r :m
’Chum do chò - dhail rium Di - màirt,
Blythe and bright with light - some air,
Ped.
*
s .,m :r .,d | r .,m :s, | l, .,d :m .,d
’Ghruag - ach dhonn a’ bhroill - ich bhàin, Gu ma slàn a
Tues - day when I tryst - ed thee, All the week was


r .,d :l₁ | l₁ .l₁ :d .d | s₁ .,m₁ :s₁
poco rit
a tempo
chì mi thu. 'Ghruag - ach dhonn gun ghò, gun fhoill,
worth to me. Brown-haired maid with witch - ing smile
poco rit.
a tempo
Ped.
d .,t₁ :l₁ .s₁ | d .r :m | s .,m :r .,d
Chum a' choinn - eamh rium an raoir, Bha mi còmh - radh
Full of love and free from guile, Soft - ly 'neath the
r .,m :s₁ | l₁ .,d :m .,d | r .,d :l₁
poco rit.
riut 's a' choill, Sinn an caoimh - neas dìomh - air - each.
haw - thorn tree Came thy whis - per'd troth to me.
poco rit.

3.
Rinn mi coinneamh riut glé òg,
Ann an coille dhlùth nan cnò,
Bhithinn 'g éisdeachd ri do cheòl,
'S bha do phóg mar fhìgis leam.

3.
Young were we when first fond love
Found us in the hazel grove;
Sweet thy kisses were to me,
And thy voice was melody.

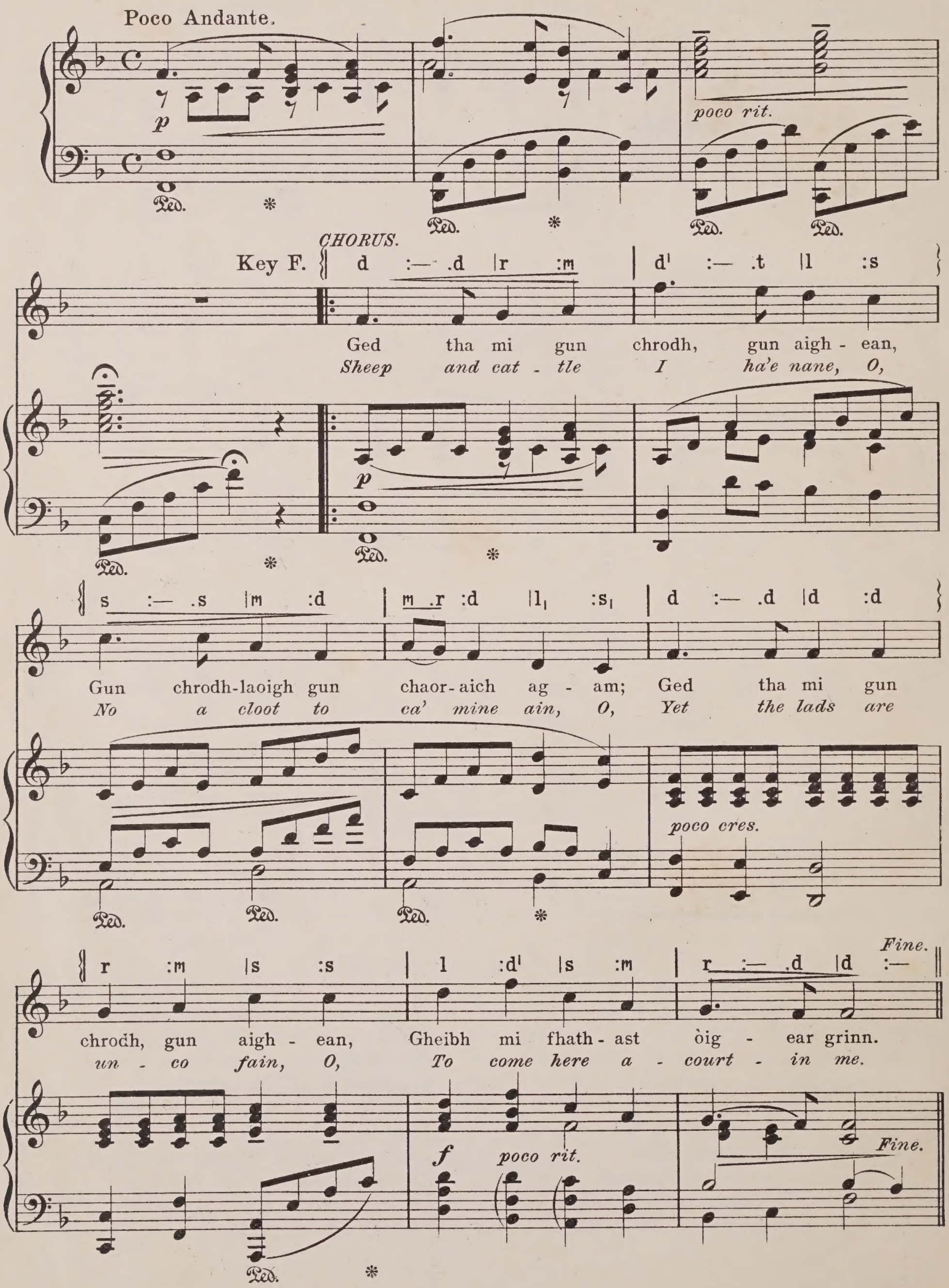
4.
Gu'n robh ise fallain, slàn,
Chum a' chòdhail rium Di-màirt,
Iarguin m' aigne 's m' airsneul phràmh,
'S mo chion-gràidh da-rìreadh thu.

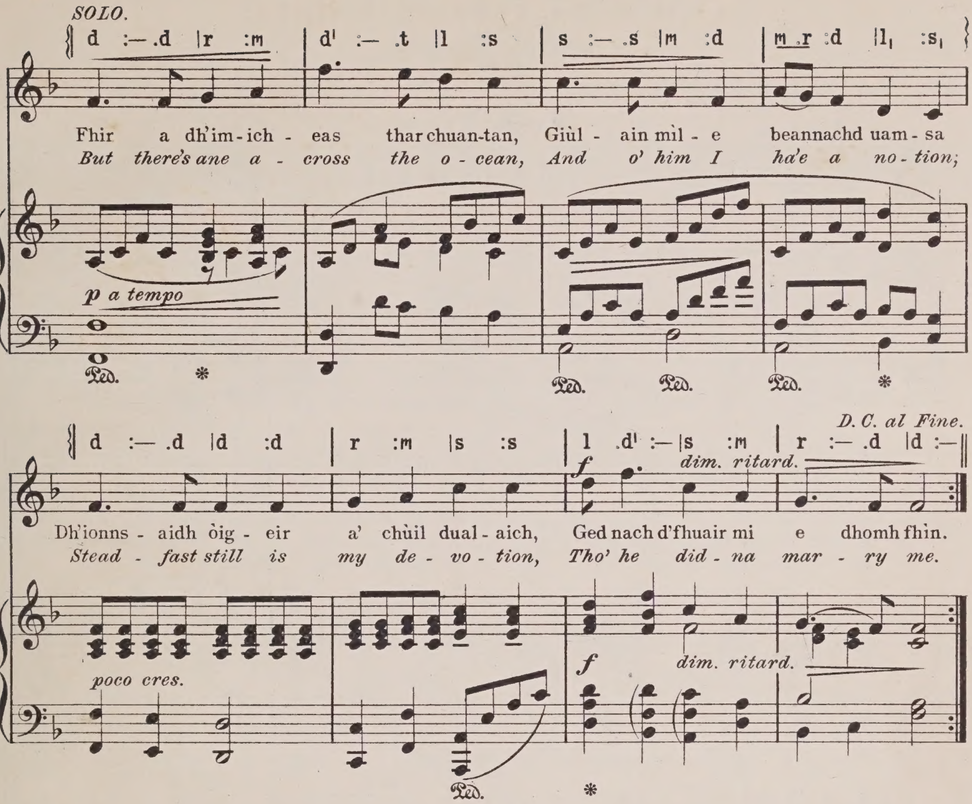
4.
God be with thee, brown-haired maid
In the sunshine or the shade;
Every Tuesday saved for thee
Brings a year of bliss to me.

GUN CHRODH GUN AIGHEAN.

The tocherless Lass.

Gaelic Words old. Translation by MALCOLM MAC FARLANE.


Poco Andante.
p
poco rit.
Ped. *
CHORUS.
Key F.
d :— .d |r :m | d' :— .t |l :s
Ged tha mi gun chrodh, gun aigh - ean,
Sheep and cat - tle I ha'e nane, O,
s :— .s |m :d | m .r :d |l, :s, | d :— .d |d :d
Gun chrodh-laoigh gun chaor-aich ag - am; Ged tha mi gun
No a cloot to ca' mine ain, O, Yet the lads are
poco cres.
r :m |s :s | l :d' |s :m | r :— .d |d :—
chrodh, gun aigh - ean, Gheibh mi fhath - ast òig - ear grinn.
un - co fain, O, To come here a - court - in me.
Fine.
f
poco rit.


SOLO.
d :— .d |r :m | d' :— .t |l :s | s :— .s |m :d | m .r :d |l, :s,
Fhir a dh'im-ich - eas thar chuan-tan, Giùl - ain mìl - e beannachd uam - sa
But there's ane a - cross the o - cean, And o' him I ha'e a no - tion;
p a tempo
d :— .d |d :d | r :m |s :s | l .d' :— |s :m | r :— .d |d :—
D. C. al Fine.
Dh'ionns - aidh òig - eir a' chùil dual - aich, Ged nach d'fhuair mi e dhomh fhìn.
Stead - fast still is my de - vo - tion, Tho' he did - na mar - ry me.
poco cres.
f
dim. ritard.
Ped. *

2.

Ged nach 'eil mo spréidh air lòintean,
Mo chrodh no mo chaoraich bhòidheach,
Bheirinn tochar dhuit an òrdugh,
Cho math ri té òg 'san tìr.

Ged tha mi, &c.

3.

Ged tha mi gun chrodh, gun chaoraich,
Cha 'n 'eil mi gun mhais' am aodann;
Dh' fhighinn breacan a bhiodh caol dhuit,
'S dheanainn aodach a bhiodh grinn.

Ged tha mi, &c.

4.

Naile! 's mis' tha dubhach, deurach,
An seòmar àrd a' fuaigheal léine;
Chaidh mo leannan do Jamaica,
'S ciod am feum dhomh bhi 'ga chaoidh.

Ged tha mi, &c.

2.

What tho' I've nae land to till, O,
Herds or flocks upon the hill, O,
I've a tocher better still, O,
That ye dinna often see.

Sheep and cattle, &c.

3.

There's a charm and there's a grace, O,
In my tocher: that's my face, O,
And there's few about the place, O,
Can at spinnin' equal me.

Sheep and cattle, &c.

4.

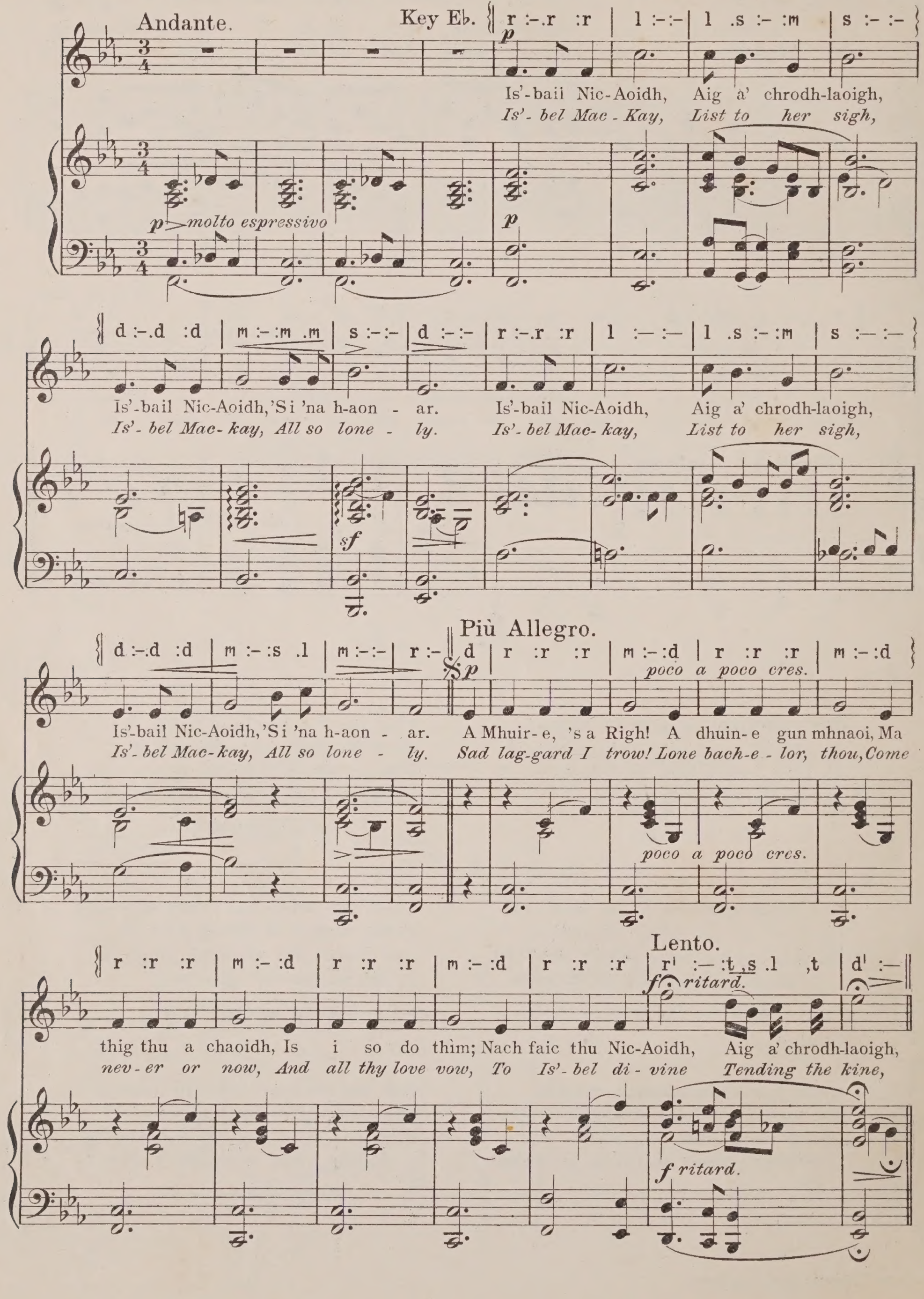
Och! but it's heart-breakin' surely,
Hopin', doubtin', late and early—
Jock, I'm feart has left me fairly:
Should I live, or should I dee?

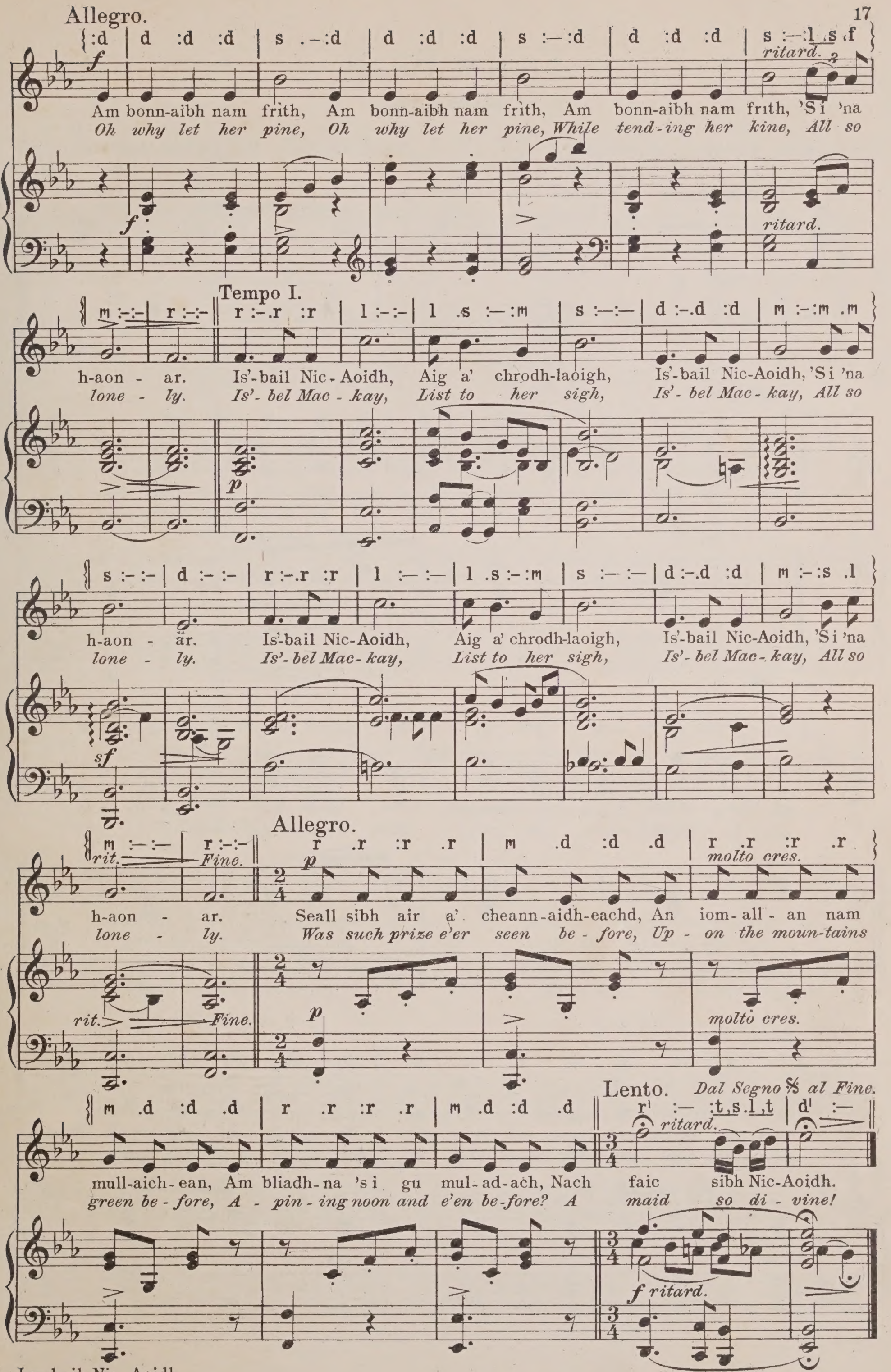
Sheep and cattle, &c.

ISEABAIL NIC-AOIDH.

Isobel Mackay.

Gaelic Words by ROB. DONN MACKAY. Translation by JOHN WHYTE.

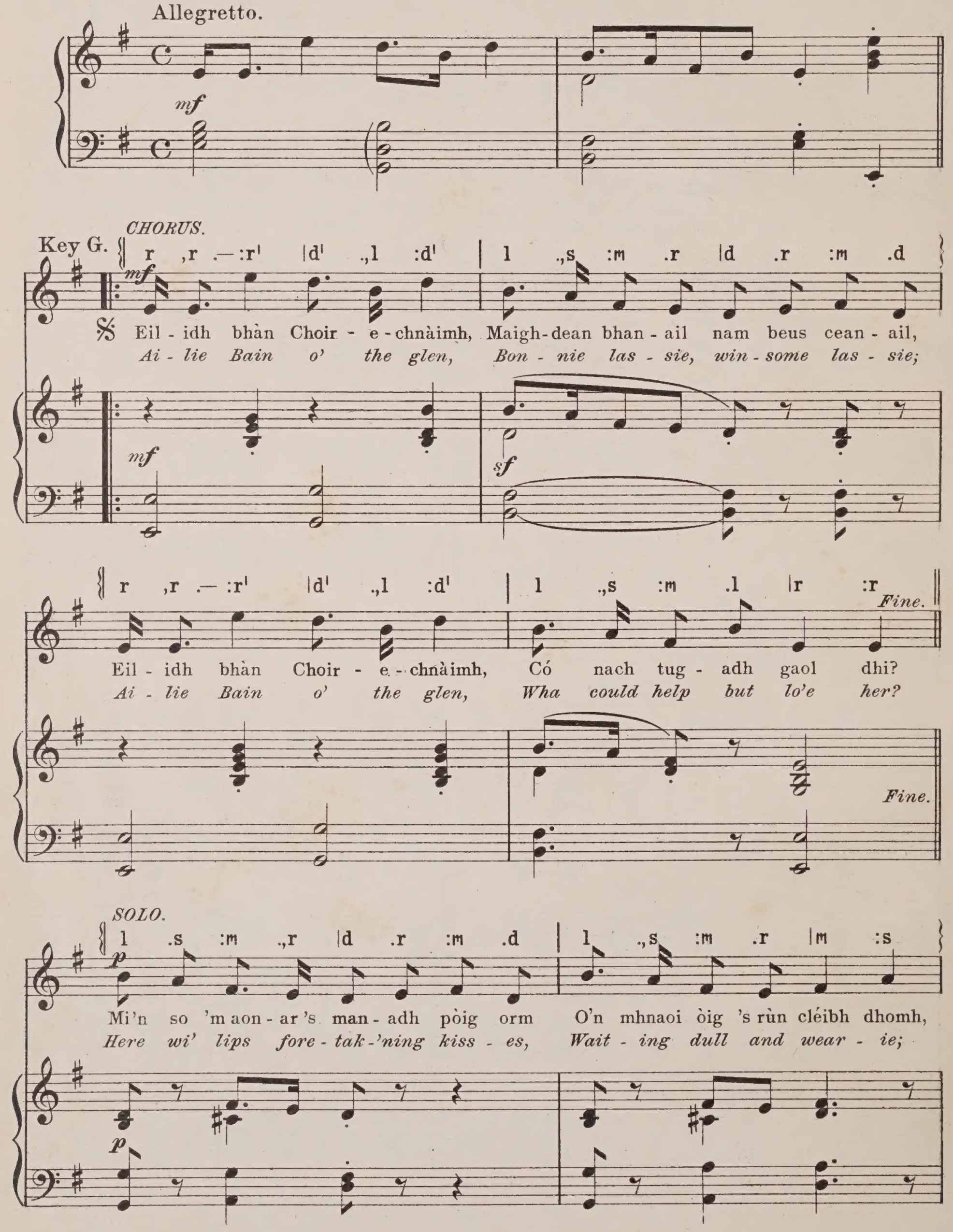

Andante.
Key E♭.
r :-.r :r | l :-:- | l .s :- :m | s :- :-
p
Is'-baii Nic-Aoidh, Aig a' chrodh-laoigh,
Is'- bel Mac - Kay, List to her sigh,
p molto espressivo
p
d :-.d :d | m :-:m .m | s :-:- | d :-:- | r :-.r :r | l :- :- | l .s :- :m | s :- :-
Is'-bail Nic-Aoidh,'S i 'na h-aon - ar. Is'-bail Nic-Aoidh, Aig a' chrodh-laoigh,
Is'- bel Mac- kay, All so lone - ly. Is'- bel Mac- kay, List to her sigh,
sf
d :-.d :d | m :- :s .l | m :-:- | r :- | d | r :r :r | m :- :d | r :r :r | m :- :d
Più Allegro.
p
poco a poco cres.
Is'-bail Nic-Aoidh,'S i 'na h-aon - ar. A Mhuir- e, 's a Righ! A dhuin- e gun mhnaoi, Ma
Is'- bel Mac-kay, All so lone - ly. Sad lag-gard I trow! Lone bach-e - lor, thou,Come
poco a poco cres.
r :r :r | m :- :d | r :r :r | m :- :d | r :r :r | r' :- :t ,s .l ,t | d' :-
Lento.
f ritard.
thig thu a chaoidh, Is i so do thìm; Nach faic thu Nic-Aoidh, Aig a' chrodh-laoigh,
nev - er or now, And all thy love vow, To Is'- bel di - vine Tending the kine,
f ritard.

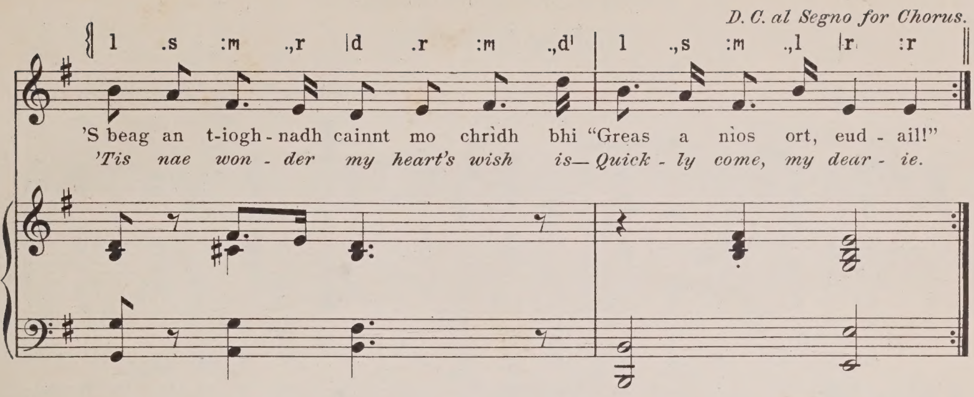

Allegro.
Am bonn-aibh nam frith, Am bonn-aibh nam frith, Am bonn-aibh nam frith, 'S i 'na
Oh why let her pine, Oh why let her pine, While tend-ing her kine, All so
ritard.
h-aon - ar. Is'-bail Nic-Aoidh, Aig a' chrodh-laoigh, Is'-bail Nic-Aoidh, 'S i 'na
lone - ly. Is'-bel Mac-kay, List to her sigh, Is'-bel Mac-kay, All so
Tempo I.
h-aon - ar. Is'-bail Nic-Aoidh, Aig a' chrodh-laoigh, Is'-bail Nic-Aoidh, 'S i 'na
lone - ly. Is'-bel Mac-kay, List to her sigh, Is'-bel Mac-kay, All so
h-aon - ar. Seall sibh air a' cheann-aidh-eachd, An iom-all-an nam
lone - ly. Was such prize e'er seen be-fore, Up-on the moun-tains
rit. Fine.
Allegro.
molto cres.
mull-aich-ean, Am bliadh-na 's i gu mul-ad-ach, Nach faic sibh Nic-Aoidh.
green be-fore, A-pin-ing noon and e'en be-fore? A maid so di-vine!
Lento.
Dal Segno 𝄋 al Fine.
ritard.

EILIDH BHÀN.

Ailie Bain.

Gaelic Words by EVAN. MAC COLL. Translation by MALCOLM MAC FARLANE.


Allegretto.
mf
Key G.
CHORUS.
r ,r .— :r' |d' .,l :d' | l .,s :m .r |d .r :m .d
mf
Eil - idh bhàn Choir - e - chnàimh, Maigh - dean bhan - ail nam beus cean - ail,
Ai - lie Bain o' the glen, Bon - nie las - sie, win - some las - sie;
mf
sf
r ,r .— :r' |d' .,l :d' | l .,s :m .l |r :r
Fine.
Eil - idh bhàn Choir - e - chnàimh, Có nach tug - adh gaol dhi?
Ai - lie Bain o' the glen, Wha could help but lo'e her?
Fine.
SOLO.
l .s :m .,r |d .r :m .d | l .,s :m .r |m :s
p
Mi'n so 'm aon - ar 's man - adh pòig orm O'n mhnaoi òig 's rùn cléibh dhomh,
Here wi' lips fore - tak - 'ning kiss - es, Wait - ing dull and wear - ie;
p


D. C. al Segno for Chorus.
l .s :m .,r |d .r :m .,d' | l .,s :m .,l |r :r
'S beag an t-iogh-nadh cainnt mo chridh bhi "Greas a nios ort, eud-ail!"
'Tis nae won-der my heart's wish is— Quick-ly come, my dear-ie.

2.
Gaol gach gille, cliù gach filidh,
  Tuath no deas gu'n téid mi—
Na 'm b'fhear-dhàn mi mar a b'àill leam
  Gu là bhràth bhiodh sgeul ort.

  Eilidh bhàn, &c.

3.
Gun dad fasgaidh ach mo bhreacan,
  'S mo lamh dheas mu d' chaol-chrios,
Sud mar fhuair mi 'n oidhche 's buaine
  Tric ro-luath 'g ar sgaoileadh.

  Eilidh bhàn, &c.

4.
Ged tha fear-a'-Bhràighe, thall ud,
  'S ciadan eile 'n déigh ort,
'S leam-sa, neothar-thaing dhoibh uile,
  Gaol 'us furan m' eudail!

  Eilidh bhàn, &c.

5.
'S truagh nach b'ann an nochd, a leannain,
  Dh' òlar deoch na réite;
'N sin le 'r gairm, gu Cill-a'-Mhunna
  Cha bu ruith ach leum leam.

  Eilidh bhàn, &c.

2.
A' the lads are daft about ye;
  A' the bardies praise ye;
Were I ane mysel', I doubt na
  I'd gang rhymin' crazy.

  Ailie Bain, &c.

3.
On the cauld nichts tho' my plaidie
  Sheltered us but sparely,
Yet my partin' frae beside ye
  Seem'd tae come owre early.

  Ailie Bain, &c.

4.
What, tho' monied cuifs endeavour
  Wi' their gowd tae lure ye,
True tae me yer heart beats ever;
  Ne'er shall they secure ye.

  Ailie Bain, &c.

5.
Would this e'ening saw them risin'
  Frae our bottling, Ailie;
Tae Kilmun tae put the cries in
  I wad trip it gaily.

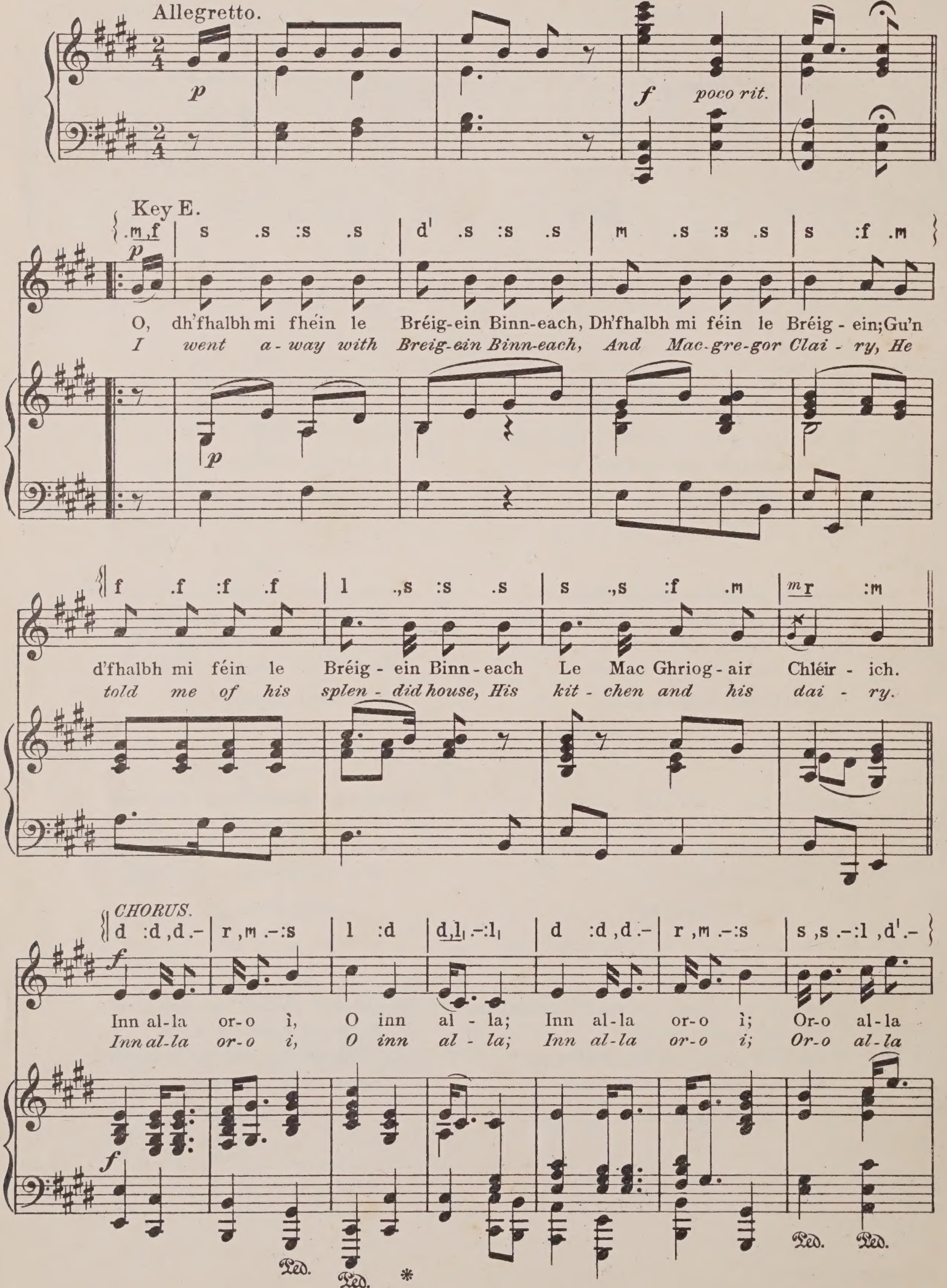
  Ailie Bain, &c.

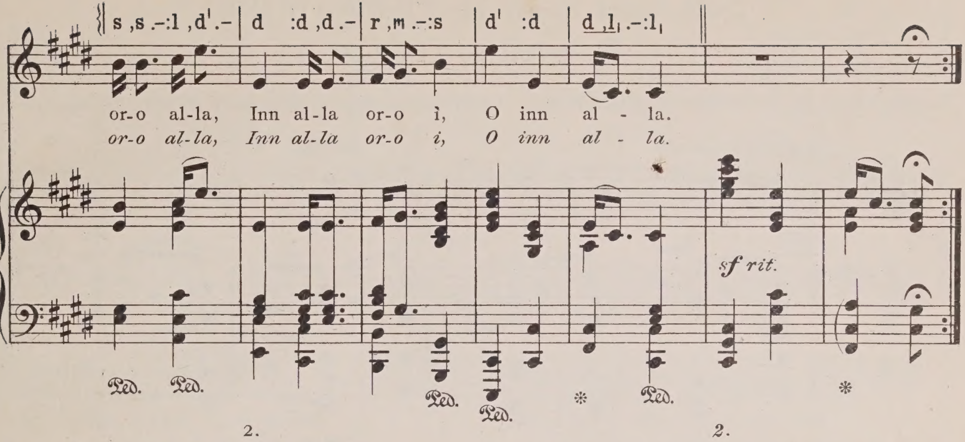
BRÉIGEIN BÌNNEACH.

Lilting little Liar.

Gaelic Words old.

Translation by THOMAS PATTISON.


Allegretto.
p
f
poco rit.
Key E.
.m ,f | s .s :s .s | d' .s :s .s | m .s :s .s | s :f .m
p
O, dh'fhalbh mi fhein le Bréig-ein Binn-each, Dh'fhalbh mi féin le Bréig - ein; Gu'n
I went a - way with Breig-ein Binn-each, And Mac-gre-gor Clai - ry, He
p
f .f :f .f | l .,s :s .s | s .,s :f .m | m r :m
d'fhalbh mi féin le Bréig - ein Binn - each Le Mac Ghriog - air Chléir - ich.
told me of his splen - did house, His kit - chen and his dai - ry.
CHORUS.
d :d ,d .- | r ,m .-:s | l :d | d,l, .-:l, | d :d ,d .- | r ,m .-:s | s ,s .-:l ,d'.-
f
Inn al-la or-o ì, O inn al - la; Inn al-la or-o ì; Or-o al-la
Inn al-la or-o i, O inn al - la; Inn al-la or-o i; Or-o al-la
f
Ped. Ped. * Ped. Ped.


s ,s .–:l ,d'.– | d :d ,d .– | r ,m .–:s | d' :d | d ,l, .–:l,
or-o al-la, Inn al-la or-o ì, O inn al - la.
or-o al-la, Inn al-la or-o i, O inn al - la.
sf rit.

2.
Thuirt e gu'n robh aige caisteal,
'N teachdadh na ceudan;
'S cha robh aige tigh no sabhul
'N laighinn no'n éirinn.
Inn alla, &c.

3.
Cha robh aige tigh no sabhul,
'N laighinn no'n éirinn;
Ach bothan beag 'am bun a' bhruthaich
'S bu le 'phiuthair-chéil' e.
Inn alla, &c.

4.
'S gun aic' ach am peice-ceannaich,
'S cha b'fhuilear dhi fhéin e;
'S annlan de bhainne nan gobhar,
'S cha b'aithne dhi ghréidheadh.
Inn alla, &c.

5.
Chaidh mi seachad air tigh m' athar
'S a' bhanais ga gréidheadh:
Dh'fhàg mi an crodh-laoigh gun leigeil
'S na laoigh bheaga 'geumraich.
Inn alla, &c.

6.
Dh'fhàg mi'n cuman 'us a' bhuarach
Tacan beag bho chéile;
'S dh'fhàg mi'n buachaille dubhach
'S a' bhanarach deurach.
Inn alla, &c.

7.
Fios gu'm mhàthair 's gu m' athair;
Na'n gabhadh iad féin mi
Nàile, rachainn dachaidh fhathast
A bhleoghann na spréidhe.
Inn alla, &c.

2.
But not a house or hall saw I,
Save on the hill-side airy
A little bothy where he lived
With his sister Mary!
Inn alla, &c.

3.
He has got but one dun cow,
Though he bragged so rarely–
It hardly gives enough of milk
For himself and Mary.
Inn alla, &c.

4.
In my father's barn at home
I could lie as fairly
As in this bothy by the hill
Which is so damp and airy.
Inn alla, &c.

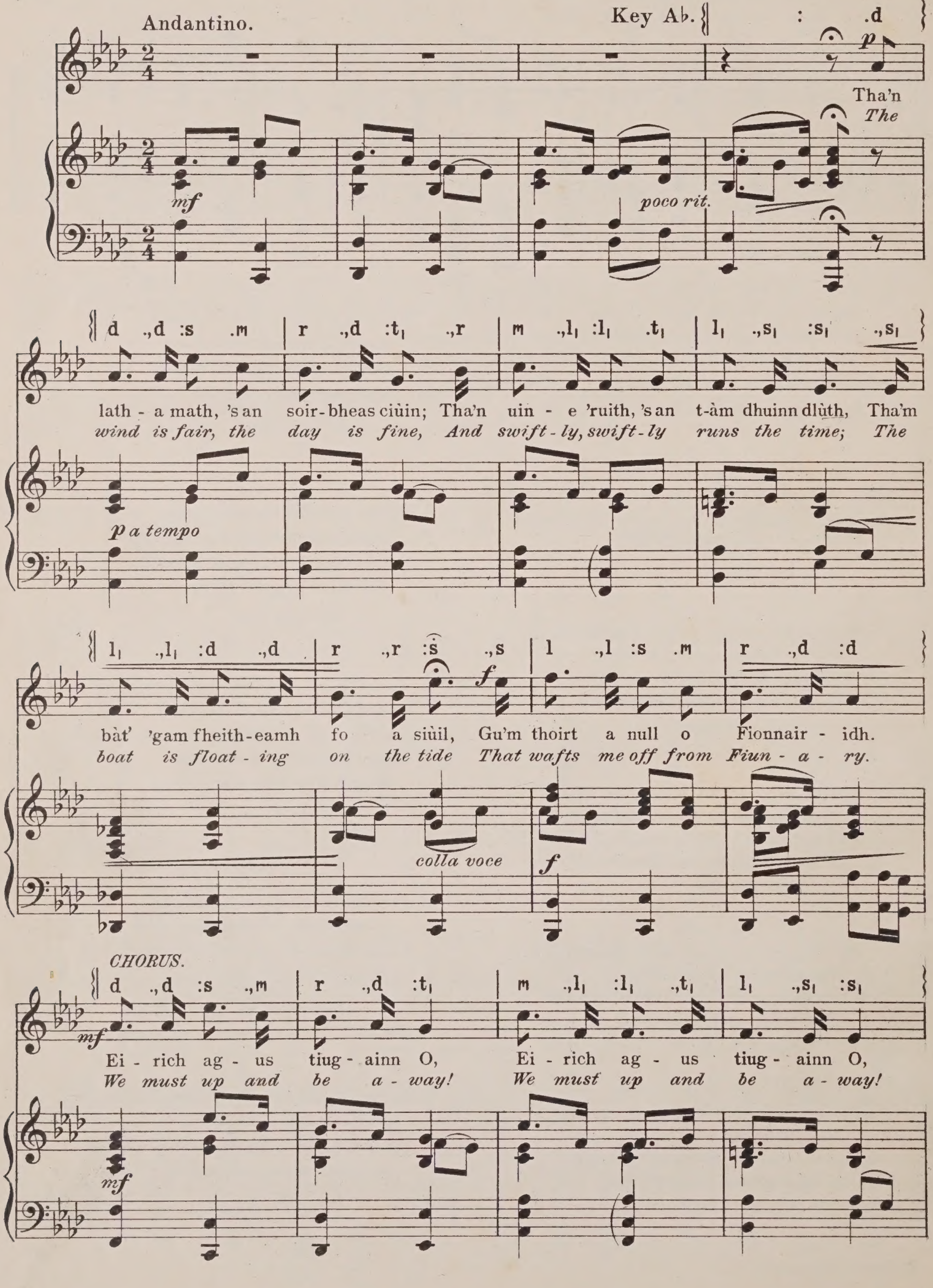
5.
I would leave it fast enough,
If my sire forgive me;
I would work, and work enough—
Do anything to save me.
Inn alla, &c.

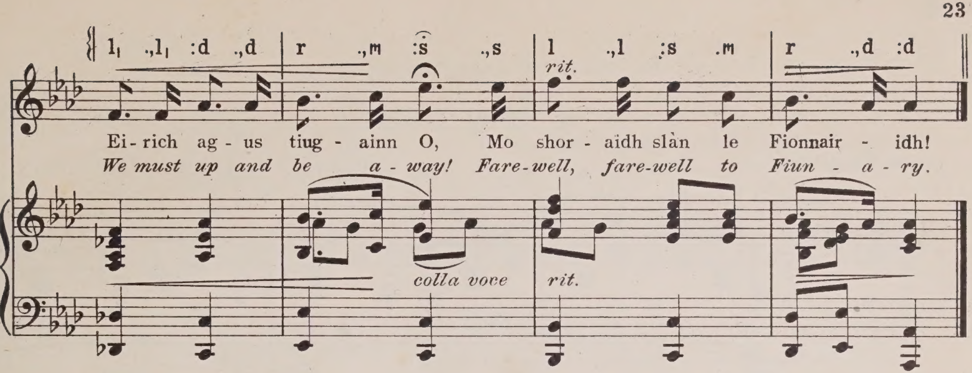
6.
From the Breigein Binneach's tongue
And his sister Mary,
I'd thrash, or plough, or keep the cow,
Or cart, or keep the dairy!
Inn alla, &c.

SORAIDH SLÀN LE FIONNAIRIDH.

Farewell to Fiunary.

English Words by Dr. NORMAN MAC LEOD. Gaelic translation by the late A. SINCLAIR, Glasgow.


Andantino.
Key A♭.
: .d
p
Tha'n
The
mf
poco rit.
d .,d :s .m | r .,d :t₁ .,r | m .,l₁ :l₁ .t₁ | l₁ .,s₁ :s₁ .,s₁
lath - a math, 's an soir - bheas ciùin; Tha'n uin - e 'ruith, 's an t-àm dhuinn dlùth, Tha'm
wind is fair, the day is fine, And swift - ly, swift - ly runs the time; The
p a tempo
l₁ .,l₁ :d .,d | r .,r :s .,s | l .,l :s .m | r .,d :d
bàt' 'gam fheith - eamh fo a siùil, Gu'm thoirt a null o Fionnair - idh.
boat is float - ing on the tide That wafts me off from Fiun - a - ry.
f
colla voce
f
CHORUS.
d .,d :s .,m | r .,d :t₁ | m .,l₁ :l₁ .,t₁ | l₁ .,s₁ :s₁
mf
Ei - rich ag - us tiug - ainn O, Ei - rich ag - us tiug - ainn O,
We must up and be a - way! We must up and be a - way!
mf


l, .,l, :d .,d | r .,m :s .,s | l .,l :s .m | r .,d :d
rit.
Ei-rich ag-us tiug-ainn O, Mo shor-aidh slàn le Fionnair-idh!
We must up and be a-way! Fare-well, fare-well to Fiun-a-ry.
colla voce
rit.

2.
Tha ioma mìle ceangal blàth
Mar shaighdean ann am fèin an sàs;
Mo chridhe 'n impis a bhi sgàinnt'
A chionn bhi 'fàgail Fhionnairidh.
Eirich agus, &c.

3.
Bu tric a ghabh mi sgrìob leam fhèin
Mu'n cuairt air lùchairt Fhìnn an trèin;
'S a dh'éisd mi sgeulachdan na Fèinn'
'Gan cur an cèill am Fionnairidh.
Eirich agus, &c.

4.
Bu tric a sheall mi feasgar Màirt
Far am biodh Oisean 'seinn a dhàin;
A' coimhead grèin aig ioma tràth
'Dol seach gach là 's mi'm Fionnairidh.
Eirich agus, &c.

5.
Beannachd le beanntaibh mo ghaoil
Far am faigh mi'm fiadh le 'laogh,—
Gu ma fad' an coileach-fraoich
A' glaodhaich ann am Fionnairidh.
Eirich agus, &c.

6.
Ach cha'n iad glinn 'us beanntan àrd'
A lot mo chridh' 'sa rinn mo chràdh,
Ach an diugh na tha fo phràmh
An teach mo ghràidh am Fionnairidh.
Eirich agus, &c.

7.
Beannachd le athair mo ghràidh;
Bidh mi 'cuimhneach ort gu bràth;
Ghuidhinn sonas agus àgh
Do'n t-sean fhear bhàn am Fionnairidh.
Eirich agus, &c.

8.
Am feum mi siubhal uait gun dàil?
Na siùil tha togte ris a' bhàt'—
Soraidh slàn, le tìr mo ghràidh,
'Us slàn, gu bràth le Fionnairidh!
Eirich agus, &c.

2.
A thousand, thousand tender ties—
Accept this day my plaintive sighs;
My heart within me almost dies
At thought of leaving Fiunary.
We must up, &c.

3.
With pensive steps I've often strolled
Where Fingal's castle stood of old,
And listened while the shepherds told
The legend tales of Fiunary.
We must up, &c.

4.
I've often paused at close of day
Where Ossian sang his martial lay,
And viewed the sun's departing ray,
When wand'ring o'er Dun Fiunary.
We must up, &c.

5.
Farewell ye hills of storm and snow,
The wild resorts of deer and roe;
In peace the heath-cock long may crow,
Along the banks of Fiunary.
We must up, &c.

6.
'Tis not the hills nor woody vales
Alone my joyless heart bewails;
A mournful group this day remains
Within the Manse of Fiunary.
We must up, &c.

7.
Can I forget Glenturret's name?
Farewell, dear father, best of men:
May heaven's joys with thee remain
Within the Manse of Fiunary.
We must up, &c.

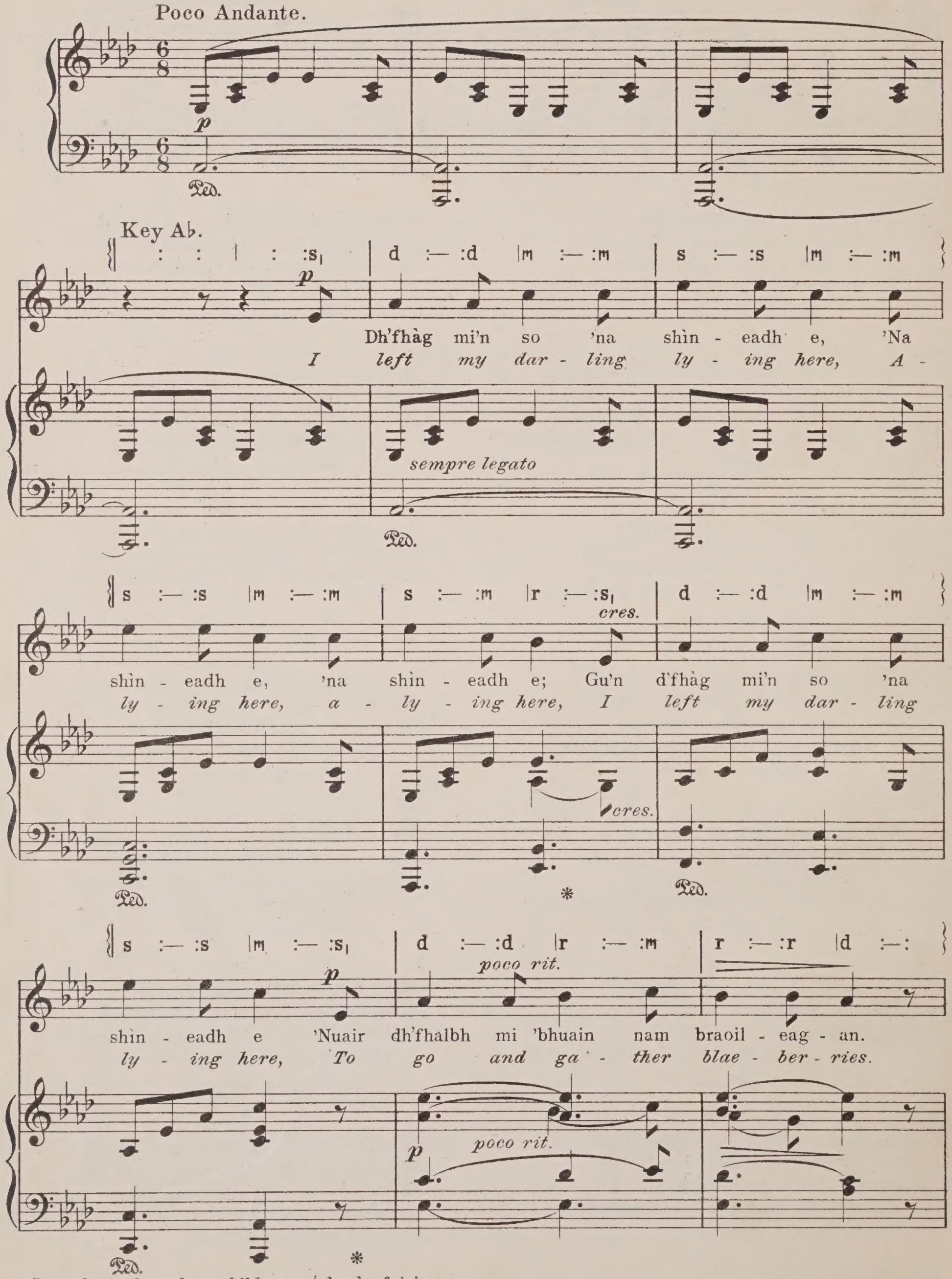
8.
Oh must I leave these happy scenes?
See, they spread the flapping sails,
Adieu! adieu! my native plains;
Farewell, farewell to Fiunary!
We must up, &c.

Soraidh slàn le Fionnairidh.

*AN CÓINEACHAN.

A Fairy Lullaby.

Gaelic Words old. Translation by LACHLAN MACBEAN.


Poco Andante.
p
Ped.
Key A♭.
: : | : :s₁ | d :— :d |m :— :m | s :— :s |m :— :m
p
Dh'fhàg mi'n so 'na shìn - eadh e, 'Na
I left my dar - ling ly - ing here, A -
sempre legato
Ped.
s :— :s |m :— :m | s :— :m |r :— :s₁ | d :— :d |m :— :m
cres.
shìn - eadh e, 'na shìn - eadh e; Gu'n d'fhàg mi'n so 'na
ly - ing here, a - ly - ing here, I left my dar - ling
cres.
Ped. * Ped.
s :— :s |m :— :s₁ | d :— :d |r :— :m | r :— :r |d :—:
p
poco rit.
shìn - eadh e 'Nuair dh'fhalbh mi 'bhuain nam braoil - eag - an.
ly - ing here, To go and ga - ther blae - ber - ries.
p
poco rit.
Ped. *

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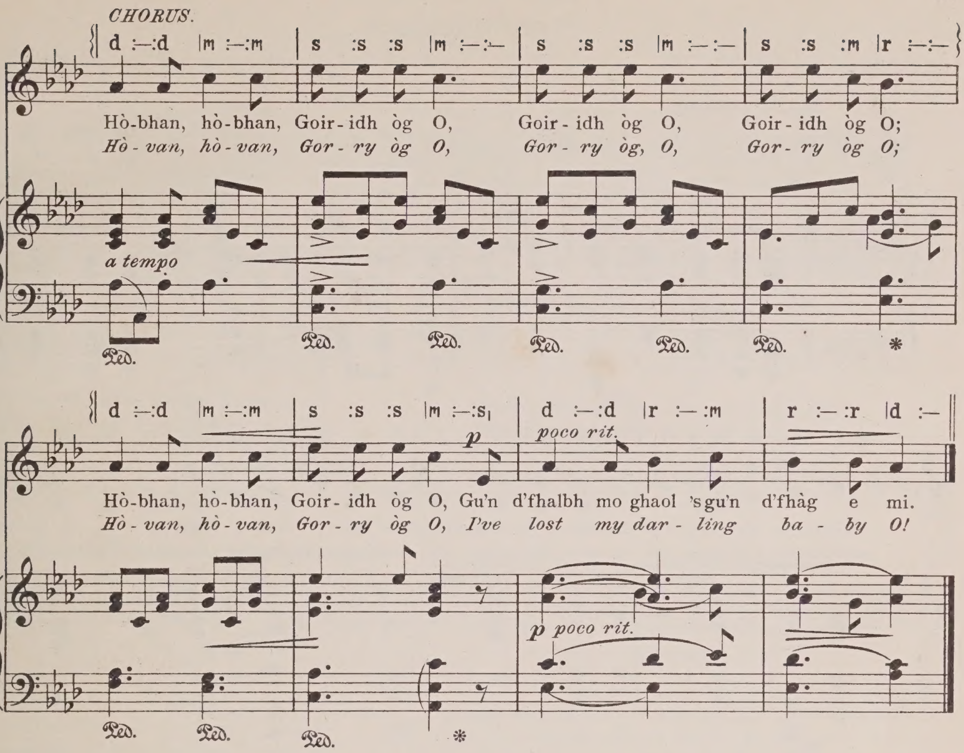
* Song of a mother whose child was stolen by fairies.


CHORUS.
d :—.d |m :—.m | s :s :s |m :— :— | s :s :s |m :— :— | s :s :m |r :— :—
Hò-bhan, hò-bhan, Goir-idh òg O, Goir-idh òg O, Goir-idh òg O;
Hò-van, hò-van, Gor-ry òg O, Gor-ry òg, O, Gor-ry òg O;
a tempo
d :—.d |m :—.m | s :s :s |m :—.s, | d :—.d |r :—.m | r :—.r |d :—
p
poco rit.
Hò-bhan, hò-bhan, Goir-idh òg O, Gu'n d'fhalbh mo ghaol 'sgu'n d'fhàg e mi.
Hò-van, hò-van, Gor-ry òg O, I've lost my dar-ling ba-by O!
p poco rit.

2.
Fhuair mi lorg an dóbhrain duinn,
An dóbhrain duinn, an dóbhrain duinn,
Gu'n d'fhuair mi lorg an dobhrain duinn;
'S cha d'fhuair mi lorg mo chóineachain!
Hòbhan, hòbhan, &c.

3.
Fhuair mi lorg na h-eal' air an t-snàmh,
Na h-eal' air an t-snàmh, na h-eal' air an t-snàmh,
Gu'n d'fhuair mi lorg na h-eal' air an t-snàmh,
'S cha d'fhuair mi lorg mo chóineachain!
Hòbhan, hòbhan, &c.

4.
Fhuair mi lorg an laoigh bhric dheirg,
An laoigh bhric dheirg, an laoigh bhric dheirg;
Gu'n d'fhuair mi lorg an laoigh bhric dheirg,
'S cha d'fhuair mi lorg mo chóineachain!
Hòbhan, hòbhan, &c.

5.
Fhuair mi lorg a' cheò 'sa bheinn,
A' cheò 'sa bheinn, a' cheò 'sa bheinn;
Ged fhuair mi lorg a' cheò 'sa bheinn,
Cha d'fhuair mi lorg mo chóineachain.
Hòbhan, hòbhan, &c.

2.
I've found the wee brown otter's track,
The otter's track, the otter's track;
I've found the wee brown otter's track,
But ne'er a trace of baby, O!
Hòvan, hòvan, &c.

3.
I found the track of the swan on the lake,
The swan on the lake, the swan on the lake;
I found the track of the swan on the lake,
But not the track of baby, O!
Hòvan, hòvan, &c.

4.
I found the track of the yellow fawn,
The yellow fawn, the yellow fawn;
I found the track of the yellow fawn,
But could not trace my baby, O!
Hòvan, hovan, &c.

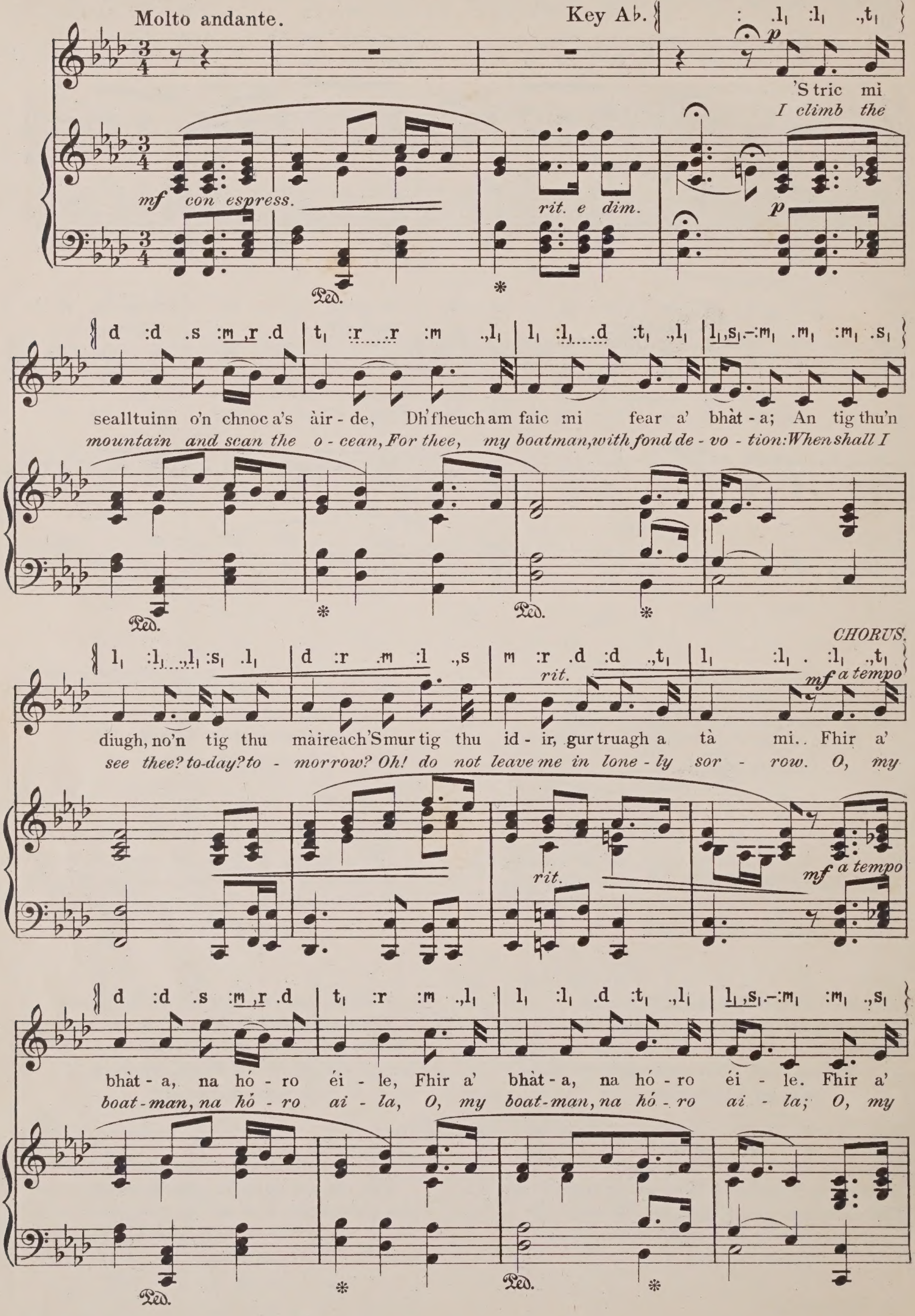
5.
I found the trail of the mountain mist,
The mountain mist, the mountain mist;
I found the trail of the mountain mist,
But ne'er a trace of baby, O!
Hòvan, hòvan, &c.

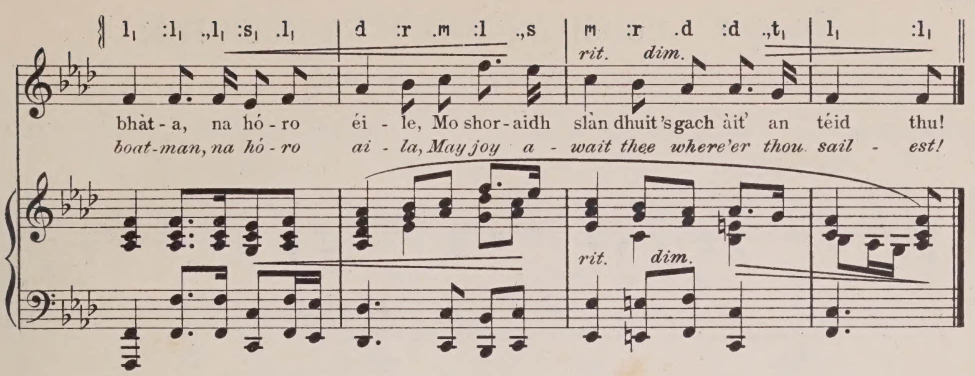
FEAR A' BHATA.

O my Boatman.

Gaelic Words old.

Translation by LACHLAN MACBEAN.


Molto andante.
Key A♭.
: .l₁ :l₁ .,t₁
p
'S tric mi
I climb the
mf con espress.
rit. e dim.
p
Ped.
*
d :d .s :m ,r .d | t₁ :r .r :m .,l₁ | l₁ :l₁ .d :t₁ .,l₁ | l₁,s₁.–:m₁ .m₁ :m₁ .s₁
seall tuinn o'n chnoc a's àir - de, Dh'fheuch am faic mi fear a' bhàt - a; An tig thu'n
mountain and scan the o - cean, For thee, my boatman, with fond de - vo - tion: When shall I
l₁ :l₁ .,l₁ :s₁ .l₁ | d :r .m :l .,s | m :r .d :d .,t₁ | l₁ :l₁ . :l₁ .,t₁
CHORUS.
rit.
mf a tempo
diugh, no'n tig thu màireach 'S mur tig thu id - ir, gur truagh a tà mi.. Fhir a'
see thee? to-day? to - morrow? Oh! do not leave me in lone - ly sor - row. O, my
d :d .s :m ,r .d | t₁ :r :m .,l₁ | l₁ :l₁ .d :t₁ .,l₁ | l₁,s₁.–:m₁ :m₁ .,s₁
bhàt - a, na hó - ro éi - le, Fhir a' bhàt - a, na hó - ro éi - le. Fhir a'
boat - man, na hó - ro ai - la, O, my boat - man, na hó - ro ai - la; O, my


l₁ :l₁ .,l₁ :s₁ .l₁ | d :r .m :l .,s | m :r .d :d .,t₁ | l₁ :l₁
rit.
dim.
bhàt - a, na hó - ro éi - le, Mo shor - aidh slàn dhuit 's gach àit' an téid thu!
boat-man, na hó - ro ai - la, May joy a - wait thee where'er thou sail - est!
rit.
dim.

2.

Tha mo chridh'-sa briste, brùite;
'S tric na deòir a' ruith o m' shùilean;
An tig thu nochd, na'm bi mo dhùil riut,
No'n dùin mi'n dorus, le osna thùrsaich?

Fhir a' bhàta, &c.

3.

'S tric mi foighneachd do luchd nam bàta,
Am fac iad thu, no'm bheil thu sàbhailt;
Ach 's ann a tha gach aon diubh 'g ràitinn,
Gur gòrach mise ma thug mi gràdh dhuit.

Fhir a' bhàta, &c.

4.

Gheall mo leannan domh gùn de 'n t-sìoda,
Gheall e sud agus breacan rìomhach;
Fainn' òir anns am faicinn 'ìomhaigh;
Ach 's eagal leam gun dean e dìochuimhn'.

Fhir a' bhàta, &c.

5.

Ged a thu'irt iad gu'n robh thu aotrom,
Cha do lughdaich sud mo ghaol ort;
Bidh tu m' aisling anns an oidhche,
'Us anns a' mhadainn bidh mi 'gad fhoighneachd.

Fhir a' bhàta, &c.

6.

Thug mi gaol dhut, 's cha'n fhaod mi àicheadh;
Cha ghaol bliadhna, 's cha ghaol ràidhe;
Ach gaol a thòisich 'n uair bha mi m' phàisdean,
'S nach searg a chaoidh, gus an claoidh am bàs mi.

Fhir a' bhàta, &c.

7.

Tha mo chàirdean gu tric ag innseadh,
Gum feum mi t'aogas a leig' air dìochuimhn';
Ach tha'n comhairle dhomh cho diomhain
'S bhi tilleadh mara 's i tabhairt lìonaidh.

Fhir a' bhàta, &c.

8.

Bi'dh mi tuille tùrsach, déurach,
Mar eala bhàn 's i an déigh a reubadh;
Guileag bàis aic' air lochan feurach,
'Us càch gu léir an déigh a tréigsinn.

Fhir a' bhàta, &c.

2.

Broken-hearted, I droop and languish,
And frequent tears show my bosom's anguish:
Shall I expect thee to-night to cheer me?
Or close the door, sighing, sad and weary?

O my boatman, &c.

3.

From passing boatmen I'd fain discover
If they have heard of or seen my lover;
They never tell me—I'm only chided,
And told my heart has been sore misguided.

O my boatman, &c.

4.

My lover promised to bring his lady
A silken gown and a tartan plaidie,
A ring of gold which would show his semblance;
But, ah! I fear me for his remembrance.

O my boatman, &c.

5.

That thou'rt a rover my friends have told me,
But not the less to my heart I hold thee;
And every night in my dream I see thee,
And still at dawn will the vision flee me.

O my boatman, &c.

6.

I may not hide it—my heart's devotion
Is not a season's brief emotion;
Thy love in childhood began to seize me,
And ne'er shall fade until death release me.

O my boatman, &c.

7.

My friends oft tell me that I must sever
All thoughts of thee from my heart for ever;
Their words are idle—my passions, swelling,
Untamed as ocean, can brook no quelling.

O my boatman, &c.

8.

My heart is weary with ceaseless wailing,
Like wounded swan when her life is failing;
Her notes of anguish the lake awaken,
By all her comrades at last forsaken.

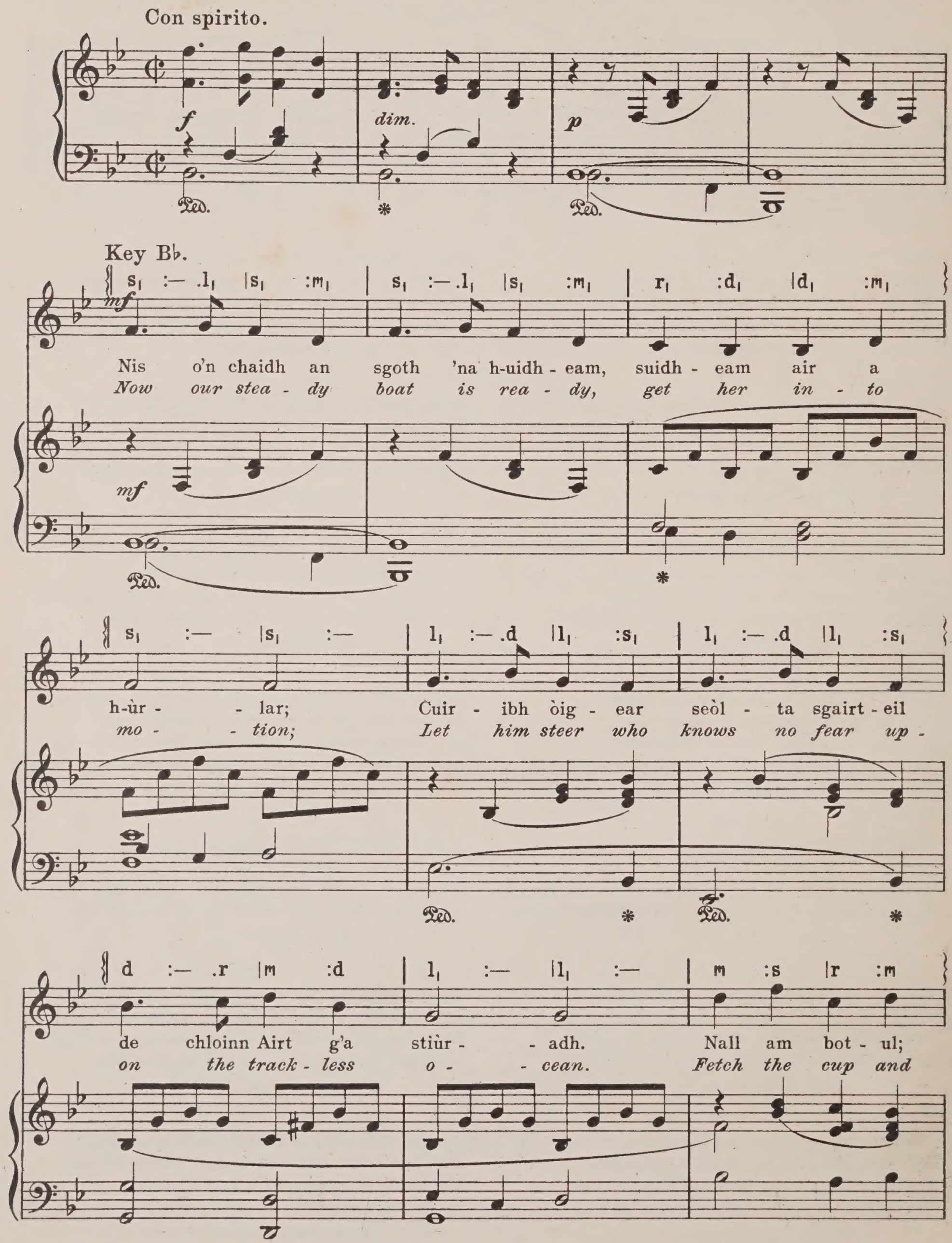
O my boatman, &c.

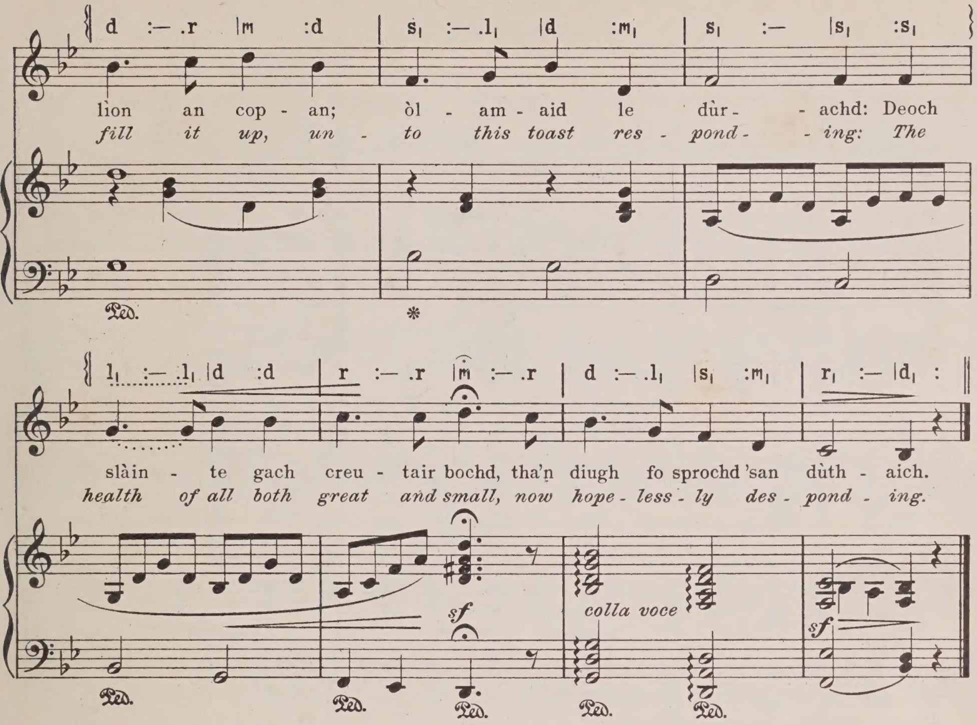
Fear a' bhàta.

NIS O'N CHAIDH AN SGOTH 'NA HUIDHEAM.

Now our steady boat is ready.

Gaelic Words by Dr. J. MAC LACHLAN, Rahoy. Translation by HENRY WHYTE. (Fionn.)


Con spirito.
f
dim.
p
Key B♭.
mf
s₁ :— .l₁ |s₁ :m₁ | s₁ :— .l₁ |s₁ :m₁ | r₁ :d₁ |d₁ :m₁
Nis o'n chaidh an sgoth 'na h-uidh - eam, suidh - eam air a
Now our stea - dy boat is rea - dy, get her in - to
s₁ :— |s₁ :— | l₁ :— .d |l₁ :s₁ | l₁ :— .d |l₁ :s₁
h-ùr - - lar; Cuir - ibh òig - ear seòl - ta sgairt - eil
mo - - tion; Let him steer who knows no fear up -
d :— .r |m :d | l₁ :— |l₁ :— | m :s |r :m
de chloinn Airt g'a stiùr - - adh. Nall am bot - ul;
on the track - less o - - cean. Fetch the cup and
Ped.
*


d :— .r |m :d | s, :— .l, |d :m, | s, :— |s, :s,
lìon an cop - an; òl - am - aid le dùr - - achd: Deoch
fill it up, un - to this toast res - pond - - ing: The
l, :— .l, |d :d | r :— .r |m :— .r | d :— .l, |s, :m, | r, :— |d, :
slàin - te gach creu - tair bochd, tha'n diugh fo sprochd 'san dùth - aich.
health of all both great and small, now hope - less - ly des - pond - ing.
sf
colla voce
sf

2.

Siùdaibh 'illean, càiribh rithe;
  Bithibh cridheil, sunndach;
Thugaibh làmh gu h-ealamh, dàn
  Air cur an àird a siùil rithe;
Na biodh cùram oirbh, no eagal;
  Seasamaid ar cùrsa;
Ruigidh sinn gu cala sàbhailt',
  Ged is dàn an ionnsaidh.

2.

We'll merry be when out at sea,
  We'll have a song from Rory;
Bear a hand, my gallant band,
  To raise her canvas hoary.
Banish fear, our course is clear,
  We'll proudly keep our bearing,
And safely land on yonder strand,
  Although the feat be daring.

3.

Chaidh sinn seachad air a' Ghràtair
  Ged a b' àrd a bhùraich;
Ged a bha Bun-dubh cho gàbhaidh
  Ràinig sinn a nunn air;
'Dol seachad Sòi, Ri! bu mhòr
  An crònan bh'aig na sùighean;
'S e mo ghràdh an stiùradh grinn
  Nach leigeadh mill g'ar n-ionnsaidh.

3.

The waters poured, the tempest roared,
  And dashing waves passed over,
When passing Soy, 'twas then my boy,
  We bless'd the tidy "Rover";
With crew so brave upon the wave,
  To fear I am a stranger;
I love the hand that can command
  A boat amid such danger.

4.

Nunn do Mhuile, nunn do Mhuile,
  Nunn do Mhuile théid i;
Nunn do Mhuile air bàrr tuinne
  Ged robh muir a' beucaich.
'S mi tha sunndach air a h-ùrlar
  Air bàrr sùigh ag éirigh;
Mo ghràdh an iubhrach làidir, dhùbailt',
  'S na fir lùthmhor ghleusda.

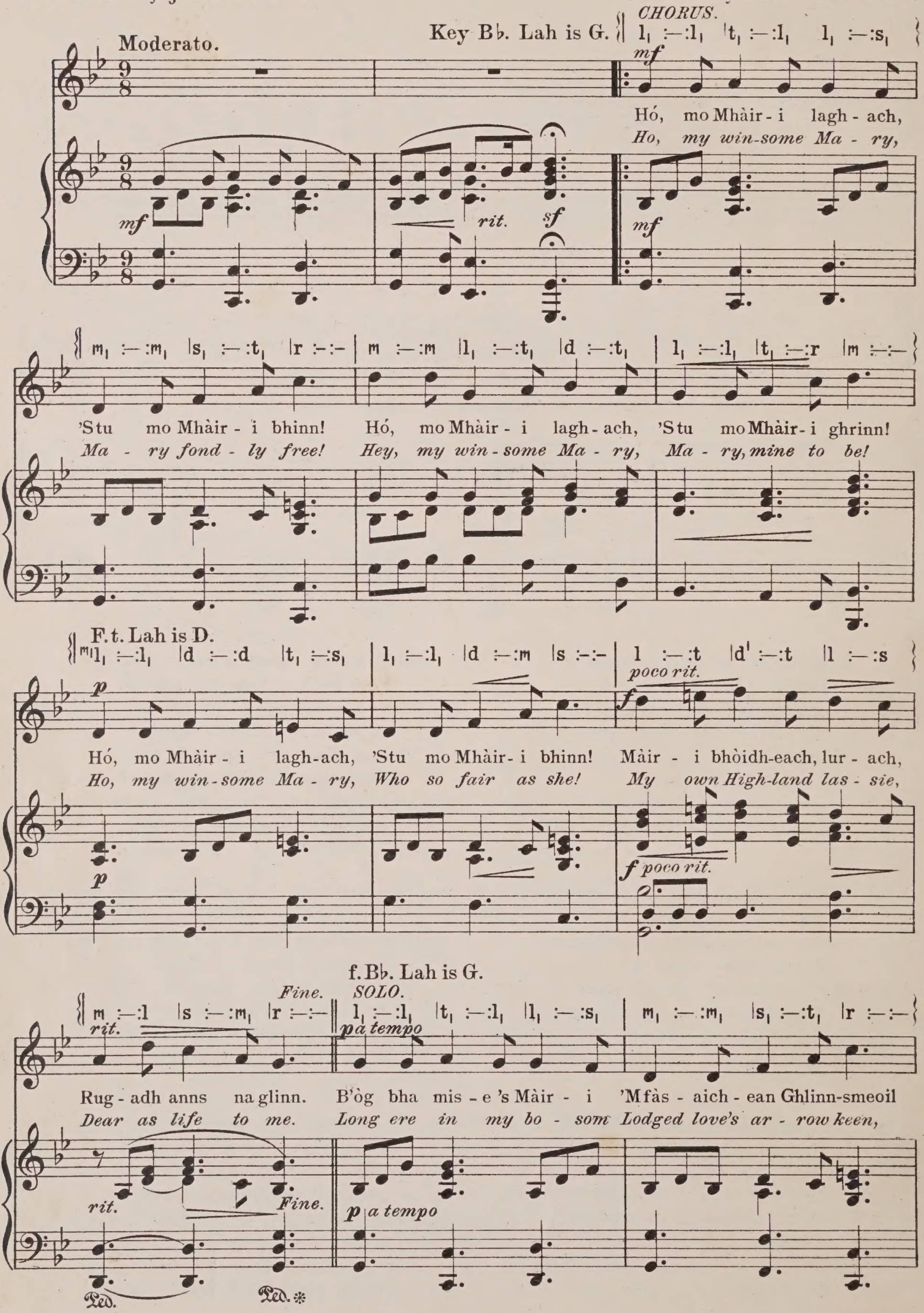
4.

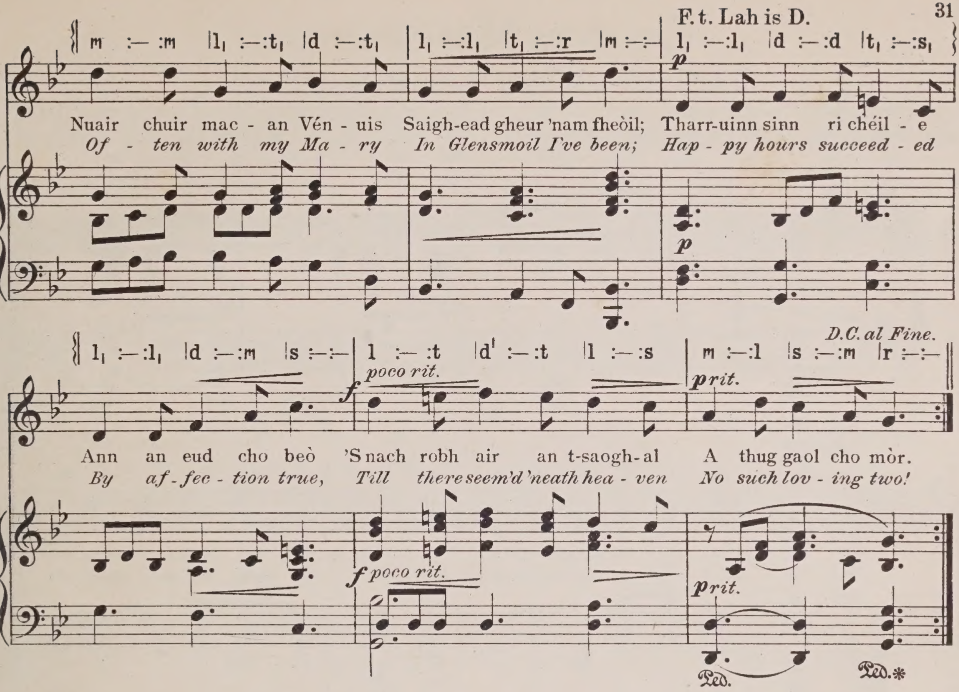
To Mull we go, to Mull we go,
  That island worth adoring
To Mull we go, though winds may blow,
  And billows fierce be roaring;
'Mid flying foam, I feel at home,
  At sea I'm in my glory.
Our crew and boat— the best afloat,—
  Their name shall live in story!

MAIRI LAGHACH.

Winsome Mary.

Gaelic Words by J. MAC DONALD. Translation by EVAN MAC COLL.


Moderato.
Key B♭. Lah is G.
CHORUS.
mf
rit.
sf
Hó, mo Mhàir - i lagh - ach,
Ho, my win-some Ma - ry,
'Stu mo Mhàir - i bhinn! Hó, mo Mhàir - i lagh - ach, 'Stu mo Mhàir - i ghrinn!
Ma - ry fond - ly free! Hey, my win - some Ma - ry, Ma - ry, mine to be!
F.t. Lah is D.
p
poco rit.
f poco rit.
Hó, mo Mhàir - i lagh-ach, 'Stu mo Mhàir - i bhinn! Màir - i bhòidh-each, lur - ach,
Ho, my win-some Ma - ry, Who so fair as she! My own High-land las - sie,
f. B♭. Lah is G.
Fine.
SOLO.
rit.
a tempo
p a tempo
Rug - adh anns na glinn. B'òg bha mis - e 's Màir - i 'M fàs - aich - ean Ghlinn-smeoil
Dear as life to me. Long ere in my bo - som Lodged love's ar - row keen,
Ped.
Ped. *


m :— :m |l₁ :—:t₁ |d :—:t₁ |l₁ :—:l₁ |t₁ :—:r |m :—:— |
F.t. Lah is D.
l₁ :—:l₁ |d :—:d |t₁ :—:s₁
p
Nuair chuir mac - an Vén - uis Saigh-ead gheur 'nam fheòil; Tharr-uinn sinn ri chéil - e
Of - ten with my Ma - ry In Glensmoil I've been; Hap - py hours succeed - ed
p
D.C. al Fine.
l₁ :—:l₁ |d :—:m |s :—:— |l :—:t |d' :—:t |l :—:s |m :—:l |s :—:m |r :—:—
f
poco rit.
prit.
Ann an eud cho beò 'S nach robh air an t-saogh-al A thug gaol cho mòr.
By af - fec - tion true, Till there seem'd 'neath hea - ven No such lov - ing two!
f poco rit.
prit.
Ped.
Ped. *

2.
Ged bu leamsa Albainn,
A h-airgead is a maoin,
Ciamar bhithinn sona
Gun do chomunn gaoil?
B'annsa bhi 'gad phògadh
Le deagh chòir dhomh féin
Na ged gheibhinn stòras
Na Roinn-Eòrp' gu léir.

Hó, mo Mhàiri, &c.

3.
Tha do chailc-dheud snaighte
Geal mar shneachd nan àrd;
T'anail mar an caineal;
Beul o 'm banail fàilt';
Gruaidh air dhreach an t-siris;
Mìn-ruisg chinnealt, thlàth;
Mala chaol gun ghruaman;
Gnùis gheal, 's cuach-fhalt bàn.

Hó, mo Mhàiri, &c.

4.
Cha robh inneal-ciùil
A fhuaireadh riamh fo 'n ghréin,
A dh' aithriseadh air chòir
Gach ceòl bhiodh againn féin:
Uiseag air gach lónan,
Smeòrach air gach géig,
Cuthag is gu-gùc aic,
Madainn chùbhraidh Chéit.

Hó, mo Mhàiri, &c.

2.
What although all Alban
And its wealth were mine,
How, without thee, darling,
Could I fail to pine?
As my bride to kiss thee,
I would prize far more
Than the all of treasure
Europe has in store.

Ho, my winsome Mary, &c.

3.
Hers are teeth whose whiteness
Snow alone can peer;
Hers the breath all fragrance;
Voice of loving cheer;
Cheeks of cherry ripeness;
Eyelids drooping down,
'Neath a forehead never
Shadowed by a frown.

Ho, my winsome Mary, &c.

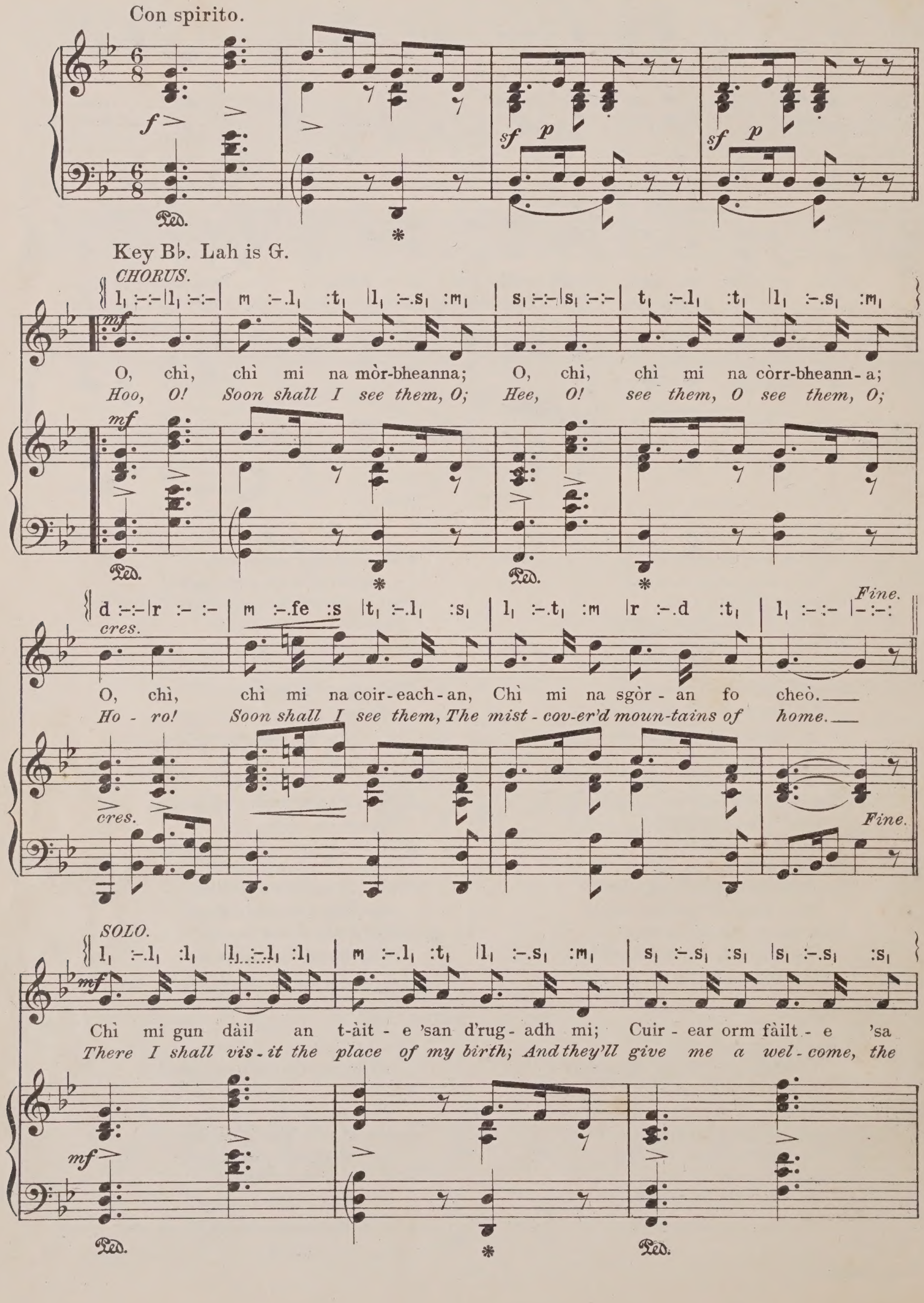
4.
No more music art-born
Ere our pleasure crowned:
Music far more cheering
Nature for us found.
Larks in air, and thrushes
On the flowering thorn;
And the cuckoo hailing
Summer's gay return!

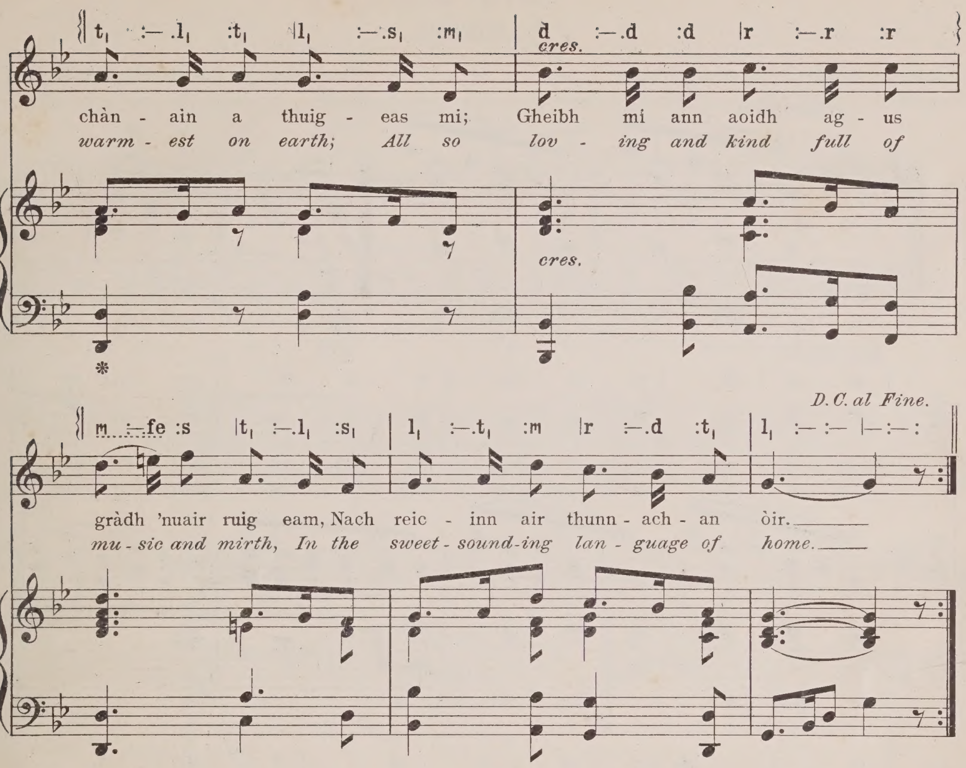
Ho, my winsome Mary, &c.

CHI MI NA MÒR-BHEANNA.

The mist-covered Mountains of Home.

Gaelic Words by JOHN CAMERON. Ballachulish. Translation by MALCOLM MAC FARLANE.


Con spirito.
f
sf p
Ped.
*
Key B♭. Lah is G.
CHORUS.
l₁ :-:- |l₁ :-:- | m :-.l₁ :t₁ |l₁ :-.s₁ :m₁ | s₁ :-:- |s₁ :-:- | t₁ :-.l₁ :t₁ |l₁ :-.s₁ :m₁
mf
O, chì, chì mi na mòr-bheanna; O, chì, chì mi na còrr-bheann-a;
Hoo, O! Soon shall I see them, O; Hee, O! see them, O see them, O;
d :-:- |r :-:- | m :-.fe :s |t₁ :-.l₁ :s₁ | l₁ :-.t₁ :m |r :-.d :t₁ | l₁ :-:- |-:-:
cres.
Fine.
O, chì, chì mi na coir-each-an, Chì mi na sgòr - an fo cheò.
Ho - ro! Soon shall I see them, The mist - cov-er'd moun-tains of home.
SOLO.
l₁ :-.l₁ :l₁ |l₁ :-.l₁ :l₁ | m :-.l₁ :t₁ |l₁ :-.s₁ :m₁ | s₁ :-.s₁ :s₁ |s₁ :-.s₁ :s₁
Chì mi gun dàil an t-àit - e 'san d'rug- adh mi; Cuir - ear orm fàilt - e 'sa
There I shall vis - it the place of my birth; And they'll give me a wel - come, the


t, :—.l, :t, |l, :—.s, :m, | d :—.d :d |r :—.r :r
cres.
chàn - ain a thuig - eas mi; Gheibh mi ann aoidh ag - us
warm - est on earth; All so lov - ing and kind full of
cres.
D.C. al Fine.
m :—fe :s |t, :—.l, :s, | l, :—.t, :m |r :—.d :t, | l, :— :— |— :— :
gràdh 'nuair ruig eam, Nach reic - inn air thunn - ach - an òir.
mu - sic and mirth, In the sweet - sound - ing lan - guage of home.

2.
Chì mi ann coilltean; chì mi ann doireachan;
Chì mi ann màghan bàna is toraiche;
Chì mi na féidh air làr nan coireachan,
Falaicht' an trusgan de cheò.
O, chì, &c.

3.
Beanntaichean àrda is àillidh leacainnean;
Sluagh ann an còmhnuidh is còire cleachdainnean;
'S aotrom mo cheum a' leum g'am faicinn;
Is fanaidh mi tacan le deòin.
O, chì, &c.

4.
Fàilt' air na gorm-mheallaibh tholmach, thulachnach;
Fàilt' air na còrr-bheannaibh mòra, mulanach;
Fàilt' air na coilltean, is fàilt' air na h-uile—
O! 's sona bhi 'fuireach 'nan còir.
O, chì, &c.

2.
There I shall gaze on the mountains again;
On the fields and the woods and the burns in the glen;
And away 'mong the corries, beyond human ken,
In the haunts of the deer I shall roam.
Hoo O! &c.

3.
There I'll converse with the hard-headed father;
And there I shall jest with the kind-hearted mother,
O, light is my heart as I turn my steps thither,
The ever-dear precincts of home.
Hoo O! &c.

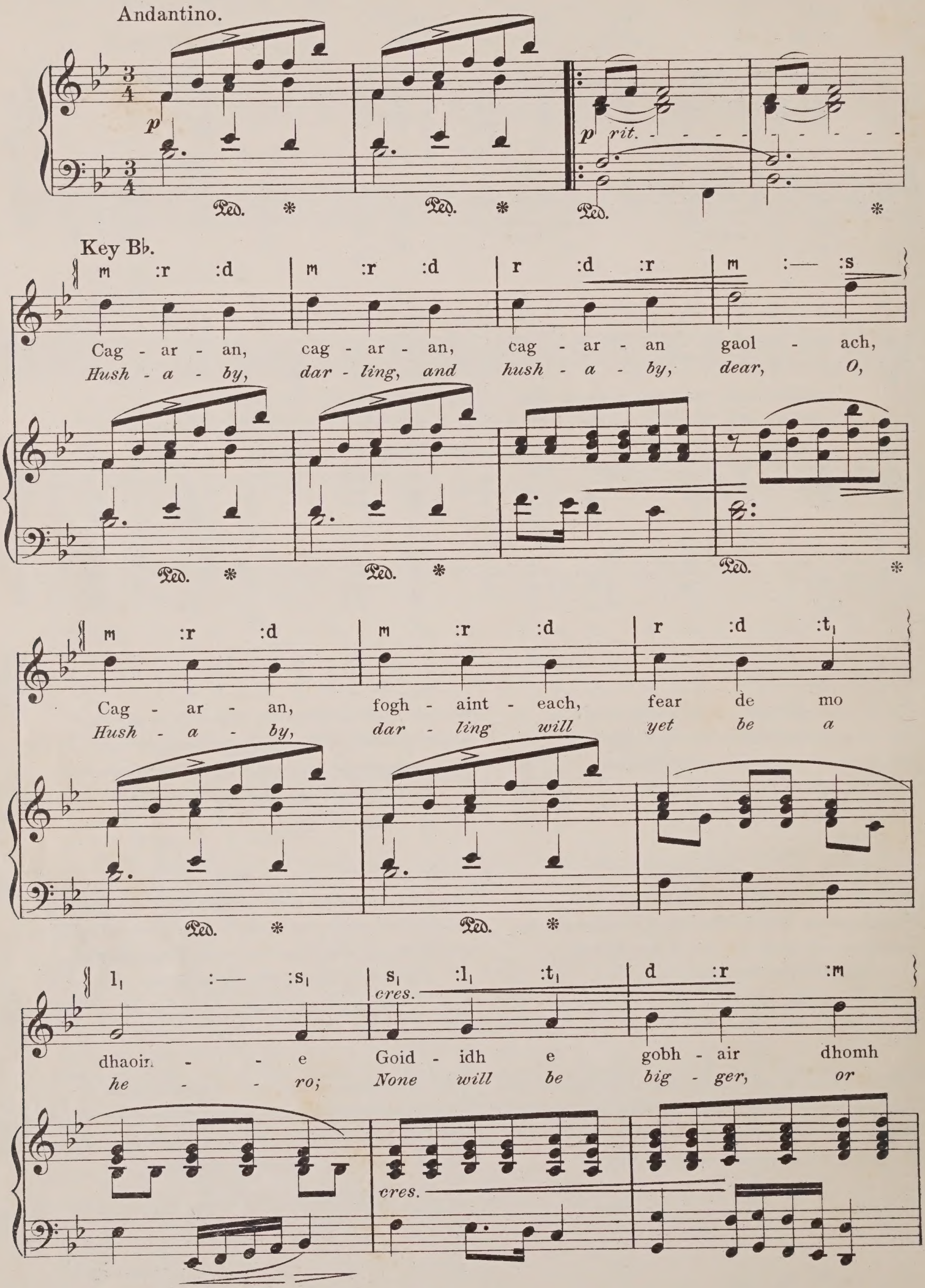
4.
Hail! to the mountains with summits of blue;
To the glens with their meadows of sunshine and dew;
To the women and men ever constant and true,
Ever ready to welcome one home.
Hoo O! &c.

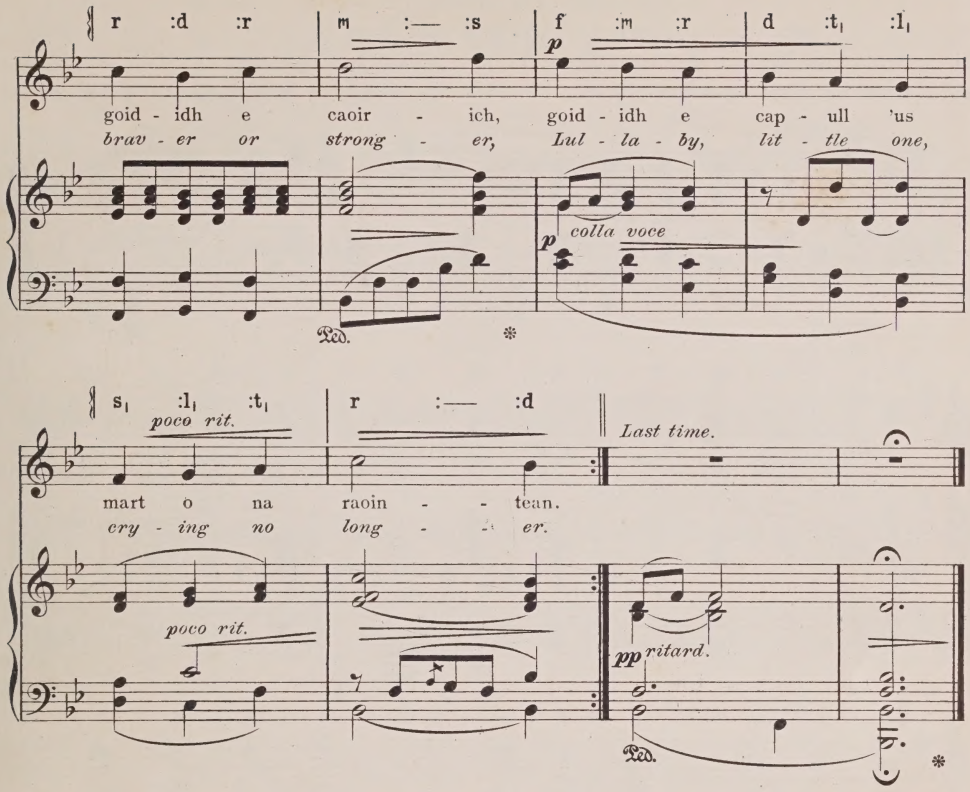
CRÒNAN.

A Lullaby.

Ancient Lochaber *Cronan* or Lullaby.

Translation by LACHLAN MACBEAN.


Andantino.
p
p rit.
Key B♭.
m :r :d | m :r :d | r :d :r | m :— :s
Cag - ar - an, cag - ar - an, cag - ar - an gaol - ach,
Hush - a - by, dar - ling, and hush - a - by, dear, O,
m :r :d | m :r :d | r :d :t₁
Cag - ar - an, fogh - aint - each, fear de mo
Hush - a - by, dar - ling will yet be a
l₁ :— :s₁ | s₁ :l₁ :t₁ | d :r :m
dhaoin - e Goid - idh e gobh - air dhomh
he - ro; None will be big - ger, or
cres.
cres.


r :d :r | m :— :s | f :m :r | d :t₁ :l₁
p
goid - idh e caoir - ich, goid - idh e cap - ull 'us
brav - er or strong - er, Lul - la - by, lit - tle one,
colla voce
p
s₁ :l₁ :t₁ | r :— :d
poco rit.
Last time.
mart o na raoin - - tean.
cry - ing no long - - er.
poco rit.
pp ritard.

2.

Cagaran laghach thu, cagaran caomh thu,
Cagaran odhar, na cluinneam do chaoine;
Goididh e gobhair 'us goididh e caoirich,
Goididh e sithionn o fhireach an aonaich.

3.

Dean an cadalan 's dùin do shùilean,
Dean an cadalan beag 'na mo sgùrdaich;
Rinn thu an cadalan 's dhùin do shùilean,
Rinn thu an cadalan, slàn gu'n dùisg thu!

4.

Thuit e 'na chadalan thuit e 'na shuainean;
Cairisidh ainglean gu cairdeil mu'n cuairt da;
Cluinnidh e 'n guthan a cagar 'na chluasan,
'S bithidh fiamh ghàire air gràdhan 'na bhruadar!

2.

Lullaby, little one, bonnie wee baby,
He'll be a hero and fight for us, may be;
Cattle and horses and sheep will his prey be:
None will be bolder or braver than baby.

3.

Softly and silently eyelids are closing;
Dearest wee jewel, so gently he's dozing;
Softly he's resting by slumber o'ertaken;
Soundly he's sleeping and sweetly he'll waken.

4.

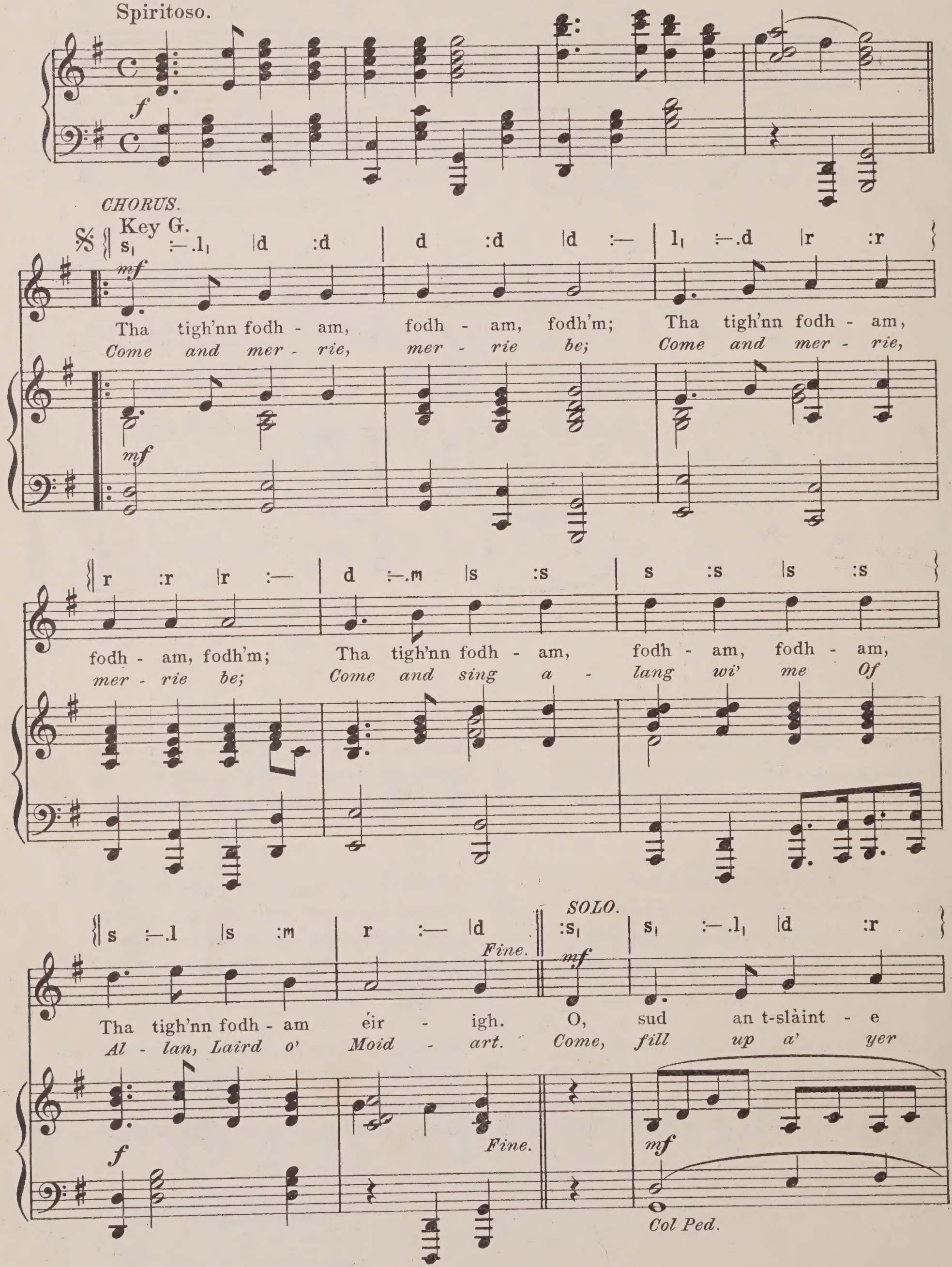
Placidly, peacefully, slumber has bound him;
Angels are lovingly watching around him—
Beautiful spirits, his sorrow beguiling,
Sweetly they whisper, and baby is smiling!

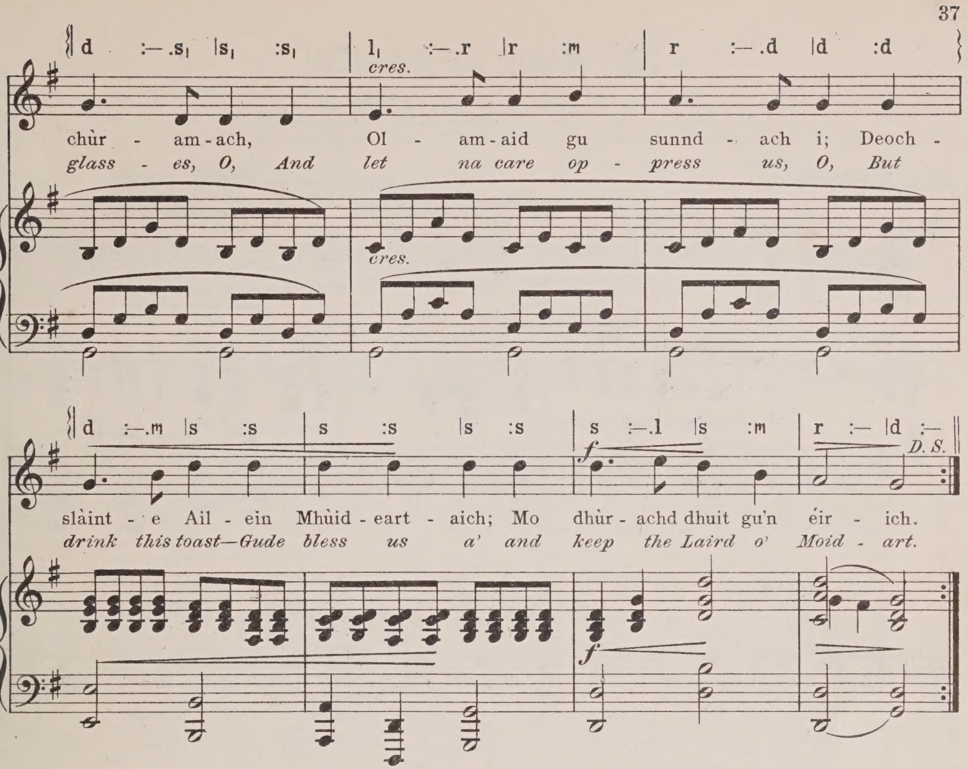
FACULTY OF MUSIC
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

AILEAN MUIDEARTACH.

Allan, Laird o' Moidart.

Gaelic Words by JOHN MAC DONALD. Translation by MALCOLM MAC FARLANE.


Spiritoso.
f
CHORUS.
Key G.
s₁ :—.l₁ |d :d | d :d |d :— | l₁ :—.d |r :r
mf
Tha tigh'nn fodh - am, fodh - am, fodh'm; Tha tigh'nn fodh - am,
Come and mer - rie, mer - rie be; Come and mer - rie,
r :r |r :— | d :—.m |s :s | s :s |s :s
fodh - am, fodh'm; Tha tigh'nn fodh - am, fodh - am, fodh - am,
mer - rie be; Come and sing a - lang wi' me Of
s :—.l |s :m | r :— |d
Tha tigh'nn fodh - am éir - igh.
Al - lan, Laird o' Moid - art.
Fine.
SOLO.
:s₁ | s₁ :—.l₁ |d :r
O, sud an t-slàint - e
Come, fill up a' yer
Col Ped.


d :—.s, |s, :s, | l, :—.r |r :m | r :—.d |d :d
cres.
chùr - am - ach, Ol - am - aid gu sunnd - ach i; Deoch -
glass - es, O, And let na care op - press us, O, But
cres.
d :—.m |s :s | s :s |s :s | s :—.l |s :m | r :— |d :—
f
D. S.
slàint - e Ail - ein Mhùid - eart - aich; Mo dhùr - achd dhuit gu'n éir - ich.
drink this toast—Gude bless us a' and keep the Laird o' Moid - art.
f

2.
Is ged a bhiodh tu fada bhuam,
Gu 'n éireadh sunnd is aigne orm
'Nuair chluinninn sgeul a b'àite leam
Air gaisgeach nan gnìomh euchdach.
Tha tigh'nn, &c.

3.
Gur sgiobair ri là gaillinn thu,
A sheòladh cuan nam marannan,
A bheireadh long gu calachan
Le spionnadh glac do threun-fhear.
Tha tigh'nn, &c.

4.
Tha sgeul beag eil' a dhearbhadh leat,
Gur sealgair sìthne 'n garbhlaich thu,
Le d' chuilbhear caol nach dearmadach
Air dearg-ghreidh nan ceann eutrom.
Tha tigh'nn, &c.

5.
B'e sud an leóghann aigeannach—
'Nuair nochdadh tu do bhaidealan,
Làmh dhearg is long is bradanan—
'Nuair lasadh meanm 'nad eudann.
Tha tigh'nn, &c.

2.
Thae times when he was far awa
Across the seas at war, an' a',
His fame for deeds o' daurin', O,
Was ringing a' through Moidart.
Come and merrie be, &c.

3.
His was the skill o' sailin', O,
When tempests were prevailin', O,
And waves the barque assailin', O,
He steered us safe to Moidart.
Come and merrie be, &c.

4.
He hunted aye sae keenly, O,
And brocht down aye sae cleanly, O,
The stags and hinds sae queenly, O,
Amang the wilds o' Moidart.
Come and merrie be, &c.

5.
When he spread forth his pennon, O,
Abune his warlike men an' a',
His foes were dauntit, kennin' a'
The red-hand badge o' Moidart.
Come and merrie be, &c.

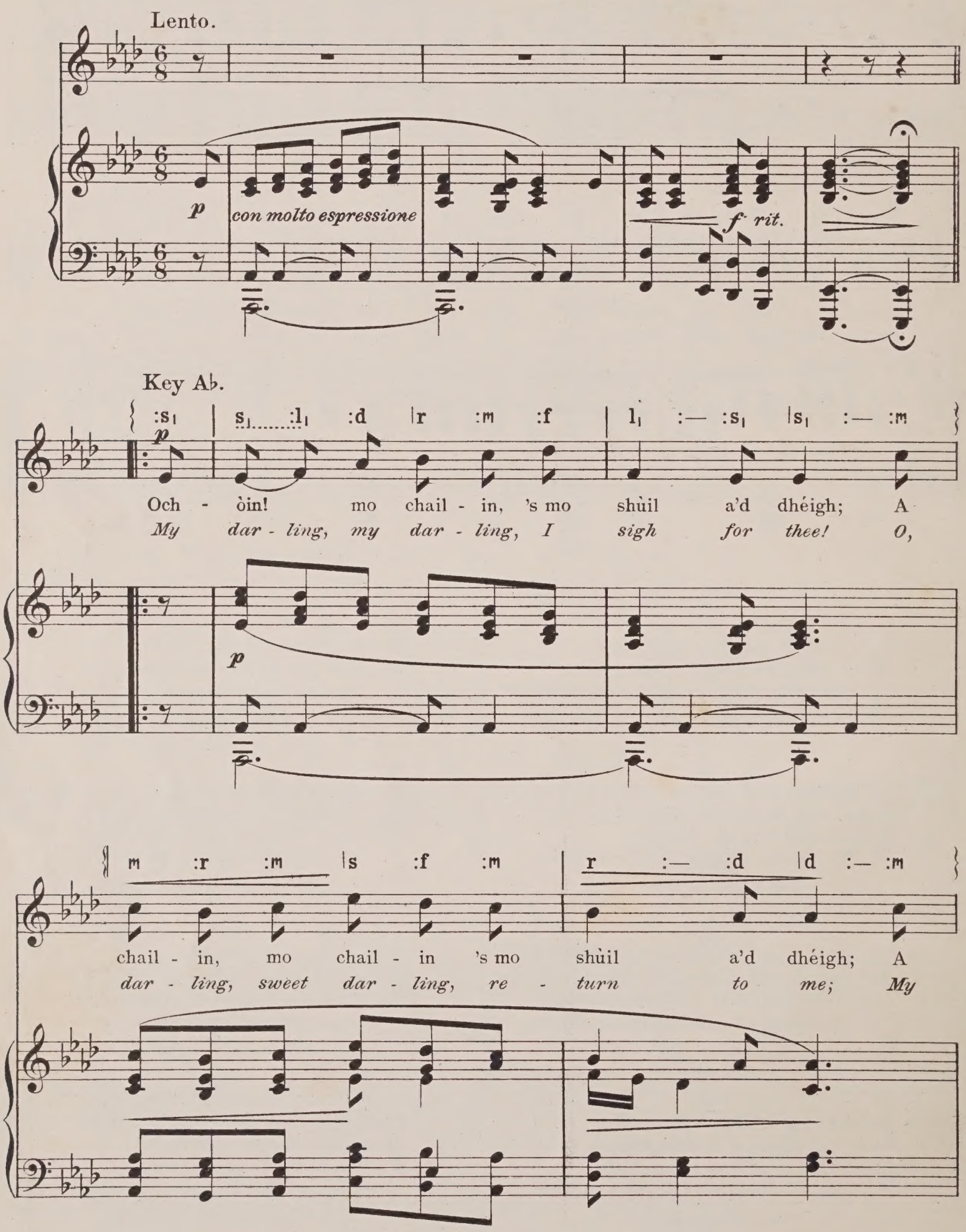
Ailean Mùideartach.

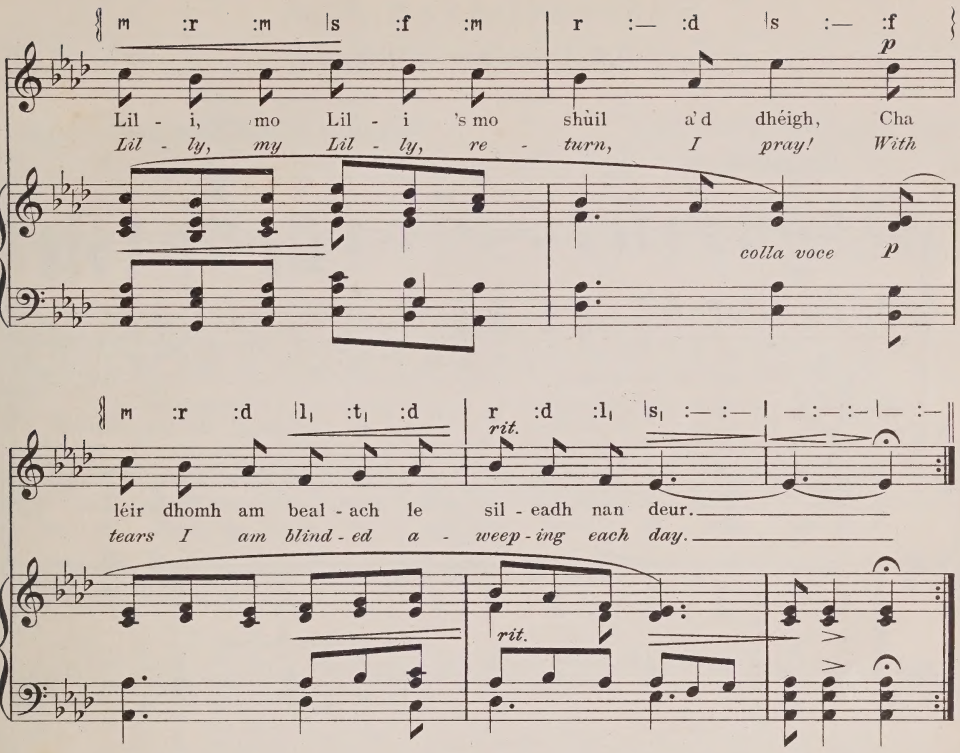
Mo shùil a'd dhéigh.

Repining for thee.

Gaelic Words old.

Translation by HENRY WHYTE. (Fionn.)


Lento.
p
con molto espressione
f rit.
Key A♭.
:s₁ | s₁ :l₁ :d | r :m :f | l₁ :— :s₁ | s₁ :— :m
p
Och - òin! mo chail - in, 's mo shùil a'd dhéigh; A
My dar - ling, my dar - ling, I sigh for thee! O,
p
| m :r :m | s :f :m | r :— :d | d :— :m
chail - in, mo chail - in 's mo shùil a'd dhéigh; A
dar - ling, sweet dar - ling, re - turn to me; My


m :r :m |s :f :m | r :— :d |s :— :f
p
Lil - i, mo Lil - i 's mo shùil a'd dhéigh, Cha
Lil - ly, my Lil - ly, re - turn, I pray! With
colla voce
p
m :r :d |l, :t, :d | r :d :l, |s, :— :— | — :— :— | — :—
rit.
léir dhomh am beal - ach le sil - eadh nan deur.
tears I am blind - ed a - weep - ing each day.
rit.

2.
Gun d'éirich mi mochthra maduinn an dé,
'S gu'n ghèarr mi'n ear-thalmhainn do bhrìgh mo sgéil;
An dùil gu'm faicinnse rùn mo chléibh;
Ochòin! gu'm facas, 's a cùlaobh rium féin.

3.
Na'm bitheadh sud agam mo lùgh 's mo leum,
Mi'm shuidhe aig bealach, 's mo chù air éill,
Gu'n deanainn-sa cogadh gu làidir treun
Mu'n leiginn mo leannan le fear tha fo'n ghréin.

4.
'S ann ormsa tha 'm mulad 's am fiabhrus môr,
O'n chualas gu'n deach' thu le Brian ôg;
Mo chomunn cha dean mi ri mnaoi 's an fheòil,
O'n rinn thu mo thréigsinn, 's mi fhéin a bhi beò.

5.
O! cha'n'eil uiseag 's na speuraibh àrd,
No eun anns an doire d'am b'eòl mo ghràdh
Nach 'eil nis ri tuireadh a dh'oidhch' 's a là,
O'n chualas gu'n ghlacadh mo chailin air làimh.

2.
Yesterday morning, at dawn of day,
I pulled the yarrow with heart so gay,
Expecting my sweetheart to pass that way,
I saw her—but wae's me, she turned away.

3.
If I had the strength of my early days,
When lightly I followed with hound the chase,
I'd fight with the bravest and lay him low,
Before my true love with another should go.

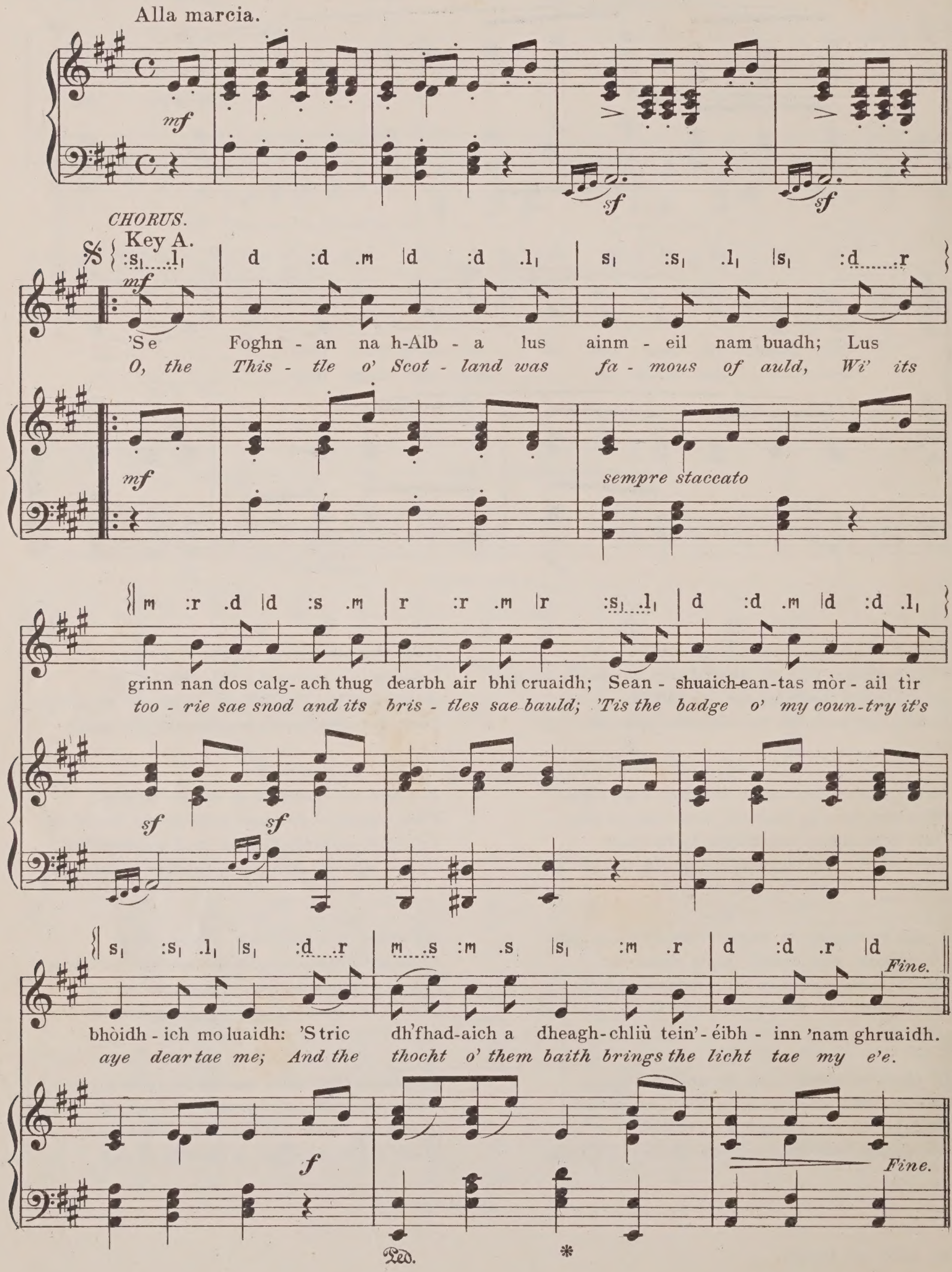
4.
My heart is a-breaking, I sigh alone,
Since off with young Brian my love has gone.
I'll ne'er love another, I vow and swear,
Since thou hast refused my heart's love to share.

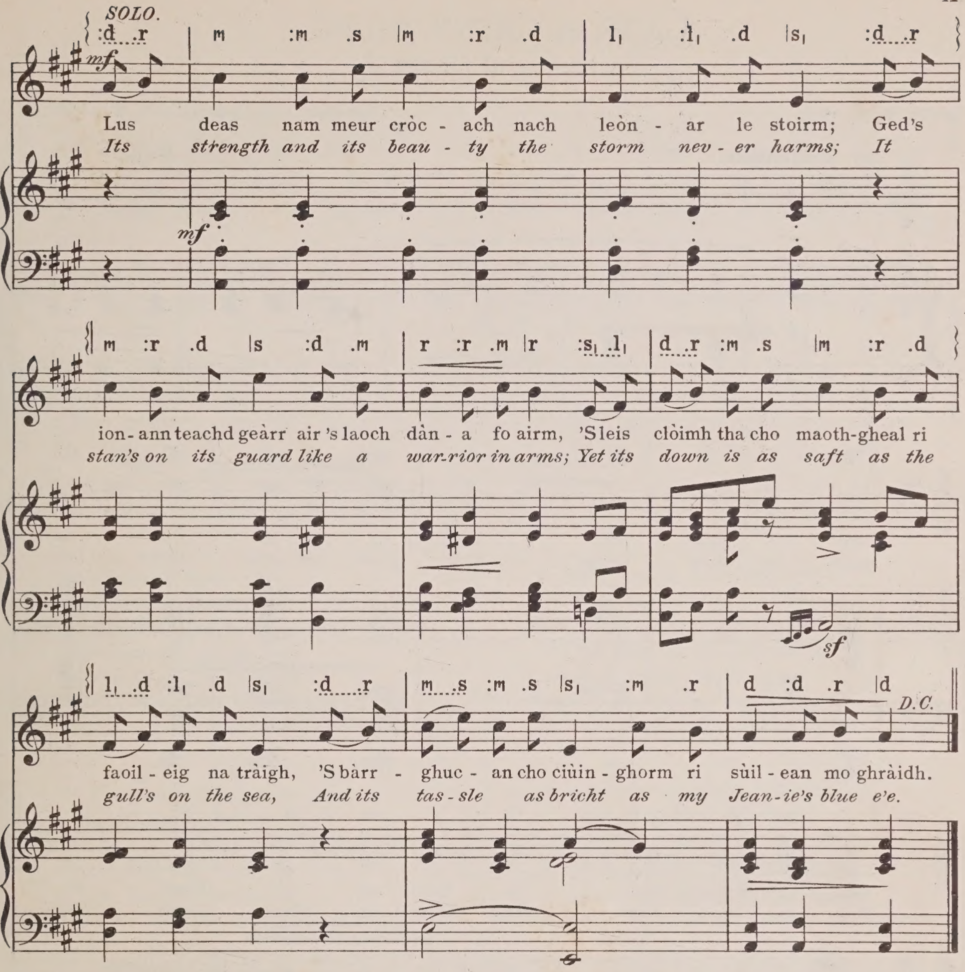
5.
The birds that were merry in yonder grove,
Where oft with my sweetheart I used to rove,
O'ershaded with sorrow, now sing their lay,
Since she to another is wedded to-day.

SUAICHEANTAS NA H-ALBA.

O, the Thistle o' Scotland.

Gaelic Words by EVAN MAC COLL. Translation by MALCOLM MACFARLANE.


Alla marcia.
mf
sf
sf
CHORUS.
Key A.
:s₁ .l₁ | d :d .m |d :d .l₁ | s₁ :s₁ .l₁ |s₁ :d .r
'Se Foghn - an na h-Alb - a lus ainm - eil nam buadh; Lus
O, the This - tle o' Scot - land was fa - mous of auld, Wi' its
mf
mf
sempre staccato
m :r .d |d :s .m | r :r .m |r :s₁ .l₁ | d :d .m |d :d .l₁
grinn nan dos calg- ach thug dearbh air bhi cruaidh; Sean - shuaich-ean-tas mòr - ail tìr
too - rie sae snod and its bris - tles sae bauld; 'Tis the badge o' my coun-try it's
sf
sf
s₁ :s₁ .l₁ |s₁ :d .r | m .s :m .s |s₁ :m .r | d :d .r |d
bhòidh - ich mo luaidh: 'S tric dh'fhad-aich a dheagh-chliù tein'-éibh - inn 'nam ghruaidh.
aye dear tae me; And the thocht o' them baith brings the licht tae my e'e.
Fine.
f
Fine.
Ped.
*


SOLO.
:d .r | m :m .s | m :r .d | l, :l, .d | s, :d .r
mf
Lus deas nam meur cròc - ach nach leòn - ar le stoirm; Ged's
Its strength and its beau - ty the storm nev - er harms; It
m :r .d | s :d .m | r :r .m | r :s, .l, | d .r :m .s | m :r .d
ion - ann teachd geàrr air 's laoch dàn - a fo airm, 'S leis clòimh tha cho maoth-gheal ri
stan's on its guard like a war-rior in arms; Yet its down is as saft as the
sf
l, .d :l, .d | s, :d .r | m .s :m .s | s, :m .r | d :d .r | d
faoil - eig na tràigh, 'S bàrr - ghuc - an cho ciùin - ghorm ri sùil - ean mo ghràidh.
gull's on the sea, And its tas - sle as bricht as my Jean - ie's blue e'e.
D.C.

2.
Mo dhùthaich, cha'n ioghnadh mòr chliù air thigh'nn uait,
'S a liuthad buaidh-làraich 's deagh ghnàth tha ris fuaight';
An cian is le Albainn luchd seanachais no bàrd,
Bidh meas air an dealbh anns gach gorm-bhonaid àird.

'Sé Foghnan, &c.

3.
Sluagh borb, le droch rùn da, 's tric bhrùchd air a nuas;
'S tric bhrùchd, ach, gun taing dhoibh, a cheann chum e suas;
'Nuair shaoil iad bhi buadhach, 's ann fhuair iad fath bròin:
Feuch! a' cinn thar an uaighean an cluaran gun leòn.

'S e Foghnan, &c.

4.
Mo bheannachd gu bràth air! có'n Gaidheal no 'n Gall
Nach seasadh gu bàs e, g'a theàrnadh o chall!
Co ìosal no uasal, bheir cluas do mo dhàn,
Nach òladh leam "buaidh leis" o chuachana làn!

'S e Foghnan, &c.

2.
O, my country, what wonder yer fame's gane afar;
For yer sons ha'e been great baith in peace and in war:
While the sang and the tale live they'll win respect,
The lads neath the bonnets wi' thistles bedeckt.

O, the Thistle, &c.

3.
Langsyne the invaders cam owre to our shore,
And fiercely our thistle they scutched and they tore;
When they maist thocht it deid, 'twas then it up bore,
And it bloomed on their graves quite as strong as before.

O, the Thistle, &c.

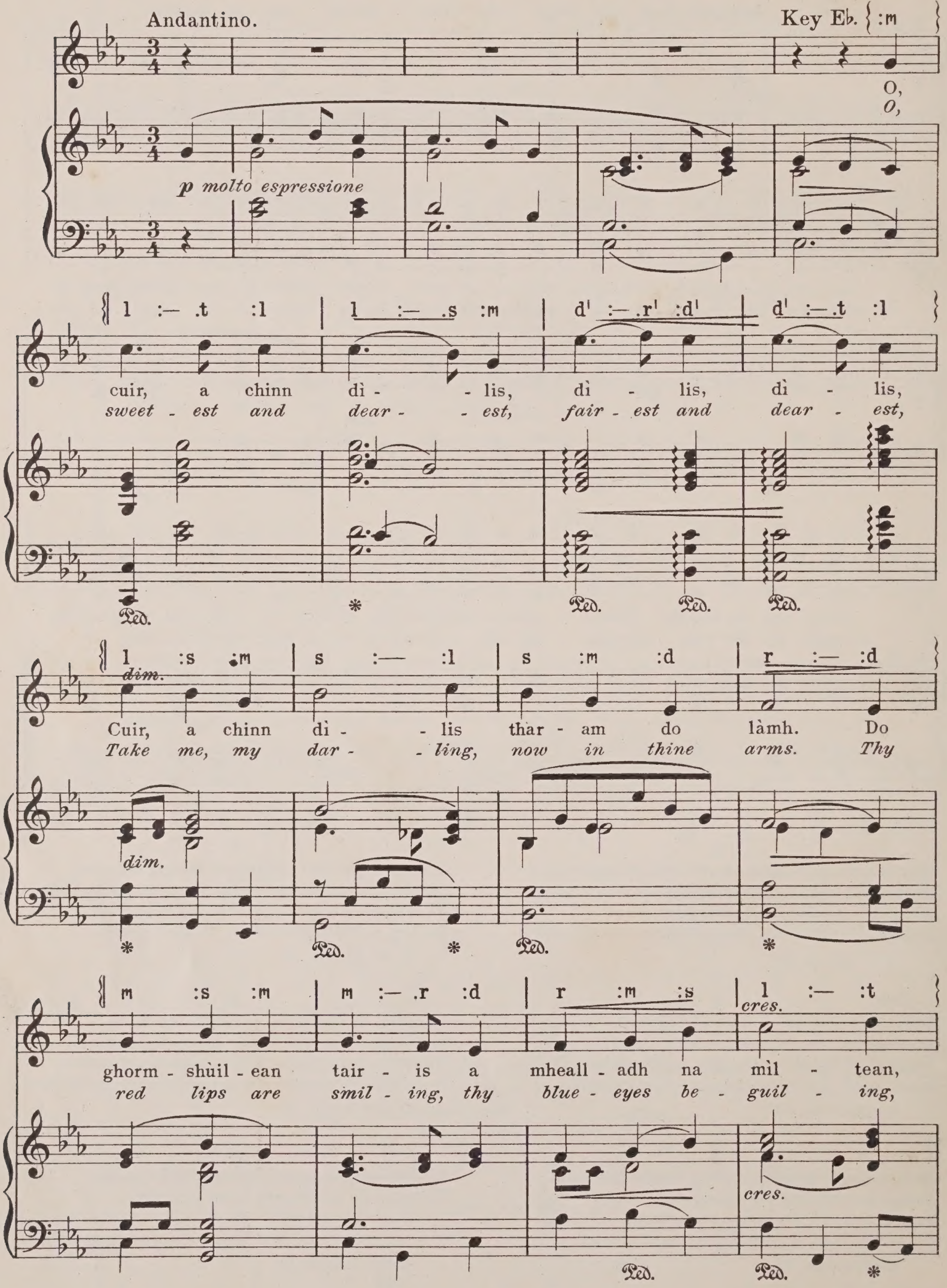
4.
My blessings be yours! Is there Scotsman ava
Wad stan' by and see ony harm on ye fa'?
Is there gentle or semple wha lives in our land
Wad refuse to drink health to the thistle so grand?

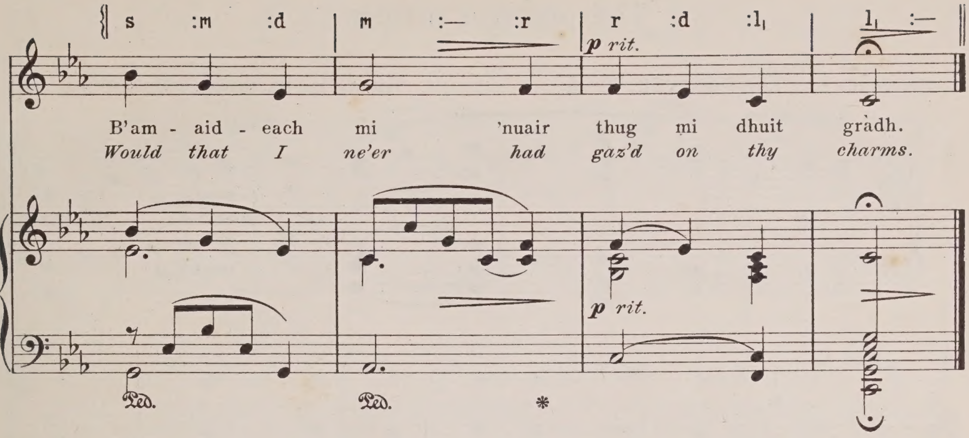
O, the Thistle, &c.

Suaicheantas na h-Alba.

CUIR, A CHINN DÌLIS.
Fairest and Dearest.

Gaelic Words old.
Translation by LACHLAN MAC BEAN.


Andantino.
Key E♭. :m
O,
O,
p molto espressione
l :— .t :l | l :— .s :m | d' :— .r' :d' | d' :— .t :l
cuir, a chinn dì - lis, dì - lis, dì - lis,
sweet - est and dear - est, fair - est and dear - est,
l :s :m | s :— :l | s :m :d | r :— :d
dim.
Cuir, a chinn dì - lis thar - am do làmh. Do
Take me, my dar - ling, now in thine arms. Thy
m :s :m | m :— .r :d | r :m :s | l :— :t
ghorm - shùil - ean tair - is a mheall - adh na mìl - tean,
red lips are smil - ing, thy blue - eyes be - guil - ing,
cres.


s :m :d | m :— :r | r :d :l, | l, :—
p rit.
B'am - aid - each mi 'nuair thug mi dhuit gràdh.
Would that I ne'er had gaz'd on thy charms.
p rit.
Ped.
Ped.
*

2.

Rinn deisead do phearsa,
Nach facas a thuairmeas,
'G iomachd fo'n chuach-chùl camagach tlàth,
Rinn dealradh do mhaise,
'Us lasadh do ghruaidhean
Mise 'ghrad-bhualadh thairis gu làr.

3.

Do dhearc-shùilean glana
Fo mhala gun ghruaimean,
'S daingean a bhuail iad mise le d' ghràdh;
Do ròs-bhilean tana,
Sèimh, farasda, suairce—
Cladhaichear m' uaigh mur glac thu mo làmh.

4.

Thoir fuasgladh air m' anam
O'n cheangal a's cruaidhe;
Cuimhnich air t' uaisle, 's cobhair mo chàs;
No biodhams' a' m' thràill dhuit
Gu bràth o an uair so;
Tiomaich o chruas do chridhe gu tlàths.

5.

Cha'n fhaodar leam cadal,
Air leabaidh an uaigneas,
'S m' aigne 'gam bhuaireadh a dh' oidhche 's a là
Ach ainnir a's binne,
'S a's grinne, 's a's suairce,
Gabhsa dhiom truas 'us bithidh mi slàn.

2.

Thy beauty and brightness
And lightness in going,
Under the bonnie brown waves of thy hair,
Thy lips red and luscious,
And blushes aglowing,
Smote me with love and sweetest despair.

3.

Thy blue eyes soft beaming
And gleaming, my treasure,
Lips like the rose in the dew of the morn,
With passion have filled me,
And thrilled me with pleasure;
Death is my doom if I suffer their scorn.

4.

Thy charms are ensnaring,
Despairing I languish;
Free me—remember how noble thou art;
No longer enslave me,
But save me from anguish;
Love, sweetest love—let it soften thine heart.

5.

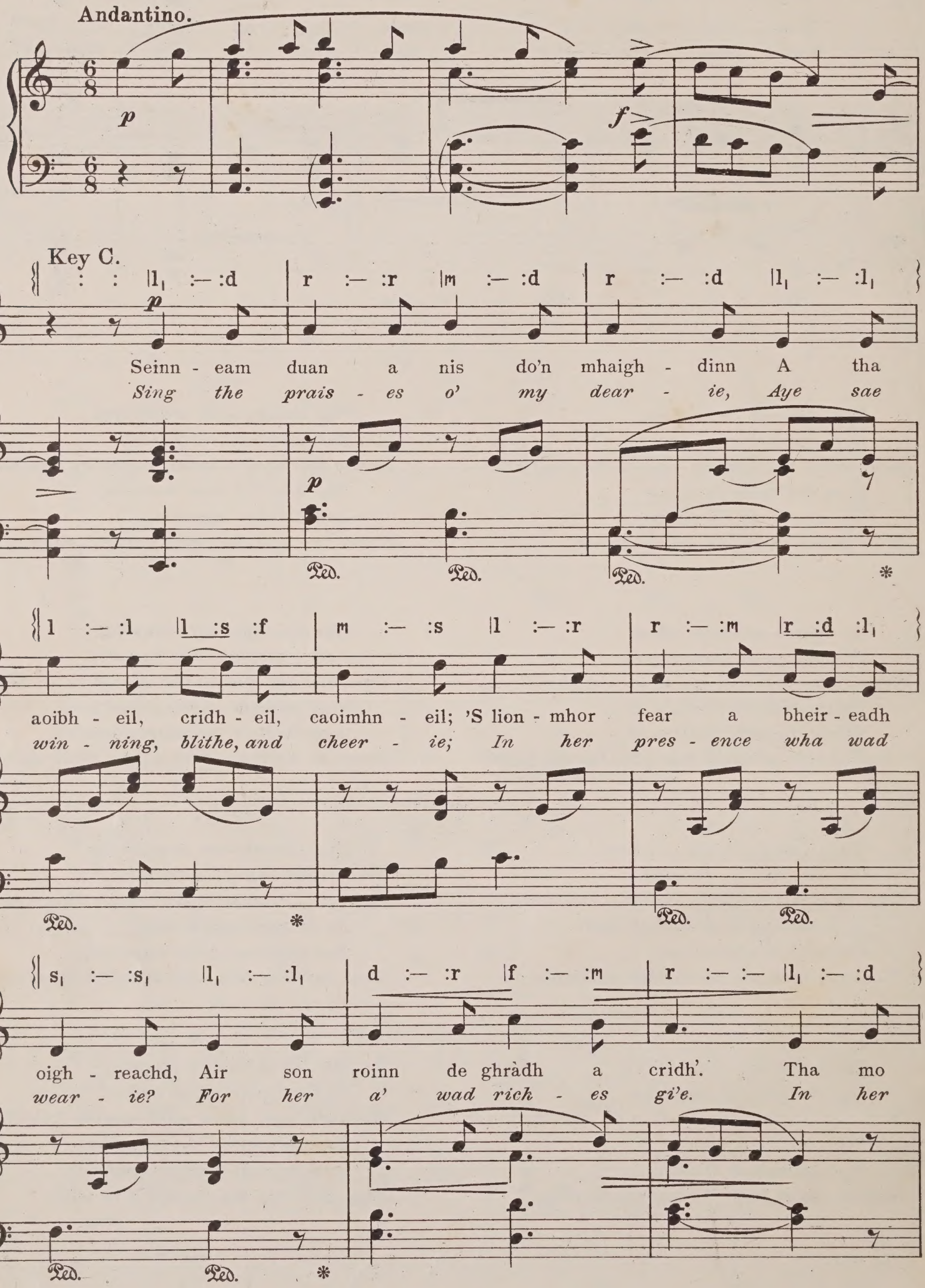
For me there's no sleeping,
But weeping grief-laden,
Midnight and morn with sorrow I dwell;
But oh! should my sweetest
And neatest young maiden
Pity and love me, soon I'd be well.

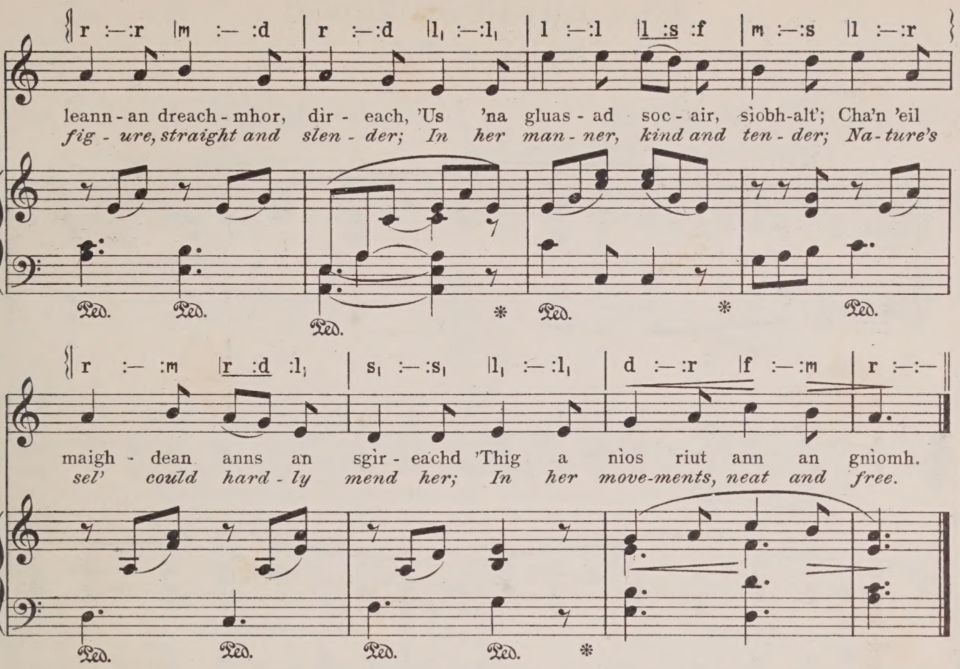
Cuir, a chinn dìlis.

A' MHAIGHDEAN ÀLUINN.

The peerless maiden.

Gaelic Words by HENRY WHYTE. (Fionn.) Translation by MALCOLM MACFARLANE.


Andantino.
p
f
Key C.
: :l₁ :— :d | r :— :r |m :— :d | r :— :d |l₁ :— :l₁
Seinn - eam duan a nis do'n mhaigh - dinn A tha
Sing the prais - es o' my dear - ie, Aye sae
l :— :l |l :s :f | m :— :s |l :— :r | r :— :m |r :d :l₁
aoibh - eil, cridh - eil, caoimhn - eil; 'S lion - mhor fear a bheir - eadh
win - ning, blithe, and cheer - ie; In her pres - ence wha wad
s₁ :— :s₁ |l₁ :— :l₁ | d :— :r |f :— :m | r :— :— |l₁ :— :d
oigh - reachd, Air son roinn de ghràdh a cridh'. Tha mo
wear - ie? For her a' wad rich - es gi'e. In her
Ped.
*


leann-an dreach-mhor, dìr-each, 'Us 'na gluas-ad soc-air, sìobh-alt'; Cha'n 'eil
fig-ure, straight and slen-der; In her man-ner, kind and ten-der; Na-ture's
maigh-dean anns an sgìr-eachd 'Thig a nìos riut ann an gnìomh.
sel' could hard-ly mend her; In her move-ments, neat and free.

2.
'S ann fo sgàile nam beann-àrda
Dh'fhàs an rìbhinn a tha àluinn;
Labhraidh i gu blasda 'Ghàidhlig,
'Chainnt a's feàrr a tha 's an tìr.
Dh'fhàs i suas mar shóbhraig bhòidhich,
Modhail, màlda mar an neòinean;
Cha d'fhuair amaideachd no gòraich'
Aite-còmhnaidh riamh 'n a crìdh'.

3.
Tha mo ghaol-sa cridheil, ceòlmhor—
Có'n a cuideachd a bhiodh brònach?
'N uair a theannas i ri òrain
Faodaidh 'n smeòrach a bhi bìth.
Falt a cinn 'n a dhualan òrdail;
Dheth cha'n ioghnadh i 'bhi spòrsail;
Ceum gu bràth nach dochainn feòrnean;
Meòir a's bòidhche air an sgrìobh.

4.
Cha'n 'eil maighdean anns an dùthaich
'Tha cho measail no cho cliùiteach;
'S iomadh h-aon a thug dhuit ùmhlachd,
'Us a lùb dhuit anns gach nì.
O'n a chuir mi fhéin ort eòlas,
'S tric a bha sinn cridheil còmhla;
Ach tha mis' an diugh a'm ònar
Dubhach, brònach, 'us thu 'm dhìth.

2.
She was reared amang the Hielans,
Land o' crofts and summer shielins;
How it charms and warms the feelins
When she Gaelic speaks tae me.
Like the daisy bloomin' bonny;
Like the primrose lo'ed by mony;
She grew fairer far than ony
And nae menseless ways had she.

3.
When she sings there's nane sings sweeter;
E'en the mavis canna beat her:—
Wha'd be dowie ga'in tae meet her?
Wha could pairt frae her wi' glee?
Doun her gracefu' shouthers flowing,
Her rich curls are golden glowing:
Scarce her footstep, lighty going,
Bends the flow'ret on the lea.

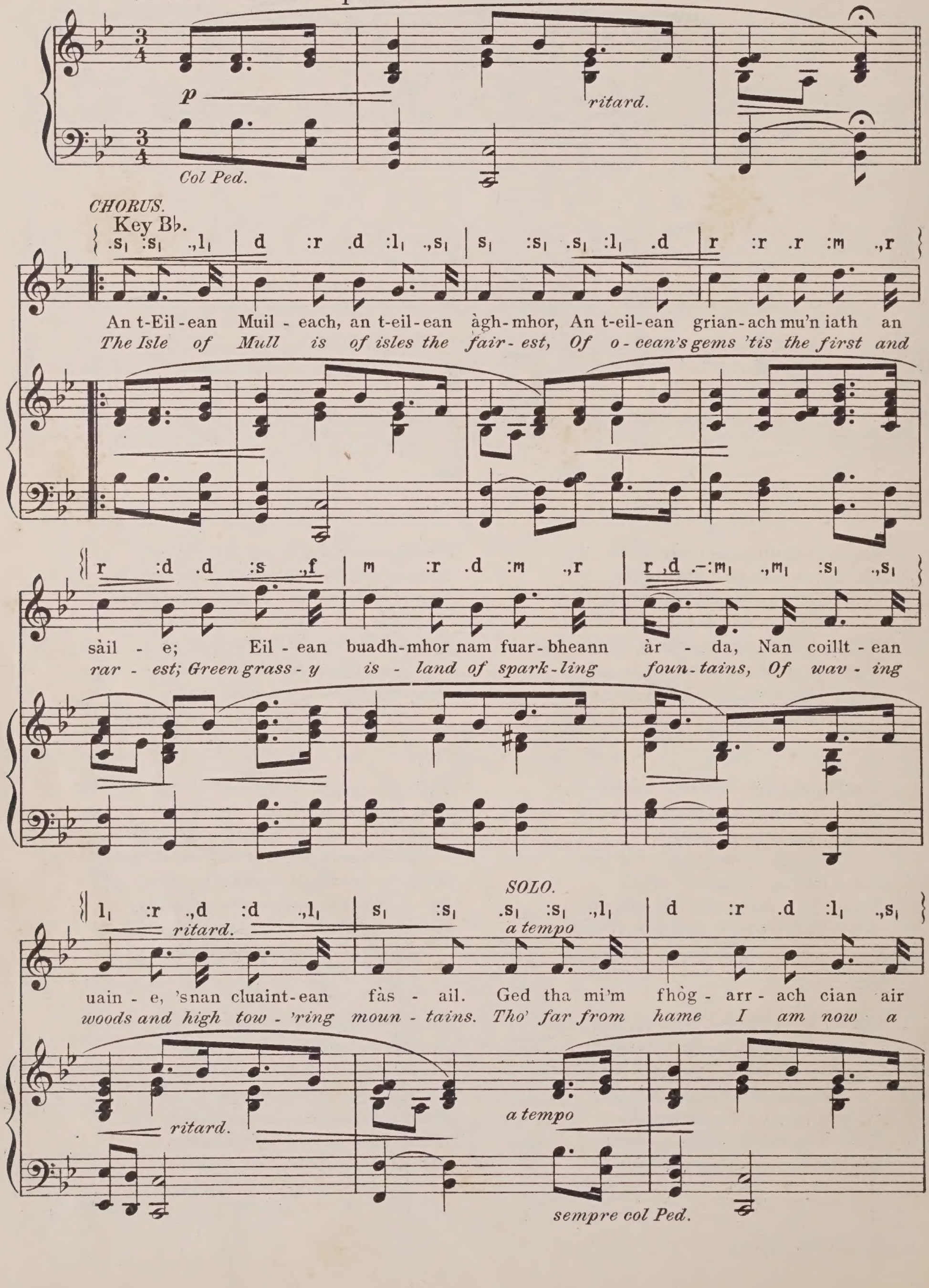
4.
Liked by ilka ane comes near her;
And the langer kenn'd the dearer;
North or south there's nane can peer her;
And she's a' the warld tae me.
Though afar frae her I wander,
On my dear ane still I ponder;
Ilka day but makes me fonder—
Love like mine can never die.

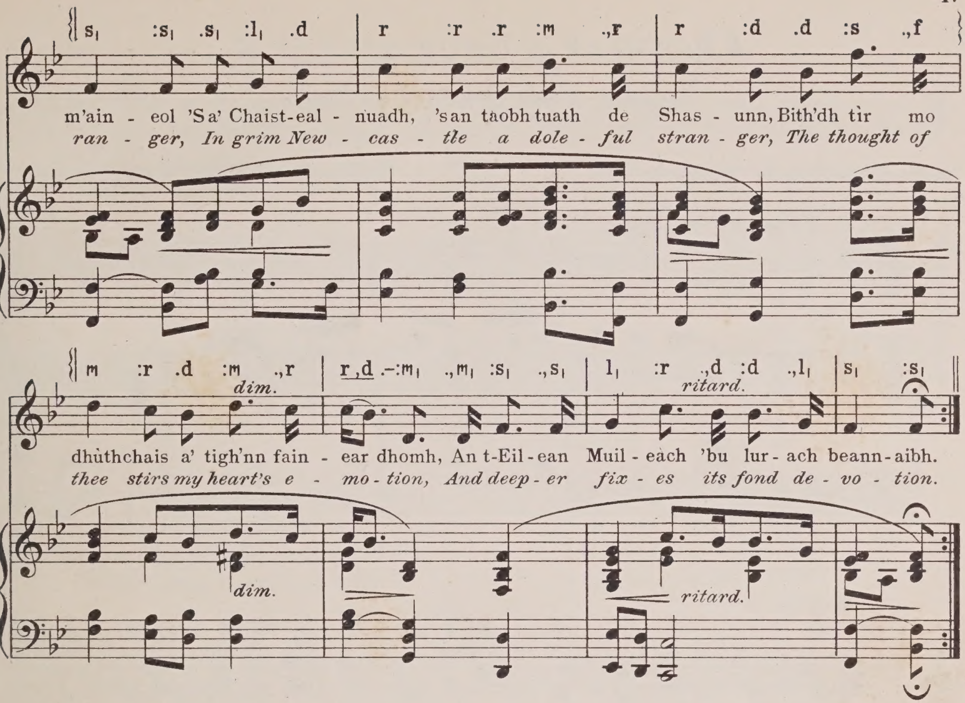
AN T-EILEAN MUILEACH.

The Isle of Mull.

Gaelic Words by DUGALD MACPHAIL. Translation by MALCOLM MACFARLANE.

Andante con molto espressione.


p
ritard.
Col Ped.
CHORUS.
Key B♭.
$.s_1 :s_1 .,l_1 | d :r .d :l_1 .,s_1 | s_1 :s_1 .s_1 :l_1 .d | r :r .r :m .,r$
An t-Eil-ean Muil-each, an t-eil-ean àgh-mhor, An t-eil-ean grian-ach mu'n iath an
The Isle of Mull is of isles the fair-est, Of o-cean's gems 'tis the first and
$r :d .d :s .,f | m :r .d :m .,r | r ,d .-:m_1 .,m_1 :s_1 .,s_1$
sàil-e; Eil-ean buadh-mhor nam fuar-bheann àr-da, Nan coillt-ean
rar-est; Green grass-y is-land of spark-ling foun-tains, Of wav-ing
SOLO.
$l_1 :r .,d :d .,l_1 | s_1 :s_1 .s_1 :s_1 .,l_1 | d :r .d :l_1 .,s_1$
ritard.
a tempo
uain-e, 'snan cluaint-ean fàs-ail. Ged tha mi'm fhòg-arr-ach cian air
woods and high tow-'ring moun-tains. Tho' far from hame I am now a
ritard.
a tempo
sempre col Ped.


s, :s, .s, :l, .d | r :r .r :m .,r | r :d .d :s .,f
m'ain - eol 'S a' Chaist-eal - nuadh, 'san taobh tuath de Shas - unn, Bith'dh tìr mo
ran - ger, In grim New - cas - tle a dole - ful stran - ger, The thought of
m :r .d :m .,r | r,d .-:m, .,m, :s, .,s, | l, :r .,d :d .,l, | s, :s,
dim.
ritard.
dhùthchais a' tigh'nn fain - ear dhomh, An t-Eil - ean Muil - each 'bu lur - ach beann - aibh.
thee stirs my heart's e - mo - tion, And deep - er fix - es its fond de - vo - tion.

2.
B'fhallain, cùbhraidh 's bu réidh an t-àilean,
Le 'bhlàthan maoth-bhog 'bu chaoine fàileadh:
Bu ghlan na bruachan mu'n d' fhuair mi m' àrach
An Doire-chuilinn aig bun Beinn-bhàirneach.
An t-Eilean Muileach, &c.

3.
Air Lusa chaisleach nan stac 's nan cuartag,
Bhiodh bradain thàrr-gheal nam meanbh-bhall ruadh-bhreac,
Gu beò-bhrisg, siùbhlach, le sùrd ri lùth-chleas
'N a cuislibh dù-ghorm gun ghrùid, gun ruadhan.
An t-Eilean Muileach, &c.

4.
Bu chulaidh-shùgraidh do dh 'òg-fhir uallach,
Le gathan tri-mheurach, rinneach, cruaidh-ghlan,
Air caol-chroinn dhìreach, gun ghiamh, gun chnuac-mheòir,
'Bhi toirt nan làn-bhreac gu tràigh mu 'bruachan.
An t-Eilean Muileach, &c.

5.
'B e 'n sòlas-inntinn leam a bhi 'g éisdeachd
Ri còisir bhinn-ghuthach, ghrinn a' Chéitein
A' seinn gu sunndach an dlùth's nan geugan—
A' choill' fo liath-dhealt', 's a' ghrian ag éirigh!
An t-Eilean Muileach, &c.

6.
Chlaon gach sòlas dhiubh sud mar bhruadar,
'S mar bhristeadh builgean air bhàrr nan stuadh-thonn:
Ach soraidh slàn leis gach loinn 'us buaidh
A bh'air eilean àghmhor nan àrd-bheann fuara.
An t-Eilean Muileach, &c.

2.
Oh! fresh and fair are thy meadows blooming,
With fragrant blossoms the air perfuming,
Where boyhood's days I've oft spent in fooling,
Around Ben-Varnick and Durry-Cooling.
The Isle of Mull, &c.

3.
Where Lussa's stream through the pools comes whirling,
Or o'er the clear pebbly shallows swirling,
The silvery salmon is there seen playing,
And in the sunbeams his hues displaying.
The Isle of Mull, &c.

4.
There might young manhood find fit enjoyment,
In healthy, vigorous, rare employment;
With three-pronged spear on the margin standing,
And with quick dart the bright salmon landing.
The Isle of Mull, &c.

5.
How pleasant 'twas in the sweet May morning,
The rising sun thy gay fields adorning;
The feathered songsters their lays were singing,
While rocks and woods were with echoes ringing.
The Isle of Mull, &c.

6.
But gone are now all those joys for ever,
Like bubbles bursting on yonder river:
Farewell, farewell, to thy sparkling fountains,
Thy waving woods and high tow'ring mountains!
The Isle of Mull, &c.

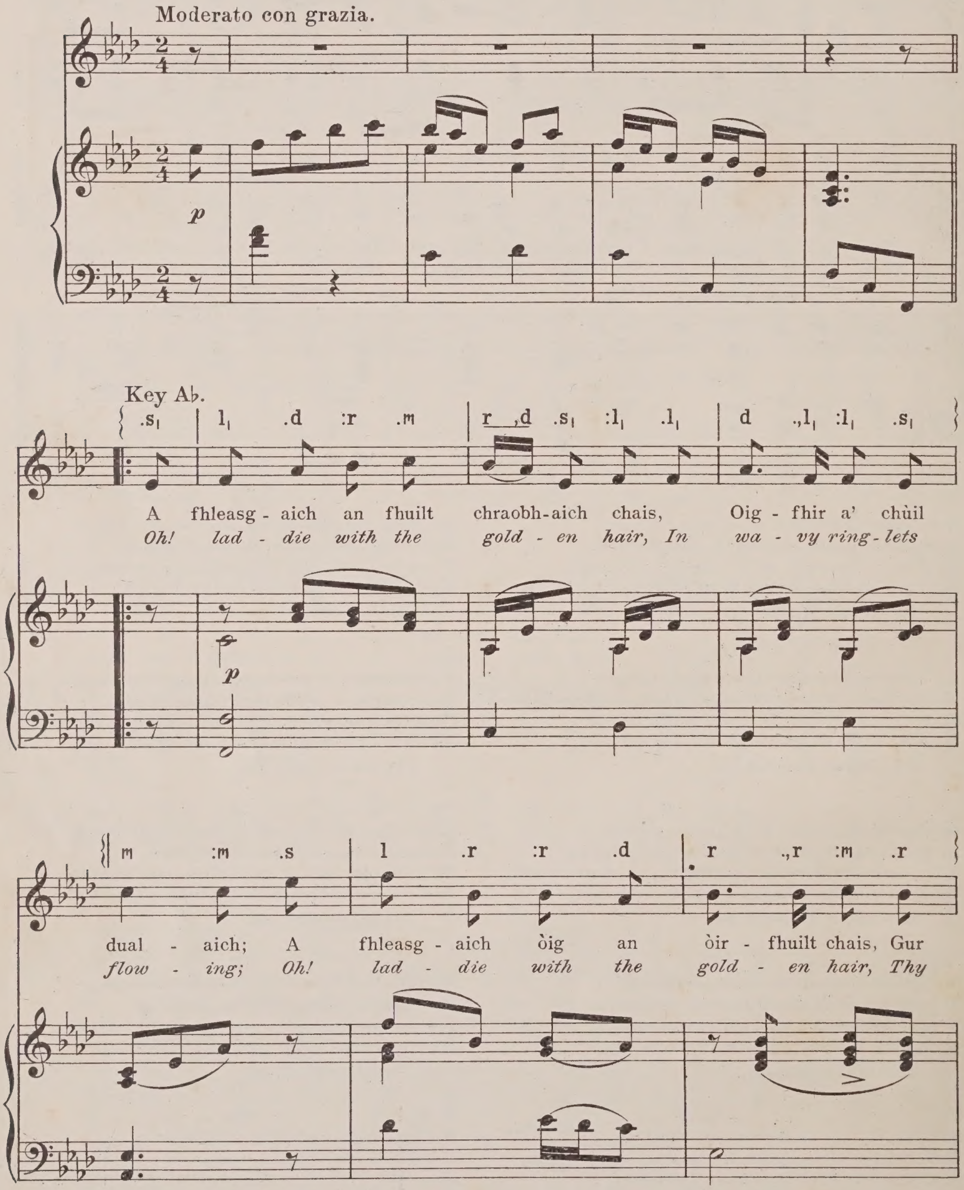
An t-Eilean Muileach.

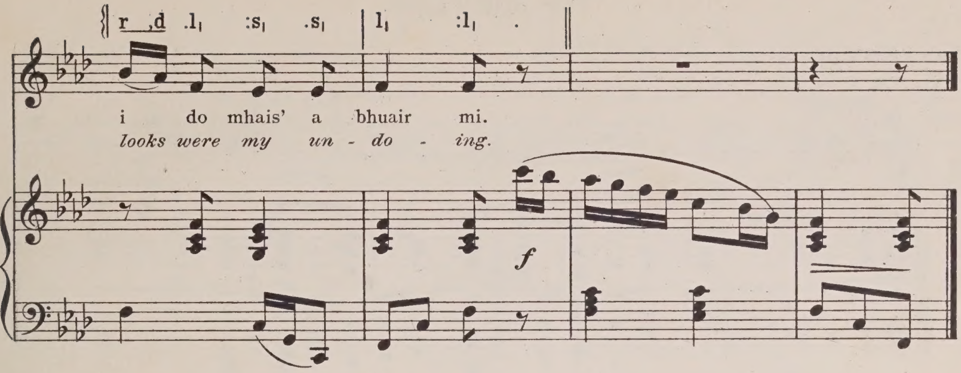
OIGFHEAR A' CHÙIL-DUALAICH.

Laddie with the golden hair.

Gaelic Words from the "Oranaiche."

Translation by HENRY WHYTE. (Fionn.)


Moderato con grazia.
p
Key A♭.
.s₁ | l₁ .d :r .m | r ,d .s₁ :l₁ .l₁ | d .,l₁ :l₁ .s₁
A fhleasg - aich an fhuilt chraobh-aich chais, Oig - fhir a' chùil
Oh! lad - die with the gold - en hair, In wa - vy ring - lets
p
m :m .s | l .r :r .d | r .,r :m .r
dual - aich; A fhleasg - aich òig an òir - fhuilt chais, Gur
flow - ing; Oh! lad - die with the gold - en hair, Thy



2
Mheall thu, mheall thu, mheall thu mi;
  Do bhòidhichead a bhuair mi;
'Us gheall thu dhòmhs' air iomadh dòigh
  Gu'm biodh do stòras buan domh.

3
Is truagh nach robh mi 'us mo ghaol
  An lagan an fhraoich uaine,
'S ged laighinn tinn, gu'n éirinn slàn,
  'S mo làmh 'bhi fo d'chùl dualach.

4
O, gur mise 'tha gu tinn,
  'Us falt mo chinn air fuasgladh,
'S gun fhios a'm fhéin ciod e'n cion-fàth
  'Thug dhuits', a ghràidh, bhi'n gruaim rium.

5
Na'm biodh agam boineid dhù-ghorm
  'S ite mholach uaine,
'S mi gu'n rachadh leat, a ghaoil,
  Do sheòmar nan daoin'-uaisle.

6
Bith'dh tu aig banais agus "bàl",
  A' mànran ris gach gruagaich,
'S bith'dh mise 'n sin air chùl gach màis
  'S do chàirdean ann an gruaim rium.

7
B'òg a thug mi dhuit mo ghaol,
  Ged nach d'rinn mi 'bhuannachd,
'S an t-snaoim a cheangail sinn gu teann,
  I air gach ceann air fuasgladh.

2.
Thy beauty drew my heart to thee,
  But now I am deceivèd;
The promises you gave to me
  My too fond heart believèd.

3.
Oh! would I were in yonder glen,
  Now roaming with my deary;
My heart would wake to joy again,
  Though now 'tis sad and dreary.

4.
My locks untended loosely flow,
  My spirits are dejected;
In vain I try the cause to know
  Why thou hast me neglected.

5.
If dressed in silks or satins rare,
  Although of lowly station,
I'd to thy stately halls repair,
  And face each proud relation.

6.
At balls or weddings thou art prone
  To flirt with many a maiden,
While I, despised, must sit alone,
  My heart with sorrow laden.

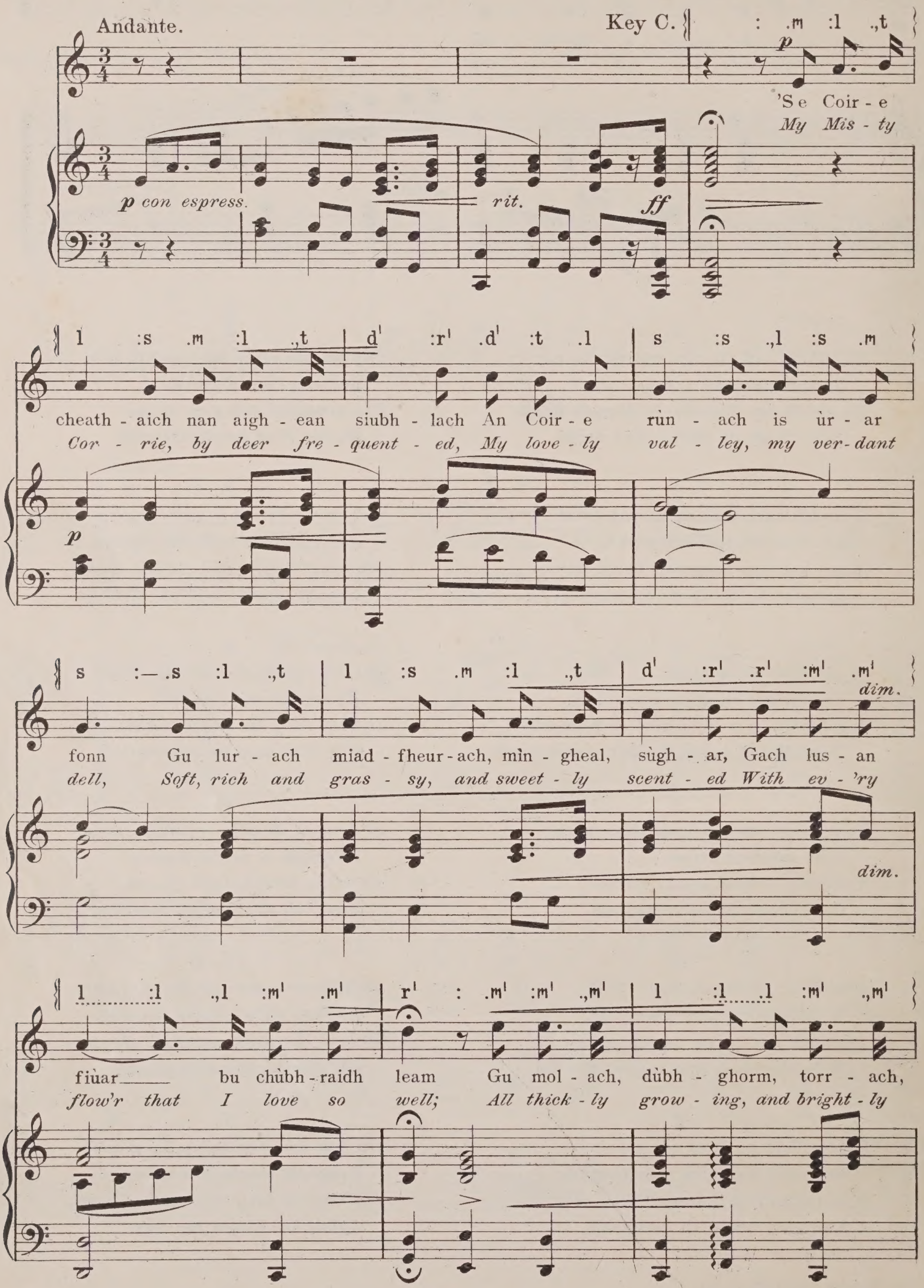
7.
The love we plighted in the glade
  I thought would fail us never;
The knot we tied, the vows we made,
  I fear are loosed for ever.

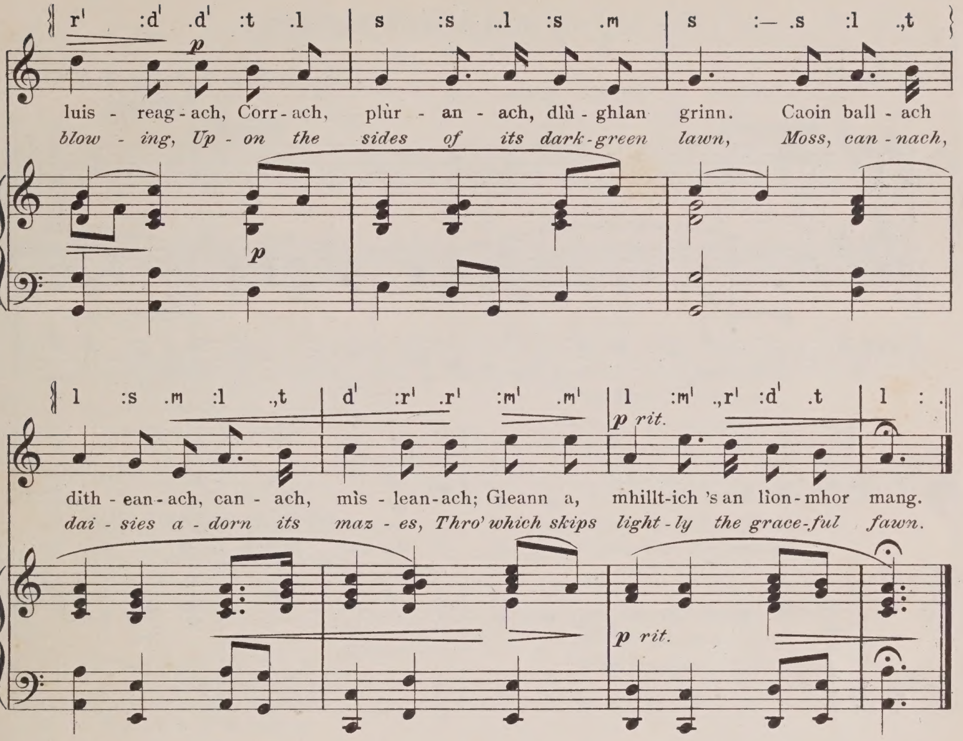
Oigfhear a chùil-dualaich.

COIRE-CHEATHAICH.

The Misty Dell.

Gaelic Words by DUNCAN BAN MACINTYRE. Translation by LACHLAN MACBEAN.


Andante.
Key C.
: .m :l .,t
p
'Se Coir - e
My Mis - ty
p con espress.
rit.
ff
p
l :s .m :l .,t | d' :r' .d' :t .l | s :s .,l :s .m
cheath - aich nan aigh - ean siubh - lach An Coir - e rùn - ach is ùr - ar
Cor - rie, by deer fre - quent - ed, My love - ly val - ley, my ver - dant
s :—.s :l .,t | l :s .m :l .,t | d' :r' .r' :m' .m'
fonn Gu lur - ach miad - fheur - ach, mìn - gheal, sùgh - ar, Gach lus - an
dell, Soft, rich and gras - sy, and sweet - ly scent - ed With ev - 'ry
dim.
dim.
l :l .,l :m' .m' | r' : .m' :m' .,m' | l :l .l :m' .,m'
fiùar bu chùbh - raidh leam Gu mol - ach, dùbh - ghorm, torr - ach,
flow'r that I love so well; All thick - ly grow - ing, and bright - ly


r' :d' .d' :t .l | s :s ..l :s .m | s :— .s :l .,t
p
luis - reag - ach, Corr - ach, plùr - an - ach, dlù - ghlan grinn. Caoin ball - ach
blow - ing, Up - on the sides of its dark-green lawn, Moss, can - nach,
p
l :s .m :l .,t | d' :r' .r' :m' .m' | l :m' .,r' :d' .t | l : .
p rit.
dith - ean - ach, can - ach, mìs - lean - ach; Gleann a, mhillt-ich 's an lìon - mhor mang.
dai - sies a - dorn its maz - es, Thro' which skips light - ly the grace-ful fawn.
p rit.

2.

Tha mala ghruamach de 'n bhiolair uaine,
Mu'n h-uile fuaran a th' anns an fhonn;
Is doire shealbhag aig bun nan garbh chlach,
'S an grinneal gainmhich gu meanbh-gheal pronn;
'Na ghlugan plùmbach air ghoil gun aon-teas,
Ach coileach bùirn tigh 'nn a grunnd eas lòm,
Gach sruthan ùiseal 'na chuailean cùl-ghorm,
A ruith 'na spùta 's 'na lùba steall.

3.

'S a' mhaduinn chiùin-ghil, an àm dhomh dùsgadh,
Aig bun na stùice b'e 'n sùgradh leam;
A' chearc le sgiùcan a' gabhail tùchain,
'S an coileach cùirteil a' dùrdail cròm;
An dreathan sùrdail 's a ribheid chiùil aig,
A' cur nan smùid dheth gu lùghor binn;
An druid 's am brù-dhearg le mòran ùinich,
Ri ceileir sunntach bu shiùbhlach rann.

2.

The watercresses surround each fountain
With shaggy eyebrows of darkest green;
And groves of sorrel ascend the mountain,
Where loose white sand lies all soft and clean;
Thence bubbles boiling, yet coldly coiling
The new-born stream from the darksome deep;
Clear, blue, and curling, and swiftly swirling,
It bends and bounds in its headlong leap.

3.

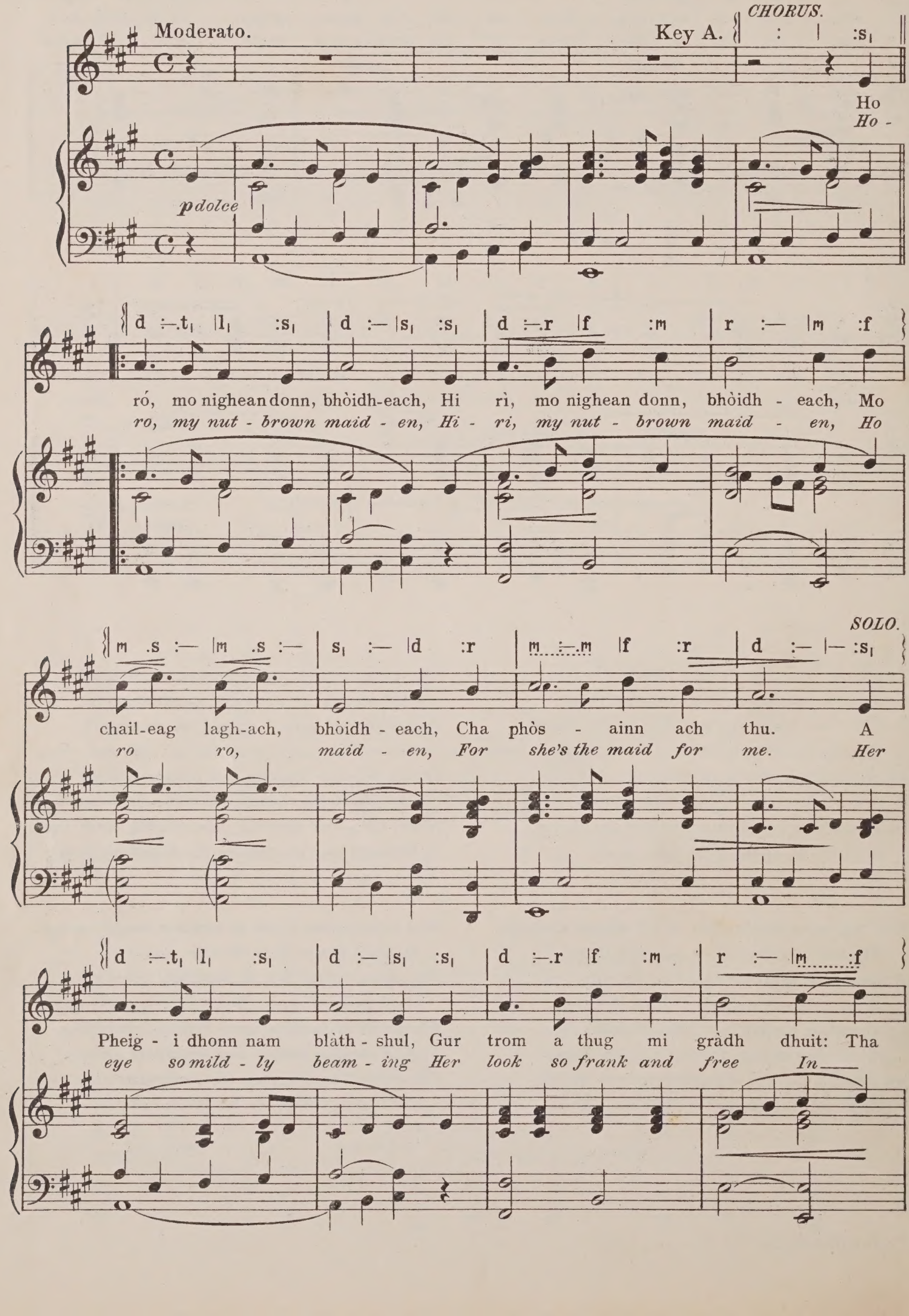
How sweet when dawn is around me gleaming
Beneath the rock to recline, and hear
The joyous moor-hen so hoarsely screaming
And gallant moor-cock soft croodling near!
The wren is bustling and briskly whistling,
With mellow music and ceaseless strain
The thrush is singing, the redbreast ringing
Its cheery notes in the glad refrain.

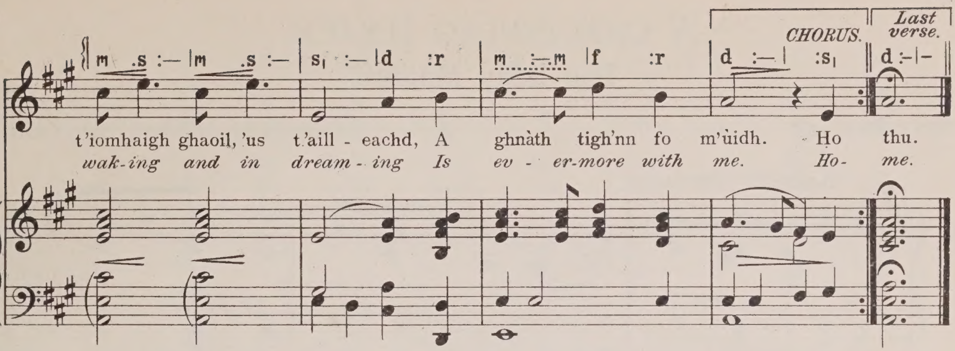
MO NIGHEAN DONN, BHÒIDHEACH.

Ho-ro, my nut-brown maiden.

Gaelic Words old.

Translation by Professor BLACKIE.


Moderato.
Key A.
CHORUS.
: | :s₁
Ho
Ho -
p dolce
d :-.t₁ |l₁ :s₁ | d :- |s₁ :s₁ | d :-.r |f :m | r :- |m :f
ró, mo nighean donn, bhòidh-each, Hi rì, mo nighean donn, bhòidh - each, Mo
ro, my nut - brown maid - en, Hi - ri, my nut - brown maid - en, Ho
m .s :- |m .s :- | s₁ :- |d :r | m :-.m |f :r | d :- |- :s₁
chail-eag lagh-ach, bhòidh - each, Cha phòs - ainn ach thu. A
ro ro, maid - en, For she's the maid for me. Her
SOLO.
d :-.t₁ |l₁ :s₁ | d :- |s₁ :s₁ | d :-.r |f :m | r :- |m :f
Pheig - i dhonn nam blàth - shul, Gur trom a thug mi gràdh dhuit: Tha
eye so mild - ly beam - ing Her look so frank and free In


CHORUS.
Last verse.
m .s :— |m .s :— | s, :— |d :r | m :—.m |f :r | d :— | :s, || d :—|— ||
t'iomhaigh ghaoil, 'us t'aill - eachd, A ghnàth tigh'nn fo m'ùidh. Ho thu.
wak-ing and in dream - ing Is ev - er-more with me. Ho- me.

2.
Cha cheil mi air an t-saoghal
  Gu bheil mo mhiann 's mo ghaol ort;
'S ged chaidh mi uait air faondradh,
  Cha chaochail mo rùn.
    Ho ró, &c.

3.
'N uair bha mi ann ad làthair,
  Bu shona bha mo làithean—
A' sealbhachadh do mhànrain,
  'Us àille do ghnùis.
    Ho ró, &c.

4.
Gnùis aoidheil, bhanail, mhàlda
  Na h-òigh a's caoimhe nàdur;
I suairce, ceanail, bàigheil,
  Làn gràis agus mùirn.
    Ho ró, &c.

5.
Ach riamh o'n dh'fhàg mi t'fhianuis,
  Gu bheil mi dubhach, cianail;
Mo chridhe trom 'ga phianadh
  Le iarguin do rùin.
    Ho ró, &c.

6.
Ge lurach air a' chabhsair
  Na mnathan òga Gallda,
A rìgh! gur beag mo gheall-s'
  Air bhi sealltainn 'n an gnùis.
    Ho ró, &c.

7.
'S ann tha mo rùn 's na beanntaibh,
  Far bheil mo rìbhinn ghreannar,
Mar ròs am fàsach Shamhraidh,
  An gleann fad'o shùil.
    Ho ró, &c.

8.
Ach 'n uair a thig an Samhradh,
  Bheir mise sgrìob do'n ghleann ud,
'S gu 'n tog mi leam do 'n Ghalldachd,
  Gu h-annsail, am flùr.
    Ho ró, &c.

2.
O Mary, mild-eyed Mary
  By land or on the sea
Though time and tide may vary
  My heart beats true for thee.
    Ho ro, &c.

3.
And since from thee I parted
  A long and weary while
I wander heavy hearted
  With longing for thy smile.
    Ho ro, &c.

4.
In Glasgow and Dunedin
  Were maidens fair to see,
But ne'er a Lowland maiden
  Could lure mine eyes from thee.
    Ho ro, &c.

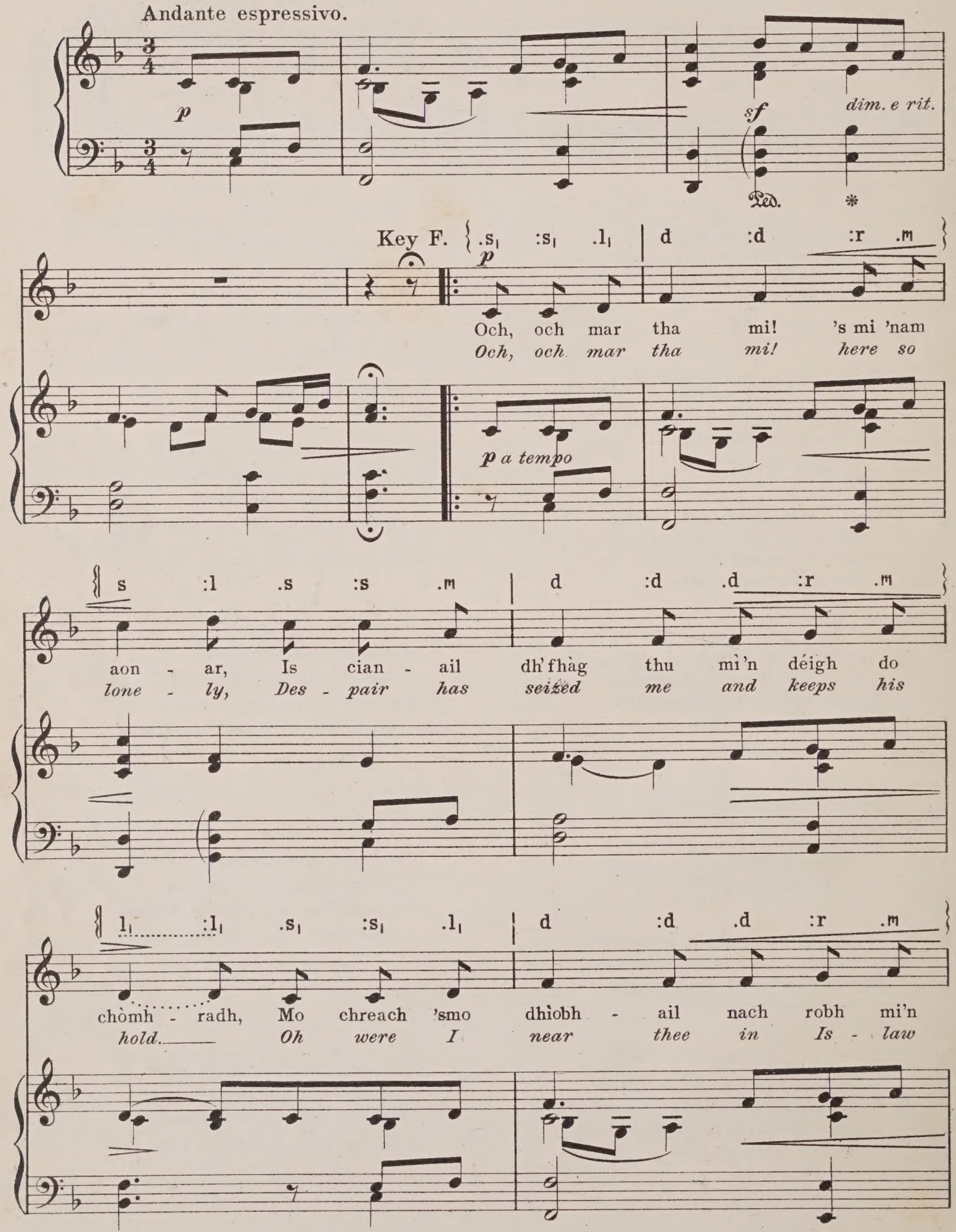
5.
Mine eyes that never vary
  From pointing to the glen
Where blooms my Highland Mary
  Like wild-rose 'neath the Ben.
    Ho ro, &c.

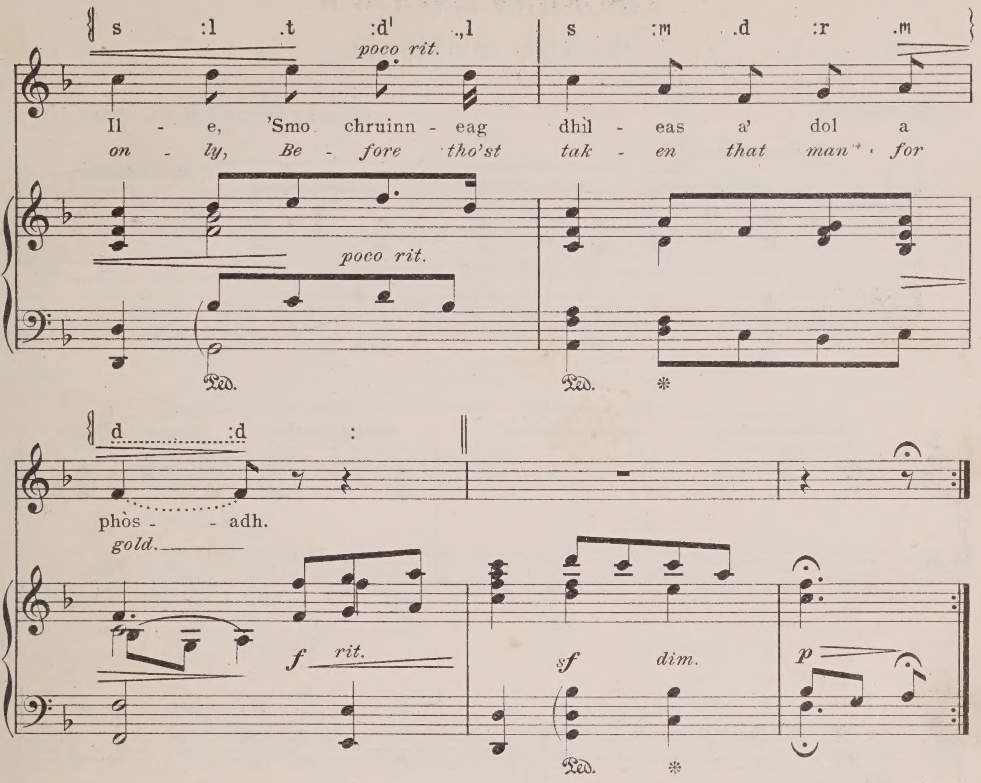
6.
And when with blossoms laden
  Bright summer comes again
I'll fetch my nut-brown maiden
  Down from the bonnie glen.
    Ho ro, &c.

A' CHRUINNEAG ILEACH.

The Islay Maiden.

Gaelic Words old. Translation by THOMAS PATTISON.


Andante espressivo.
p
sf
dim. e rit.
Ped. *
Key F.
$.s_1$ $:s_1$ $.l_1$ | d :d :r .m
p
Och, och mar tha mi! 's mi 'nam
Och, och mar tha mi! here so
p a tempo
s :l .s :s .m | d :d .d :r .m
aon - ar, Is cian - ail dh'fhàg thu mi'n déigh do
lone - ly, Des - pair has seized me and keeps his
l_1 $:l_1$ $.s_1$ $:s_1$ $.l_1$ | d :d .d :r .m
chòmh - radh, Mo chreach 'smo dhìobh - ail nach robh mi'n
hold. Oh were I near thee in Is - law


s :l .t :d' .,l | s :m .d :r .m
poco rit.
Il - e, 'Smo chruinn - eag dhìl - eas a' dol a
on - ly, Be - fore tho'st tak - en that man'* for
poco rit.
d :d :
phòs - - adh.
gold.
f rit.
sf dim.
p

2.
Moch 's a'mhaduinn an àm dhomh dùsgadh
Shil mo shùilean 'us dh' fhàs mi brònach,
Mu'n sgeul a chualas air feadh an t-saoghail
Thu bhi 'gad ghlaodhaich, a ghaoil, Di-dòmhnuich.

3.
'N uair bhios càch 'nan cadal suaimhneach,
Bidh mise smuainteachadh ort an còmhnuidh,
Mar bhios an eala an déigh a bualadh;
'S e gaol na gruagaich a rinn mo leònadh.

4.
Tha do shùilean mar na dearcan,
Tha do chneas mar chanach mòintich,
Do dhà ghruaidh cho dearg 's an caorann,
'S do mhala chaol mar ite 'n lòn-duibh.

5.
Thug mi ùigh dhuit 'us chuir mi dùil annad,
Ged nach dùirichdeadh tu mo phòsadh;
Thug thu 'n sliabh ort, 's cha b'fhiach leat m' fhoighneachd
'S ri fear gun chaoimhneas gu'n d'rinn thu còrdadh.

2.
This doleful morning, how sad the waking!
My eyes with tear-drops fast running over,
For old love leaving, and old vows breaking,—
Thy banns are called with that other lover.

3.
When sleeping sweetly the rest are lying
Wild dreams of anguish my mind is weaving;
I'm like the swan that drops wounded,- dying:
My love exhausts me with bitter grieving.

4.
Alas! thy kind eye, so brightly shining;
Thy neck so comely, like canach blowing;
Those ebon eyebrows thy forehead lining;
Thy cheeks like berries or rowans glowing.

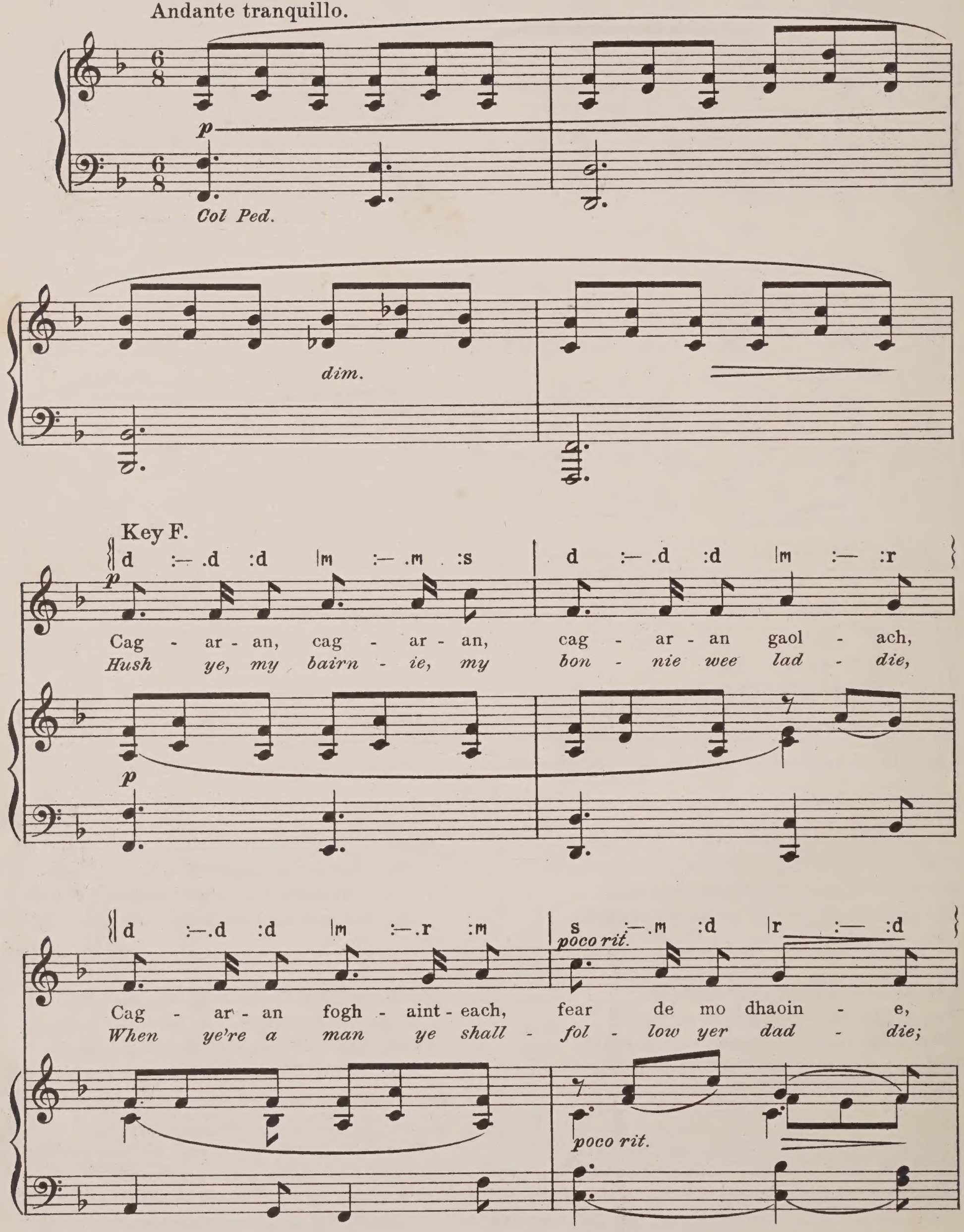
5.
Since thou hast left me, and without warning,
Alas! and taken a man for gold!
Had I been by thee, false wisdom scorning,
Thyself, my dear one, thou hadst not sold.

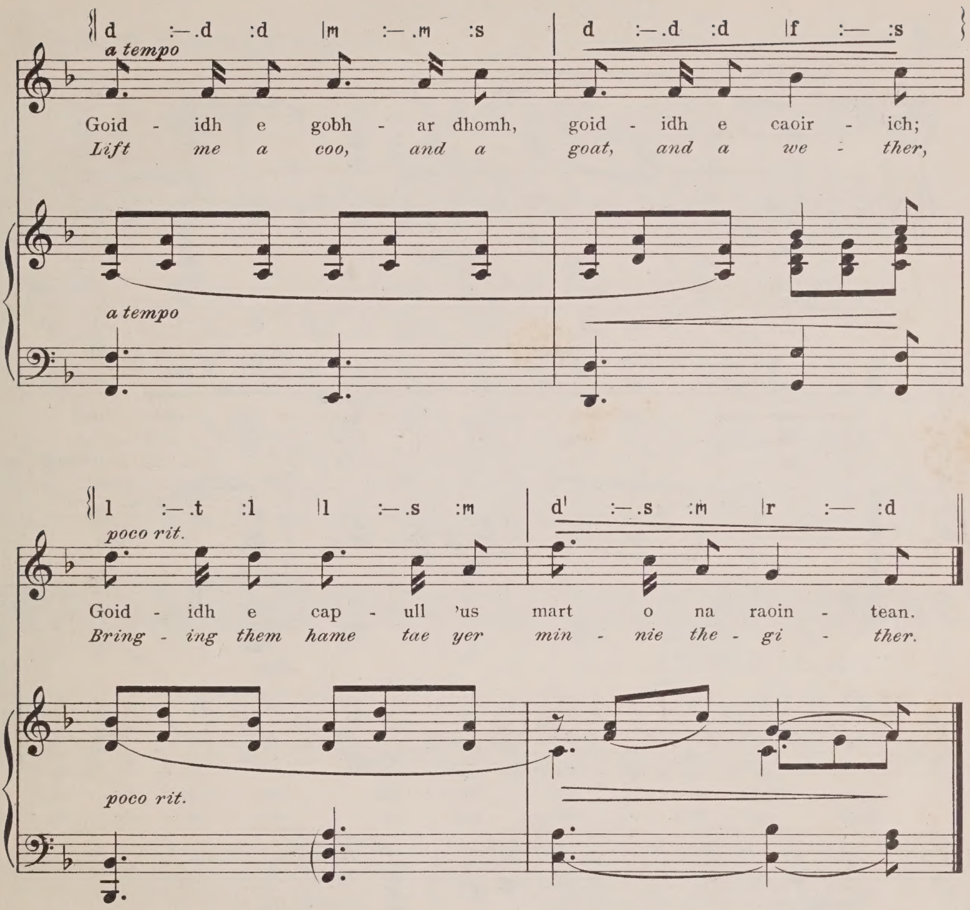
A' chruinneag Ileach.

CAGARAN GAOLACH.

Hush ye, my bairnie.

Gaelic Words old. Translation by MALCOLM MAC FARLANE.


Andante tranquillo.
p
Col Ped.
dim.
Key F.
d :–.d :d |m :–.m .:s | d :–.d :d |m :– :r
p
Cag - ar - an, cag - ar - an, cag - ar - an gaol - ach,
Hush ye, my bairn - ie, my bon - nie wee lad - die,
p
d :–.d :d |m :–.r :m | s :–.m :d |r :– :d
poco rit.
Cag - ar - an fogh - aint - each, fear de mo dhaoin - e,
When ye're a man ye shall - fol - low yer dad - die;
poco rit.


d :—.d :d |m :—.m :s | d :—.d :d |f :— :s
a tempo
Goid - idh e gobh - ar dhomh, goid - idh e caoir - ich;
Lift me a coo, and a goat, and a we - ther,
a tempo
l :—.t :l |l :—.s :m | d' :—.s :m |r :— :d
poco rit.
Goid - idh e cap - ull 'us mart o na raoin - tean.
Bring - ing them hame tae yer min - nie the - gi - ther.
poco rit.

2.

Cagaran laghach thu, cagaran caomh thu,
Cagaran odhar, na cluinneam do chaoine;
Goididh e gobhar 'us goididh e caoirich,
Goididh e sithionn o fhireach an aonaich.

2.

Hush ye, my bairnie, my bonnie wee lammie;
Routh o' guid things ye shall bring tae yer mammie;
Hare frae the meadow, and deer frae the mountain.
Grouse frae the muirlan', and trout frae the fountain.

3.

Dean an cadālan 's dùin do shùilean;
Dean an cadalan beag ann mo sgùrdaich;
Rinn thu an cadalan, 's dhùin do shùilean;
Rinn thu an cadalan, slàn gu'n dùisg thu.

3.

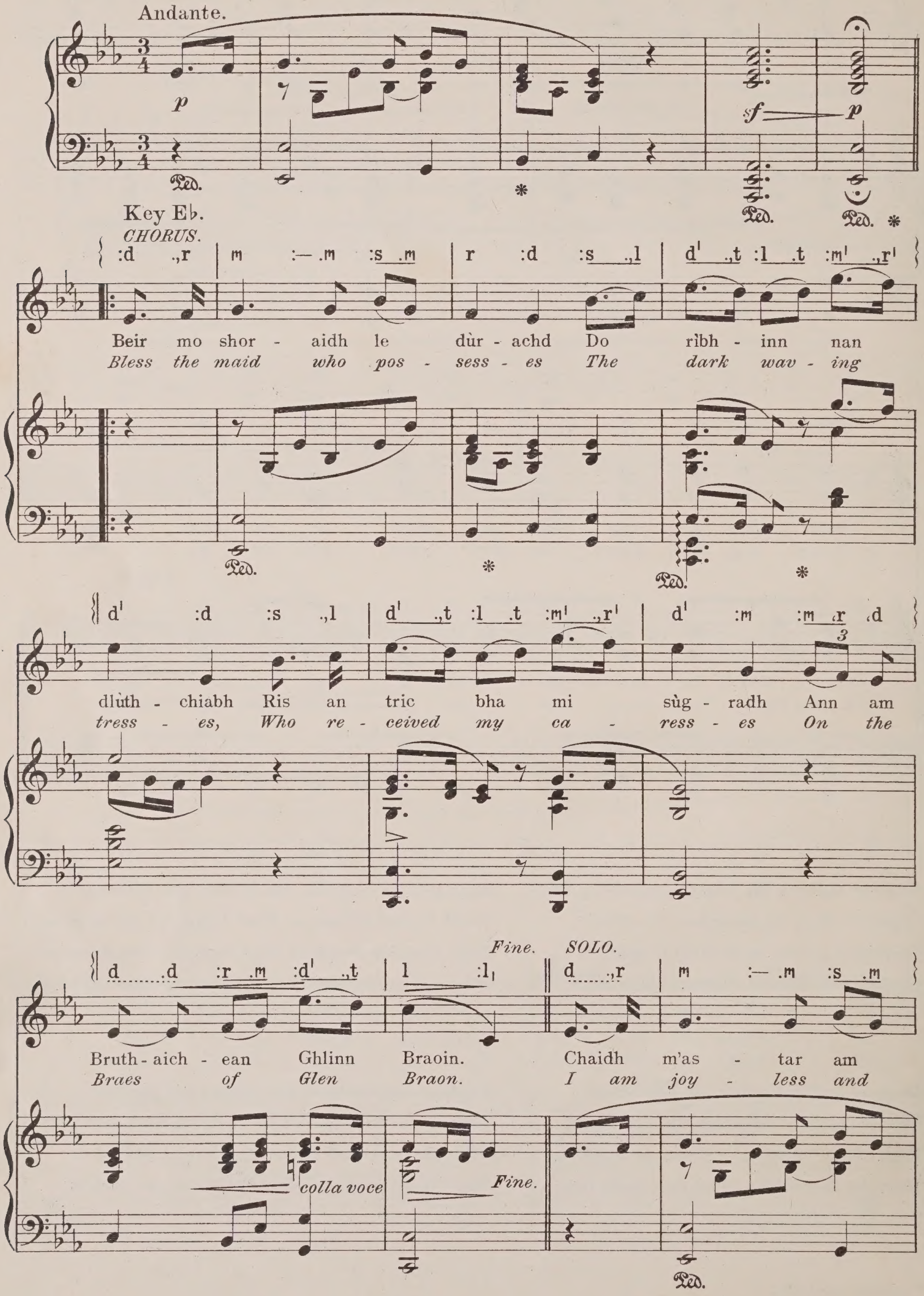
Hush ye, my bairnie, my bonnie wee dearie;
Sleep! come and close the een, heavy and wearie;
Closed are the wearie een, rest are ye takin'—
Soun' be yer sleepin', and bright be yer wakin'.

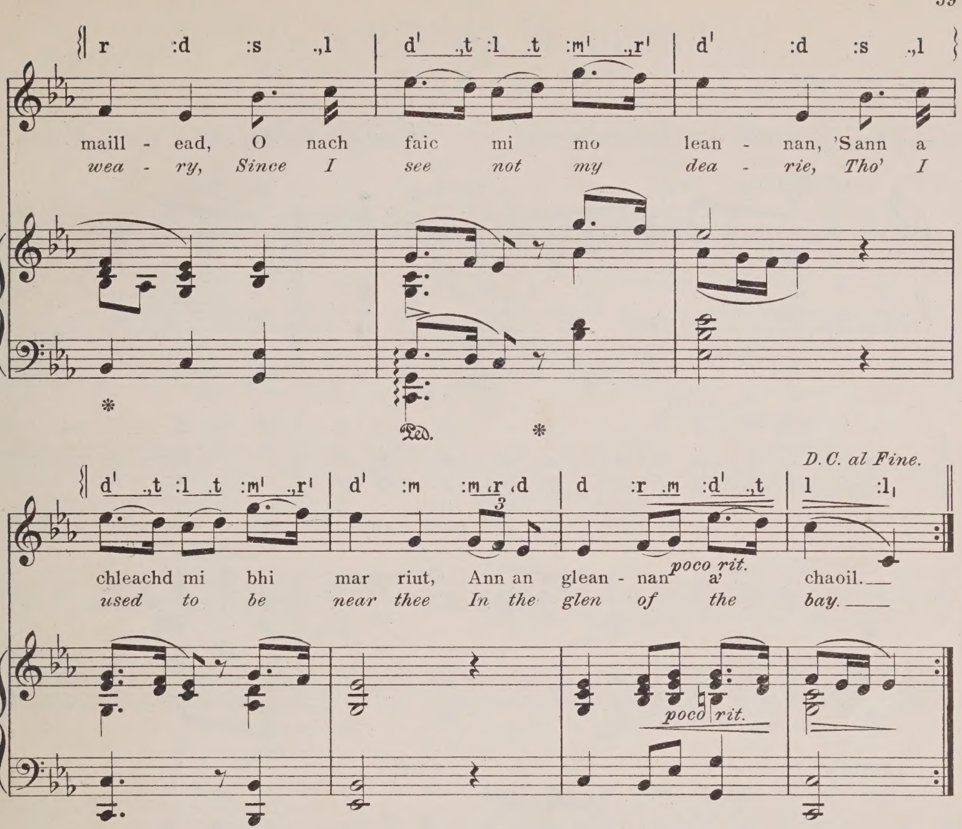
Cagaran gaolach.

BRUTHAICHEAN GHLINN BRAOIN.

The Braes of Glenbraon.

Gaelic Words by WILLIAM ROSS. Translation by LACHLAN MACBEAN.


Andante.
p
sf p
Key E♭.
CHORUS.
:d .,r | m :— .m :s .m | r :d :s .,l | d' .,t :l .t :m' .,r'
Beir mo shor - aidh le dùr - achd Do rìbh - inn nan
Bless the maid who pos - sess - es The dark wav - ing
d' :d :s .,l | d' .,t :l .t :m' .,r' | d' :m :m .r .d
dlùth - chiabh Ris an tric bha mi sùg - radh Ann am
tress - es, Who re - ceived my ca - ress - es On the
3
d .d :r .m :d' .,t | l :l, || d .,r | m :— .m :s .m
Fine. SOLO.
Bruth - aich - ean Ghlinn Braoin. Chaidh m'as - tar am
Braes of Glen Braon. I am joy - less and
colla voce
Fine.


r :d :s .,l | d' .,t :l .t :m' .,r' | d' :d :s .,l
maill - ead, O nach faic mi mo lean - nan, 'S ann a
wea - ry, Since I see not my dea - rie, Tho' I
Ped.
D. C. al Fine.
d' .,t :l .t :m' .,r' | d' :m :m .r .d | d :r .m :d' .,t | l :l,
chleachd mi bhi mar riut, Ann an glean - nan a' chaoil.
used to be near thee In the glen of the bay.
poco rit.
poco rit.

2.
Anns a' choill' am bi 'n smùdan
'Se gu binn a' seinn ciùil duinn,
Cuach is smeòrach 'gar dùsgadh,
'Cur na smùid diubh le faoilt'.
Bheir mo, &c.

2.
In the woods where the ring-dove
And the mavis sweetly sing, love,
And the larks on the wing give
Their first greeting to-day.
Bless the, &c.

3.
'Stric a bha mi 's tu mireadh,
Agus càch 'ga n-ar sireadh,
Gus bu deònach leinn pilleadh,
Gu innis nan laogh.
Bheir mo, &c.

3.
There have we two been playing,
On the green banks delaying,
Till we came from our straying,
Back to Innis-nan-laogh.
Bless the, &c.

4.
Sinn air fàireadh na tulaich,
'S mo làmh thar do mhuineil,
Sinn ag éisdeachd nan luinneag,
Bhiodh am mullach nan craobh.
Bheir mo, &c.

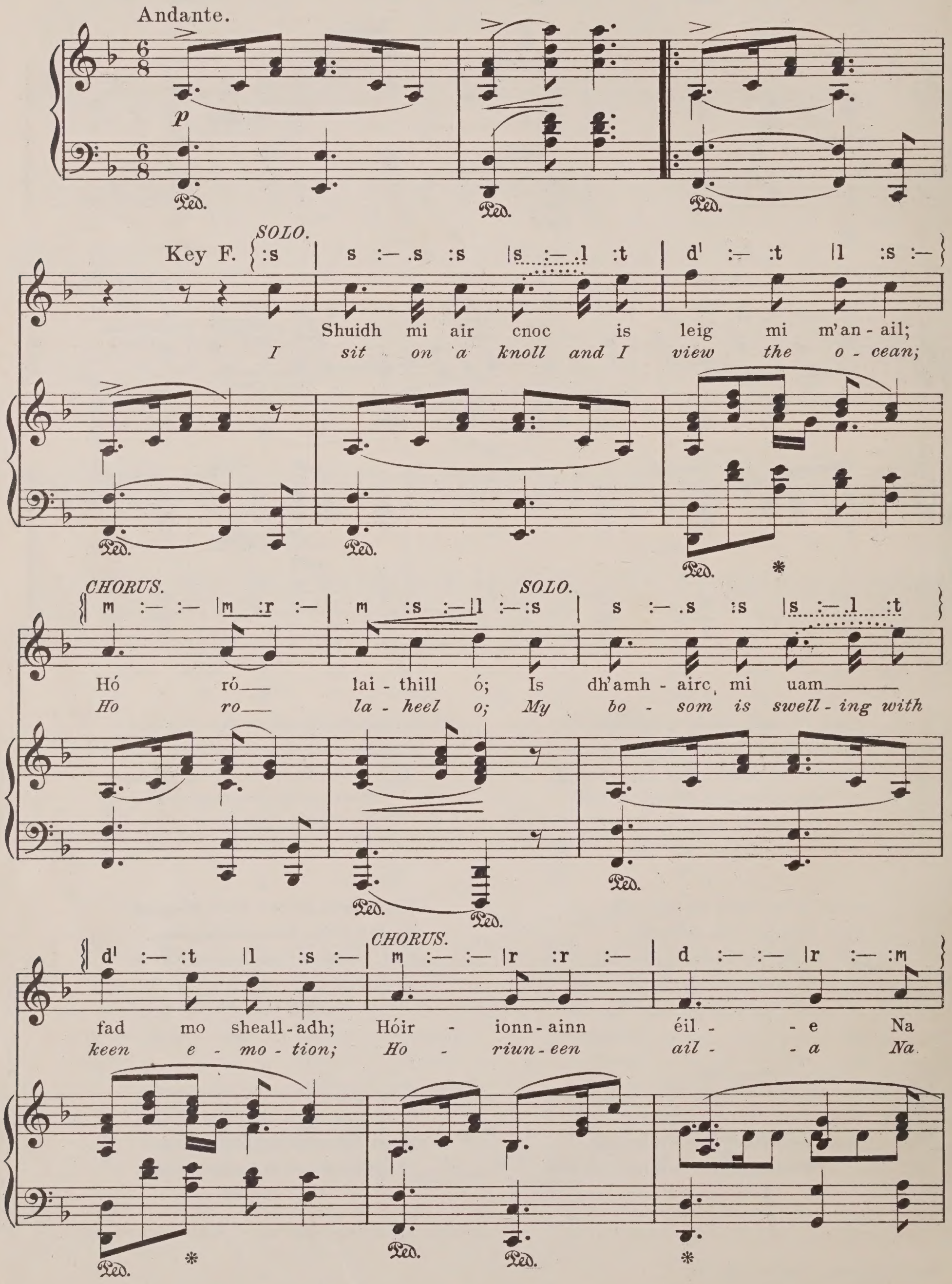
4.
When we listened to the chorus
Of the warblers singing o'er us,
As we climbed up the corries,
Which are now far away.
Bless the, &c.

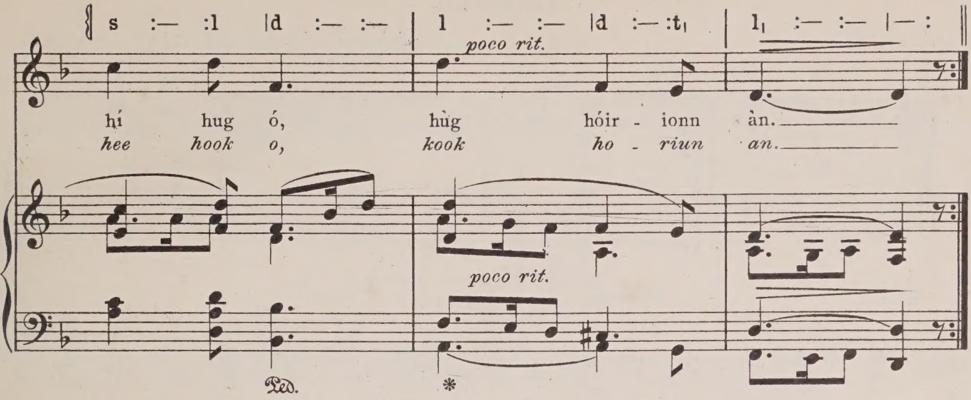
Bruthaichean Ghlinn Braoin.

SHUIDH MI AIR CNOC.

I sit on a Knoll.

Rowing Song by ANGUS MAC EACHARN, Jura. Translation by MALCOLM MAC FARLANE.


Andante.
p
Key F.
SOLO.
:s | s :— .s :s |s :— .l :t | dˡ :— :t |l :s :—
Shuidh mi air cnoc is leig mi m'an - ail;
I sit on a knoll and I view the o - cean;
CHORUS.
| m :— :— |m :r :— | m :s :— |l :— :s
Hó ró lai - thill ó;
Ho ro la - heel o;
SOLO.
| s :— .s :s |s :— .l :t
Is dh'amh - airc mi uam
My bo - som is swell - ing with
| dˡ :— :t |l :s :—
fad mo sheall - adh;
keen e - mo - tion;
CHORUS.
| m :— :— |r :r :— | d :— :— |r :— :m
Hóir - ionn - ainn éil - - e Na
Ho - riun - een ail - - a Na


s :— :l |d :— :— | l :— :— |d :— :t₁ | l₁ :— :— |— :
poco rit.
hí hug ó, hùg hóir - ionn àn.
hee hook o, kook ho - riun an.
poco rit.
Ped.
*

2.
Chunnaic mi bàta làidir daraich,
'S a siùil bhàna àrd r'a crannaibh;

3.
'S i a' snàg a mach o'n chala,
'S air a stiùir bha làmh mo leannain;

4.
Seòladair nam bòc-thonn geala,
A bheir seòlt' i troimh na gleannaibh,

5.
Nuair is ògluidh tòic na mara,
'S na mill mhòra 'dòrtadh thairis,

6.
'S na neòil dhùbhraidh a' spùtadh dealain;
Bidh a smuain an sin m' a leannan,

7.
'S i 'na h-aonar anns a' ghleannan,
Far am b'aobhach sinn car tamull,

8.
Uallach, aotrom, òg, gun smalan,
Ann an doire maoth a' bharraich;

9.
Cròic nan craobh ag aomadh tharuinn;
Gheall thu dhòmhsa gaol bhiodh maireann;

10.
'S tha mi brònach, tinn le fadal
Gus am faic mi t'aogas flathail.

11.
Slàn gu'n till thu, rùin, gu m' shealladh,
Dh'ùrachadh ar gaol 's ar gealladh.

2.
Majestic and trim is the barque I see there,
Her canvas spread forth and her stern to me there;

3.
She's rounding the headland; I see her veering;
And one I love dearly her course is steering.

4.
Right skilful his eye and his hand full ready,
To guide her aright and to hold her steady,

5.
While stemming the ravenous, roaring billows,
Surmounting the steeps and descending the hollows;

6.
While thunder is rolling and lightning flashing,
The wind and the rain and the salt spray dashing;

7.
'Tis then that his thoughts are of me, his lover;
His heart, like his needle, is constant ever;

8.
He minds of the time that we roamed together
Among the green brackens and purple heather;

9.
And heard the lark trilling it high in cloudland;
The mavis' notes echoing through the woodland;

10.
'Twas then that our love we told each other,
And vowed to be faithful to one another;

11.
But now my tears flow and my heart is burning,
For great is my longing for his returning.

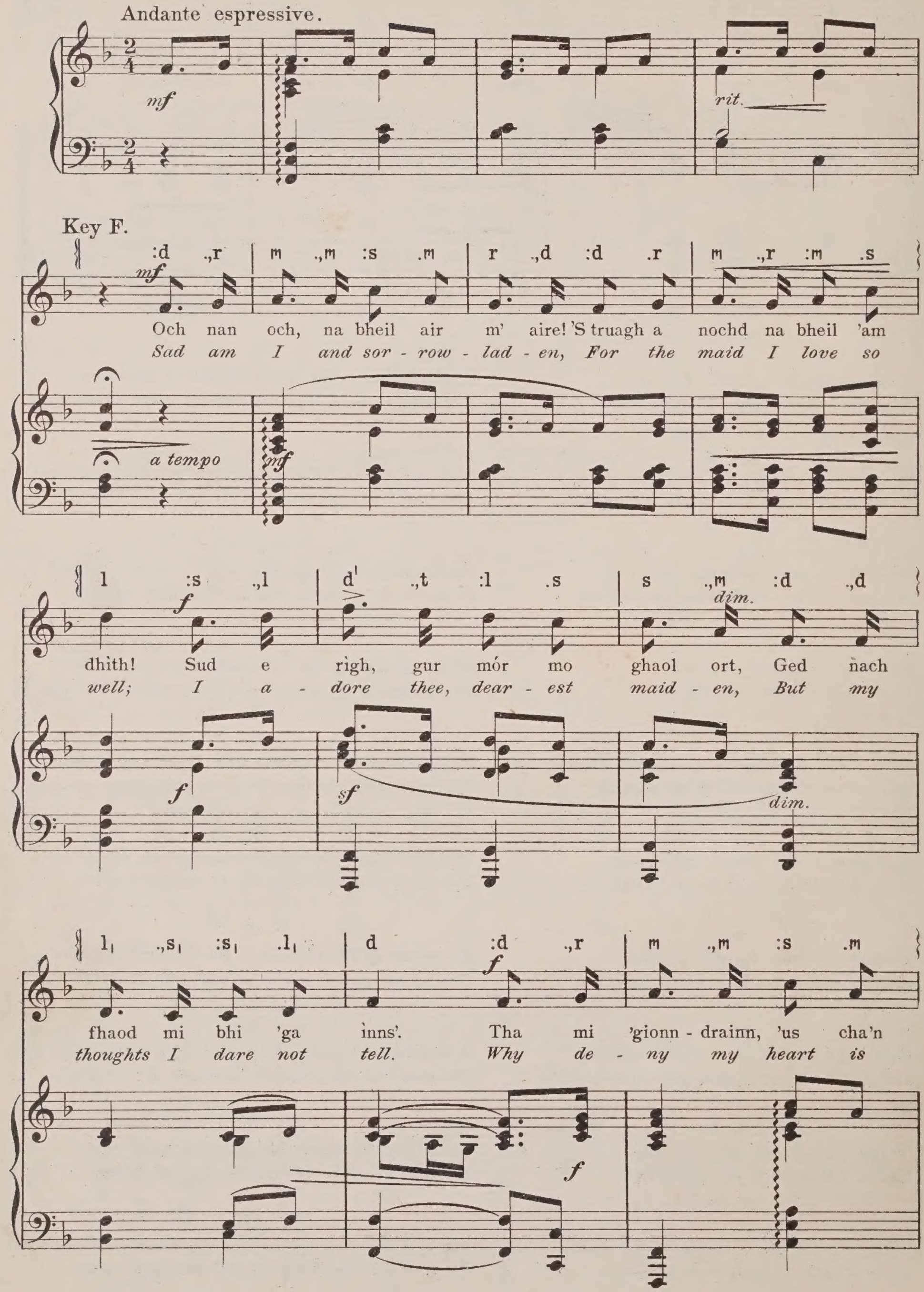
Shuidh mi air Cnoc.

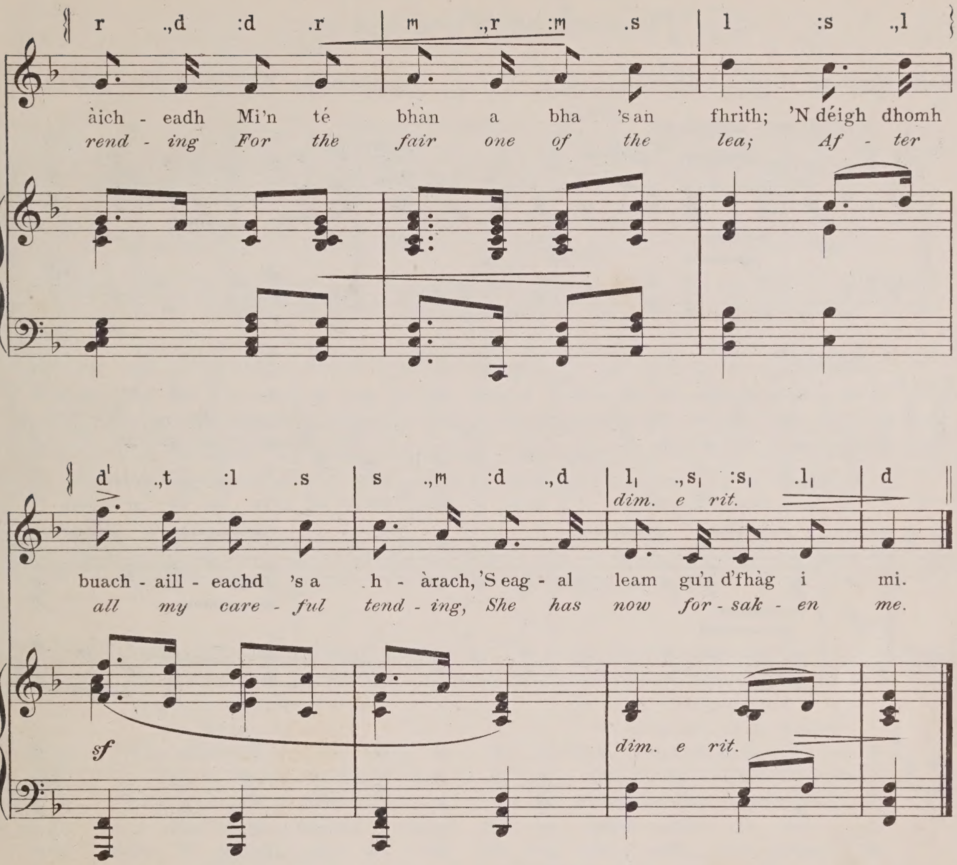
SOIRIDH!

Farewell.

Gaelic Words old.

Translation by HENRY WHYTE. (Fionn.)


Andante espressive.
mf
rit.
Key F.
:d .,r | m .,m :s .m | r .,d :d .r | m .,r :m .s
mf
Och nan och, na bheil air m' aire! 'S truagh a nochd na bheil 'am
Sad am I and sor - row - lad - en, For the maid I love so
a tempo
mf
l :s .,l | d' .,t :l .s | s .,m :d .,d
f
dhith! Sud e righ, gur mór mo ghaol ort, Ged nach
well; I a - dore thee, dear - est maid - en, But my
dim.
f
sf
dim.
l, .,s, :s, .l, | d :d .,r | m .,m :s .m
f
fhaod mi bhi 'ga inns'. Tha mi 'gionn - drainn, 'us cha'n
thoughts I dare not tell. Why de - ny my heart is
f


r .,d :d .r | m .,r :m .s | l :s .,l
àich - eadh Mi'n té bhàn a bha 's an fhrith; 'N déigh dhomh
rend - ing For the fair one of the lea; Af - ter
d' .,t :l .s | s .,m :d .,d | l, .,s, :s, .l, | d
dim. e rit.
buach - aill - eachd 's a h - àrach, 'S eag - al leam gu'n d'fhàg i mi.
all my care - ful tend - ing, She has now for - sak - en me.
sf
dim. e rit.

2.

A Bheinn-bhreac nan creachann àrda,
'S tric a shàruich thusa mi;
Ach tha mi'm bliadhna dol g'a d' fhàgail—
Soiridh slàn leat gus an till.
Cha'n 'eil cnoc no glac a'd aodann,
Coire fraoich a bhos no shìos,
Nach 'eil a' cuimhneach iomadh rud dhomh,
Ged nach fhaod mi bhi 'ga ìnns'.

3.

Soiridh leis gach beinn 'us fireach—
A' bheinn o'm mithich dhomh 'bhi triall,
Guidheam fada féidh a'd ghlacaibh;
B'e bhi 'n taice riut mo mhiann.
Och nan och, na bheil air m' aire!
'S truagh a nochd na bheil 'am dhìth!
Sud e rìgh, gur mór mo ghaol ort,
Ged nach fhaod mi bhi 'ga ìnns'.

2.

Ben of peaks the clouds that sever,
Oft thy steeps have wearied me;
Must I leave thy shade for ever?
Then farewell, farewell to thee!
Every corrie, crag, and hollow,
Heath'ry brae and flowery dell,
Now awaken pangs of sorrow;
But my thoughts I dare not tell.

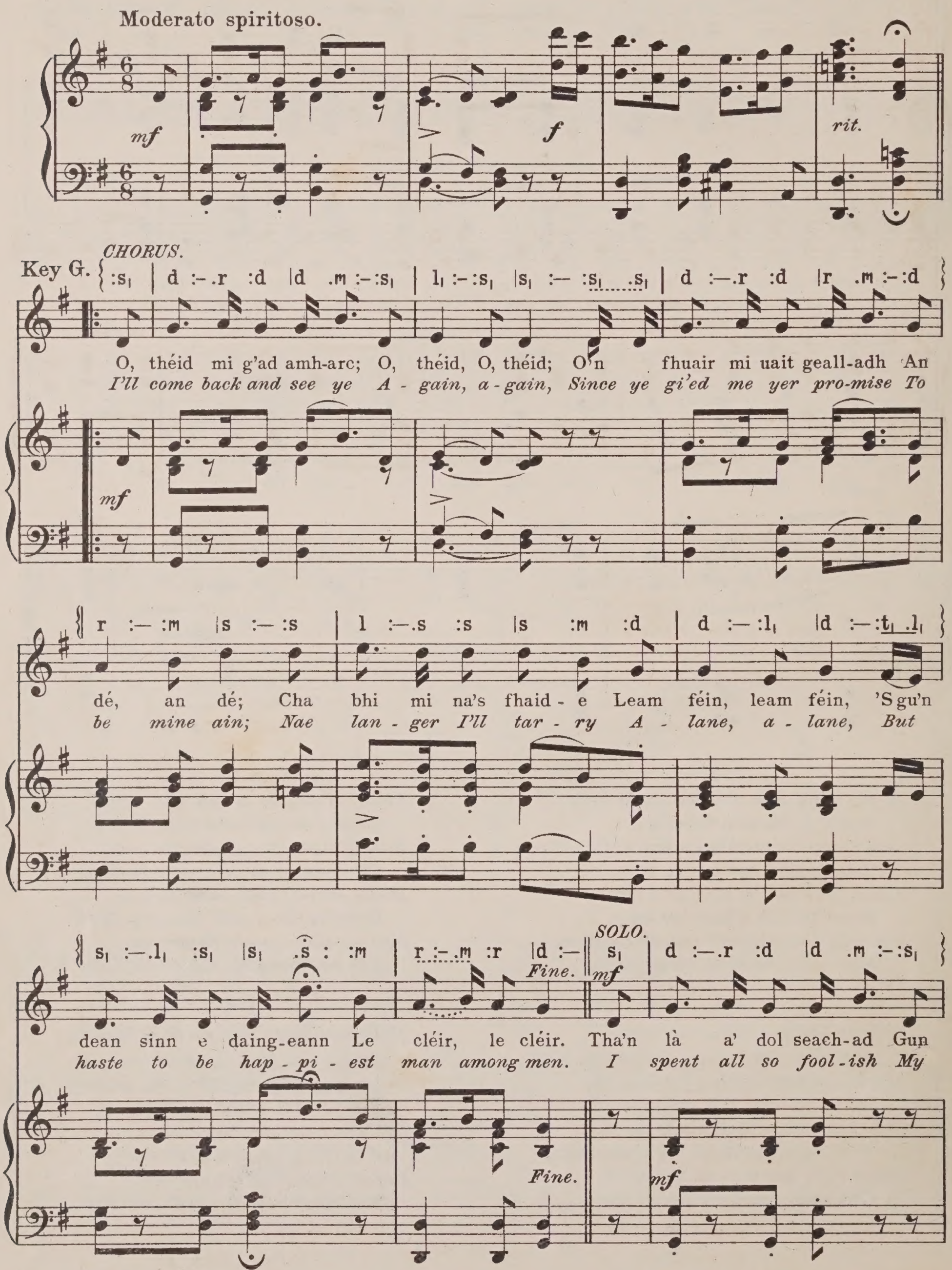
3.

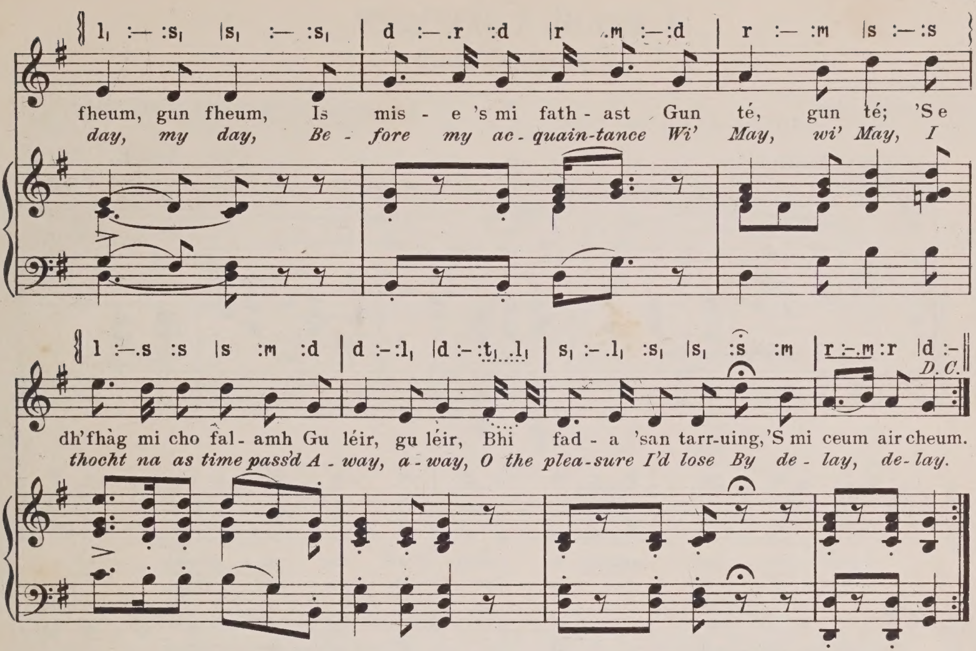
Mountain bold! thy form surpasses
Every ben that eye can see;
Long may deer frequent thy passes;
Near thee I would ever be.
Sad am I and sorrow-laden,
For the maid I love so well;
I adore thee, dearest maiden,
But my thoughts I dare not tell.

THÉID MI G'AD AMHARC.

I'll come back and see ye.

Gaelic Words by JOHN CAMPBELL, Ledaig. Translation by MALCOLM MAC FARLANE.


Moderato spiritoso.
mf
f
rit.
CHORUS.
Key G. {:s, |d :-.r :d |d .m :-:s, |l, :-:s, |s, :- :s, .s, |d :-.r :d |r .m :-:d}
O, théid mi g'ad amh-arc; O, théid, O, théid; O'n fhuair mi uait geall-adh An
I'll come back and see ye A - gain, a - gain, Since ye gi'ed me yer pro-mise To
mf
{r :- :m |s :- :s |l :-.s :s |s :m :d |d :- :l, |d :- :t,.l,}
dé, an dé; Cha bhi mi na's fhaid - e Leam féin, leam féin, 'S gu'n
be mine ain; Nae lan - ger I'll tar - ry A - lane, a - lane, But
{s, :-.l, :s, |s, .s : :m |r :-.m :r |d :- || s, |d :-.r :d |d .m :-:s,}
SOLO.
Fine.
mf
dean sinn e daing-eann Le cléir, le cléir. Tha'n là a' dol seach-ad Gun
haste to be hap - pi - est man among men. I spent all so fool - ish My
Fine.
mf


fheum, gun fheum, Is mis - e 's mi fath - ast Gun té, gun té; 'S e
day, my day, Be - fore my ac - quain-tance Wi' May, wi' May, I
dh'fhàg mi cho fal - amh Gu léir, gu léir, Bhi fad - a 'san tarr-uing, 'S mi ceum air cheum.
thocht na as time pass'd A - way, a - way, O the plea-sure I'd lose By de - lay, de - lay.
D. C.

2.
Is iomadh sean-fhleasgach,
Mo chreach, mo chreach,
Na 'n innseadh e'n fhìrinn
Le dreach, le dreach,
Gu'm b' fheàrr leis bhi sìnte
Gu h-ìosal a chaoidh
Na 'n saoghal a shiubhal
A rithis gun mhnaoi.

O, théid, &c.

3.
A' dìreadh a' bhruthaich
Le sgairt, le sgairt;
Cha saoil e gu bràth
Gu 'm feum e taic;
Nuair ruigeas e'm mullach,
A' call a chas,
A nuas leis an leathad e
Car air a' char.

O, théid, &c.

4.
'San àireamh cha bhithinn
Le m' dheòin, a ghaoil;
Do làmh le do chridhe
Thoir dhòmhs' gu saor,
No gabhaidh tu 'n t-aithreachas
Là nach saoil,
'S bidh mise gu mhath dheth,
'S té eile ri m' thaobh.

O, théid, &c.

2.
How many auld fellows,
Ochone, Ochone,
If truly they'd tell us
Their moan, their moan,
Wad rather be buried
And gone, and gone.
Than live their life over
Alone, alone.

I'll come back, &c.

3.
Fu' briskly we climb up
The brae, the brae,
And think it will ever
Be sae, be sae;
On reaching the summit,
Away, away,
A-rumpling and tumpling
We gae, we gae.

I'll come back, &c.

4.
Nae langer a batchie
I'll be, I'll be;
Then gi'e me yer hand, lass,
Fu' free, fu' free;
Or, aiblins, repentance
Ye'll dree, ye'll dree,
When some other lassie
Wi' me ye see.

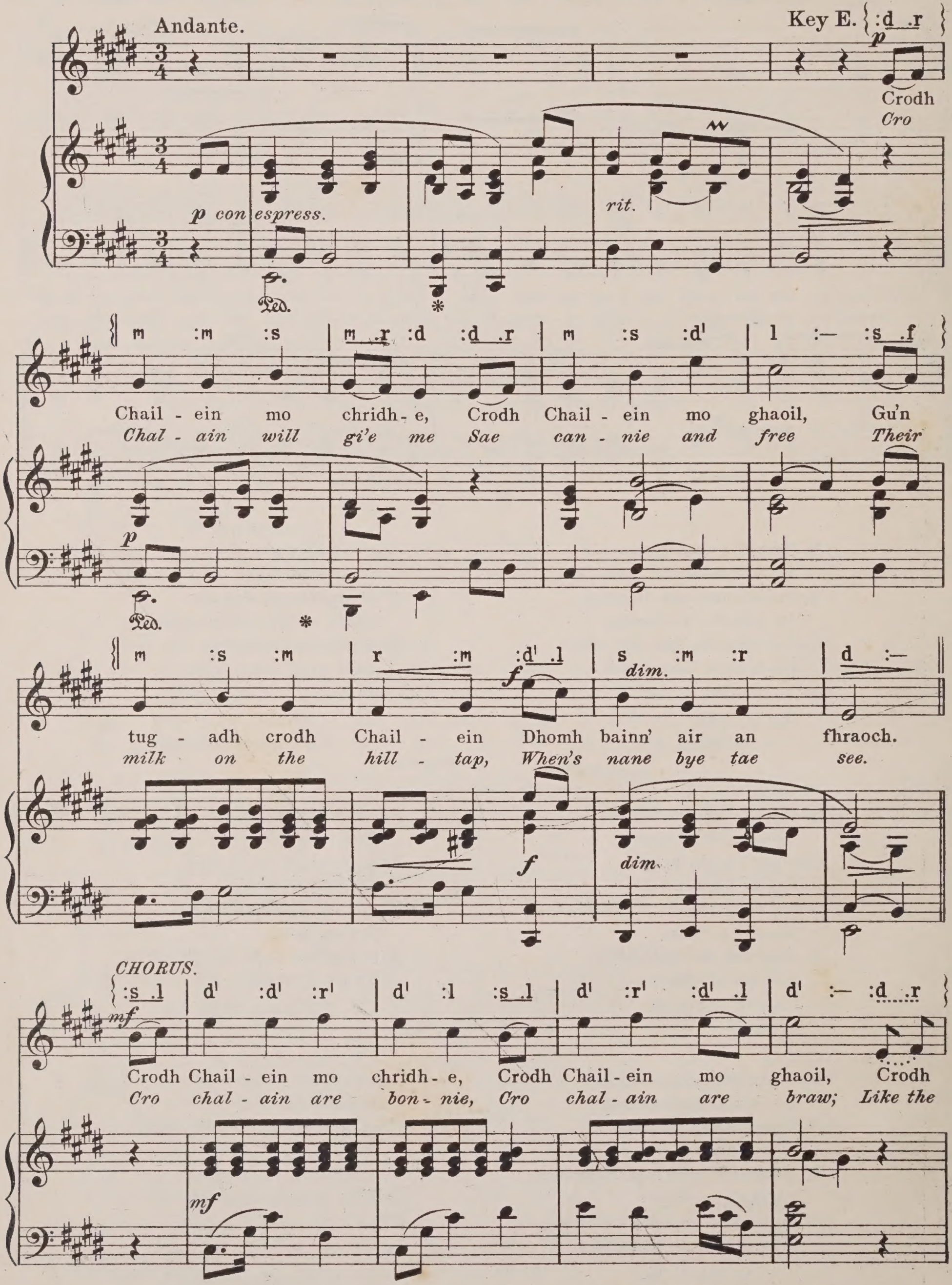
I'll come back, &c.

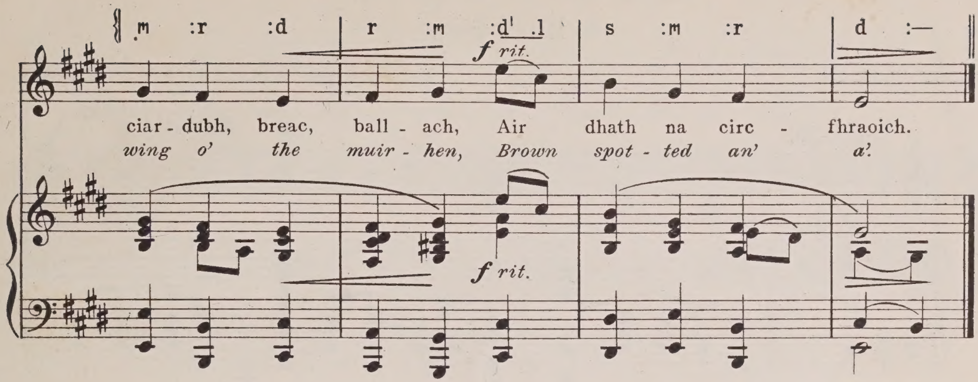
CRODH CHAILEIN.

Colin's Cattle.

Gaelic Words old.

Translation by MALCOLM MAC FARLANE.


Andante.
Key E. :d .r
p
Crodh
Cro
p con espress.
rit.
m :m :s | m .r :d :d .r | m :s :d' | l :— :s .f
Chail - ein mo chridh - e, Crodh Chail - ein mo ghaoil, Gu'n
Chal - ain will gi'e me Sae can - nie and free Their
p
m :s :m | r :m :d' .l | s :m :r | d :—
f
dim.
tug - adh crodh Chail - ein Dhomh bainn' air an fhraoch.
milk on the hill - tap, When's nane bye tae see.
f
dim.
CHORUS.
:s .l | d' :d' :r' | d' :l :s .l | d' :r' :d' .l | d' :— :d .r
mf
Crodh Chail - ein mo chridh - e, Crodh Chail - ein mo ghaoil, Crodh
Cro chal - ain are bon - nie, Cro chal - ain are braw; Like the
mf


:m :r :d | r :m :d' .l | s :m :r | d :—
f rit.
ciar - dubh, breac, ball - ach, Air dhath na circ - fhraoich.
wing o' the muir - hen, Brown spot - ted an' a'.
f rit.

2.
Gu'n tugadh crodh Chailein
Dhomh bainne gu leòir,
Air mullach a' mhonaidh
Gun duine 'nar còir.
Crodh Chailein mo chridhe,
Crodh Chailein mo ghaoil,
Crodh lìonadh nan gogan
Crodh togail nan laogh.

3.
Gu'n tugadh crodh Chailein
Dhomh bainn' air an raon,
Gun chuman gun bhuarach,
Gun luairceam, gun laogh.
Crodh Chailein mo chridhe,
Crodh Chailein mo ghaoil,
Gu h-eutrom 'san eadradh
A' beadradh r'an laoigh.

4.
Gu'm bheil sac air mo chridhe,
'S tric snidh air mo ghruaidh,
Agus smuairean air m' aigne
Chum an cadal so bhuam.
Crodh Chailein mo chridhe,
Crodh Chailein mo ghaoil;
Crodh ciar-dubh, breac, ballach
Air dhath na circ fhraoich.

5.
Cha chaidil, cha chaidil,
Cha chaidil mi uair,
Cha chaidil mi idir,
Gus an tig na bheil uam.
Crodh Chailein mo chridhe,
Crodh Chailein mo ghaoil;
Crodh lìonadh nan gogan,
Crodh togail nan laogh.

2.
Their milk they will gi'e me
Sae cannie and free,
A' our lane on the hill-tap
Where there's nane bye to see.
Cro Chalain are bonnie
Cro Chalain are dear
Grand at fillin' the coggie,
Sonsie calves they aye rear.

3.
Cro Chalain are grazin'
Down in the green field;
And their milk without fetter,
They will readily yield.
Cro Chalain when wearied
Wi' the heat o' the day
Gie doun 'mang the heather
And their calves roun' them play.

4.
There's a load on my bosom
There's a tear in my e'e
And I'm wae and forfochten:
There's nae sleepin' for me.
Cro Chalain are bonnie
Cro Chalain are braw
Like the wing o' the muir-hen
Brown spotted an' a'.

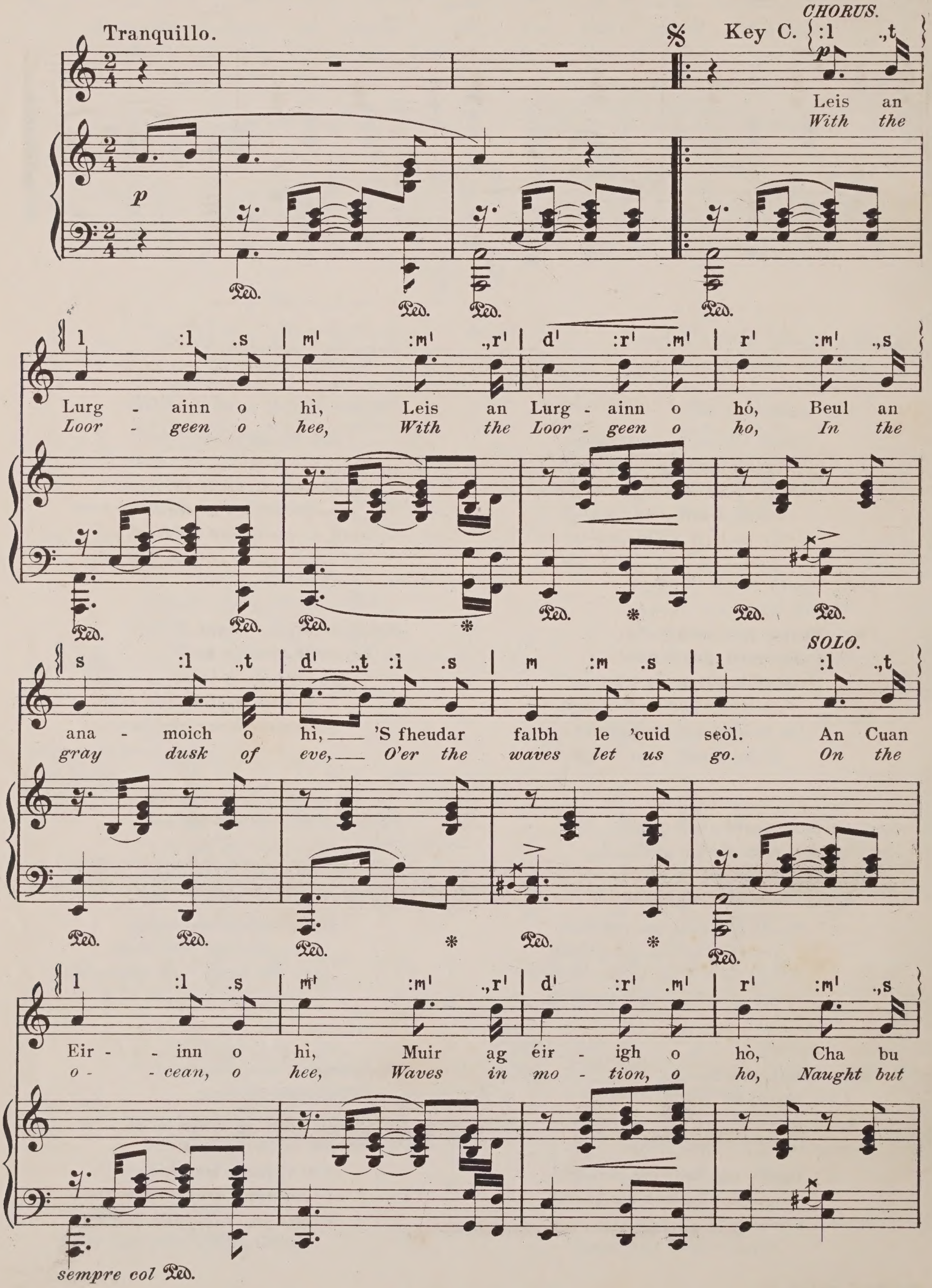
5.
Nae sleepin', nae sleepin',
Nae sleepin' for me;
Till they come that I'm seekin'
I maun ne'er close an e'e.
Cro Chalain are bonnie
Cro Chalain are dear
Grand at fillin' the coggie
Sonsie calves they aye rear.

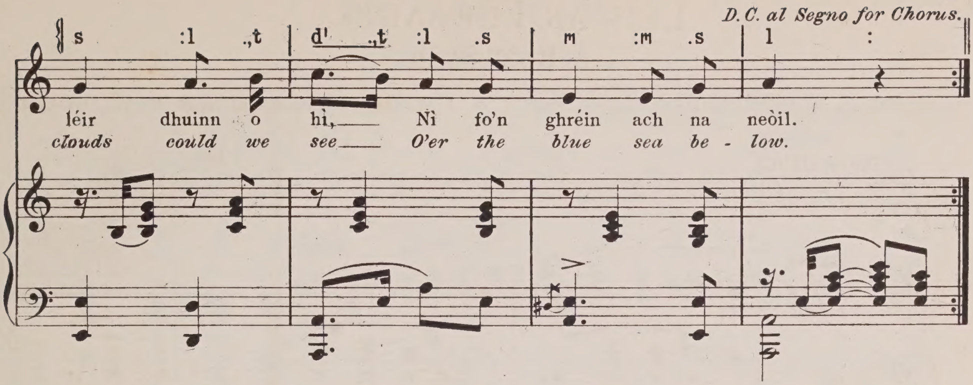
LEIS AN LURGAINN.

A Boat Song.

Gaelic Words old.

Translation by MALCOLM MACFARLANE.


Tranquillo.
Key C.
CHORUS.
:l .,t
p
Leis an
With the
l :l .s | m' :m' .,r' | d' :r' .m' | r' :m' .,s
Lurg - ainn o hì, Leis an Lurg - ainn o hó, Beul an
Loor - geen o hee, With the Loor - geen o ho, In the
s :l .,t | d' .,t :l .s | m :m .s | l :l .,t
ana - moich o hì, 'S fheudar falbh le 'cuid seòl. An Cuan
gray dusk of eve, O'er the waves let us go. On the
SOLO.
l :l .s | m' :m' .,r' | d' :r' .m' | r' :m' .,s
Eir - inn o hì, Muir ag éir - igh o hò, Cha bu
o - cean, o hee, Waves in mo - tion, o ho, Naught but
p
Ped.
*
sempre col Ped.


D. C. al Segno for Chorus.
s :l .,t | d' .,t :l .s | m :m .s | l :
léir dhuinn o hì, Nì fo'n ghréin ach na neòil.
clouds could we see O'er the blue sea be - low.

2.
Seachad Ile o hì,
'M beul na h-oidhche o hò,
Las sinn coinnlean o hì,
'S chuir sinn combaist air dòigh.
Leis an Lurgainn, &c.

3.
Seachad Aros o hì,
Bha i gàbhaidh o hò,
'N fhairge làidir o hì,
Suas gu bàrr a' chroinn-sgòid.
Leis an Lurgainn, &c.

4.
Thuirt an sgiobair o hì,
Ri chuid ghillean o hò,
"Glacaibh misneach o hì,
'S deanaibh dìchioll, a sheòid.
Leis an Lurgainn, &c.

5.
"Mar bu nòs dhuibh o hì,
Seasaibh dìleas o hò,
'Bheil e coltach o hì,
Gu 'n tig dosgainn 'n ar còir?
Leis an Lurgainn, &c.

6.
"'Suas a h-aodach o hì,
Ri 'croinn chaola o hò,
'Snàmh cho aotrom o hì,
Ris an fhaoilinn air lòn.
Leis an Lurgainn, &c.

7.
"Muir 'ga bualadh o hì,
Taobh an fhuaraidh o hò,
Bith'dh sinn buadhar o hì,
'S gillean uallach air bòrd."
Leis an Lurgainn, &c.

2.
Islay looming, o hee,
In the gloaming, o ho,
Our ship's compass set we,
And our lights we did show.
With the Loorgeen, &c.

3.
Aros passing, o hee,
'Twas harassing, o ho,
The strong billows to see
High as masthead to flow.
With the Loorgeen, &c.

4.
Skipper bellows, o hee,
To his fellows, o ho,
"Steady! courage take ye
Though a tempest should blow.
With the Loorgeen, &c.

5.
"Look a-head, mates, o hee,
Without dread, mates, o ho,
Those that danger would flee,
Let them sneak down below.
With the Loorgeen, &c.

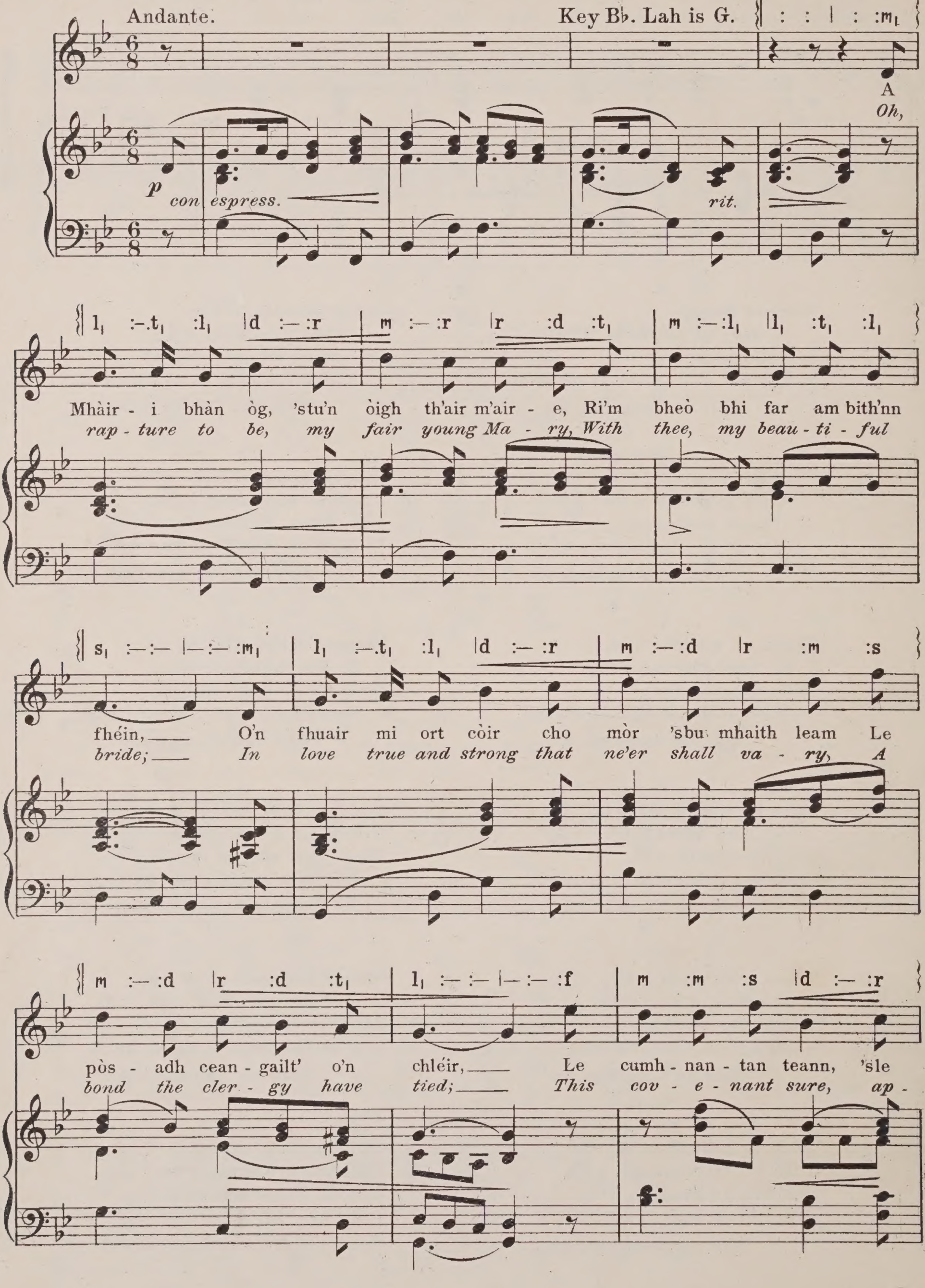
6.
"Crowd her sails on, o hee,
And though gales come, o ho,
Light as sea-gull will she
O'er the heaving waves go.
With the Loorgeen, &c.

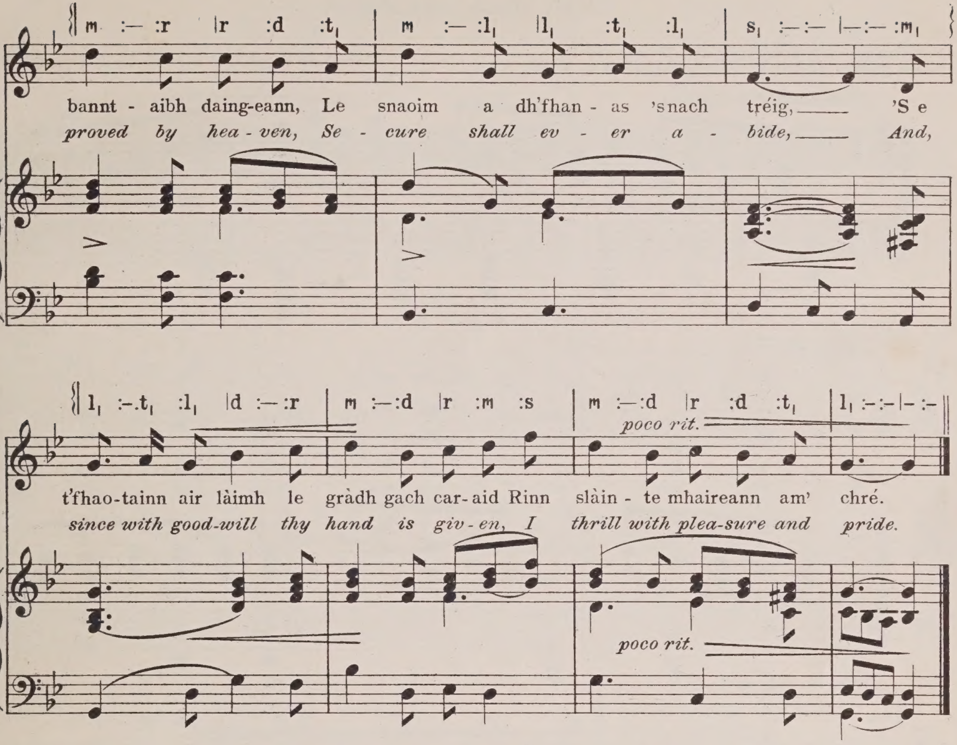
7.
"Billows lashing, o hee,
Waters crashing, o ho,
Without blenching we see
There be stout hearts on board."
With the Loorgeen, &c.

MAIRI BHÀN ÒG.

Fair young Mary.

Gaelic Words by DUNCAN BAN MACINTYRE. Translation by LACHLAN MACBEAN.


Andante.
Key B♭. Lah is G.
: : | : :m,
A
Oh,
p
con espress.
rit.
l, :-.t, :l, |d :-:r | m :-:r |r :d :t, | m :-:l, |l, :t, :l,
Mhàir - i bhàn òg, 'stu'n òigh th'air m'air - e, Ri'm bheò bhi far am bith'nn
rap - ture to be, my fair young Ma - ry, With thee, my beau - ti - ful
s, :-:- |-:-:m, | l, :-.t, :l, |d :-:r | m :-:d |r :m :s
fhéin, O'n fhuair mi ort còir cho mòr 'sbu mhaith leam Le
bride; In love true and strong that ne'er shall va - ry, A
m :-:d |r :d :t, | l, :-:- |-:-:f | m :m :s |d :-:r
pòs - adh cean - gailt' o'n chléir, Le cumh - nan - tan teann, 'sle
bond the cler - gy have tied; This cov - e - nant sure, ap -


m :— :r |r :d :t₁ | m :— :l₁ |l₁ :t₁ :l₁ | s₁ :— :— |— :— :m₁
bannt - aibh daing-eann, Le snaoim a dh'fhan - as 'snach tréig, 'S e
proved by hea - ven, Se - cure shall ev - er a - bide, And,
l₁ :-.t₁ :l₁ |d :— :r | m :—:d |r :m :s | m :—:d |r :d :t₁ | l₁ :-:- |- :-
poco rit.
t'fhao-tainn air làimh le gràdh gach car-aid Rinn slàin - te mhaireann am' chré.
since with good-will thy hand is giv - en, I thrill with plea-sure and pride.
poco rit.

2.

Bheirinn mo phòg do'n òg mhnaoi shomalt'
 A dh' fhàs gu boinneanta, caoin,
Gu mìleant, còmhnard, seòcail, foinnidh,
 Do chòmhradh gheibh mi gu saor;
Tha mi air sheòl gu leòir a' d' chomain
 A' bhòid 's a chuir thu gu faoin
Do m' smaointean gòrach pròis nam boireannach,
 'S còir dhomh fuireach le h-aon.

2.

My love to my bride, with dear caresses
 And pride, shall ever be shown;
Each virtue most rare her soul possesses,
 And fair and sweet has she grown.
My thoughts used to rove in boyish folly,
 Ere ever her love I had known;
But, now I'm her own, my heart is wholly
 My darling's alone—alone.

3.

Chaidh mi do'n choill' an robh croinn is gallain,
 Bu bhoisgeil sealladh mu'n cuairt,
'S bha miann mo shùl do dh'fhiùran barraicht'
 An dlùths nam meanganan suas;
Geug fo bhlàth o 'bàrr gu talamh,
 A lùb mi farasda nuas;
Bu duilich do chàch gu bràth a gearradh,
 'S e'n dàn domh 'm faillean a bhuain.

3.

Where woodlands are green with trees well nourished,
 A scene of beauty to view,
I found, with delight, one stem that flourished,
 With blossoms of every hue:
That bough from above, desiring greatly,
 With love unto me I drew;
None else could have moved that tree so stately,
 'Twas only for me that it grew.

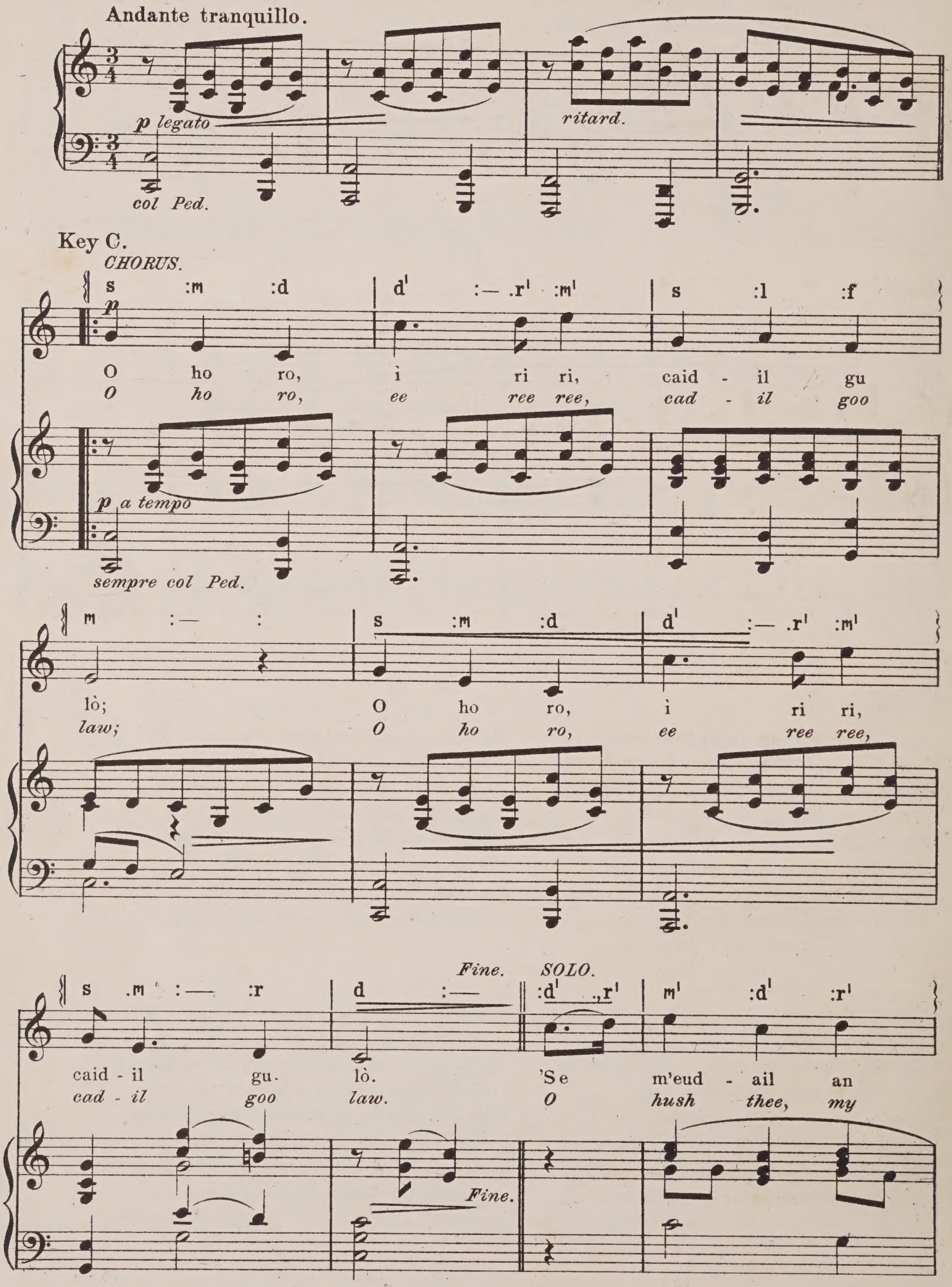
Mairi bhàn oġ.

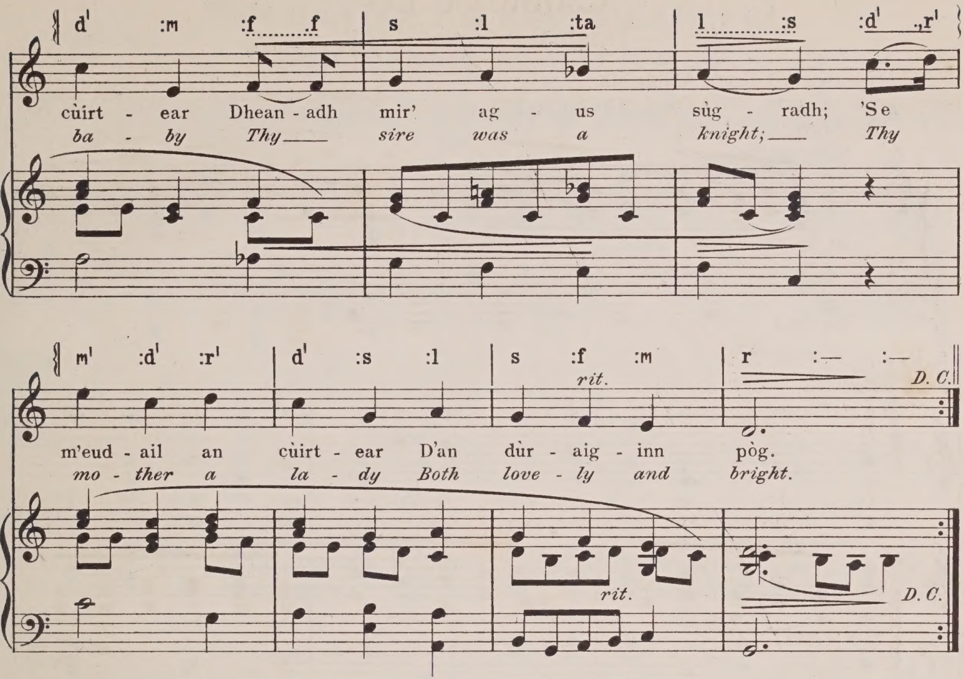
CAIDIL GU LÒ.

Hush thee, my Baby.

Original Gaelic Words old,
three verses added by MALCOLM MACFARLANE.

English words by Sir WALTER SCOTT.


Andante tranquillo.
p legato
ritard.
col Ped.
Key C.
CHORUS.
s :m :d | d' :— .r' :m' | s :l :f | m :— : | s :m :d | d' :— .r' :m' | s .m :— :r | d :— || :d' .,r' | m' :d' :r'
p
O ho ro, ì ri ri, caid - il gu lò; O ho ro, ì ri ri, caid - il gu. lò.
O ho ro, ee ree ree, cad - il goo law; O ho ro, ee ree ree, cad - il goo law.
p a tempo
sempre col Ped.
Fine.
SOLO.
'Se m'eud - ail an
O hush thee, my
Fine.


d' :m :f .f | s :l :ta | l :s :d' .,r'
cùirt - ear Dhean - adh mir' ag - us sùg - radh; 'Se
ba - by Thy sire was a knight; Thy
m' :d' :r' | d' :s :l | s :f :m | r :— :—
m'eud - ail an cùirt - ear D'an dùr - aig - inn pòg.
mo - ther a la - dy Both love - ly and bright.
rit.
D. C.

2.
'S e m' eudail am fleasgach
Ghabh air falbh air an fheasgar;
O, tha mi fo bhreislich,
Ma sheasas an ceò.
O ho ro, &c.

3.
Dol a null air an fhadhail,
Gu 'n deanainn mo roghainn;
Bhiodh càch air a dheaghaidh,
'S mo roghainn air tòs.
O ho ro, &c.

4.
E bhi 'falbh leis h-àrmuinn
Gu àrmailt Phrionns Teàrlaich,
Chum bhi cogadh 'sna blàraibh,
'S e dh' fhàg mi fo bhròn.
O ho ro, &c.

5.
Le 'bhonaid 's le 'bhreacan,
Le 'osain 's le 'ghartain,
Bha e maiseach 'na phearsa,
Is gaisgeil 'na dhòigh.
O ho ro, &c.

6.
A Righ tha 'sna h-àrdaibh
Na dìobair gu bràth e;
Cuir an eucoir gu nàire
Is àrdaich a' chòir.
O ho ro, &c.

2.
The woods and the glens
From the towers which we see,
They all are belonging,
Dear baby, to thee.
O ho ro, &c.

3.
O fear not the bugle,
Though loudly it blows;
It calls but the warders
That guard thy repose.
O ho ro, &c.

4.
Their bows would be bended,
Their blades would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman
Drew near to thy bed.
O ho ro, &c.

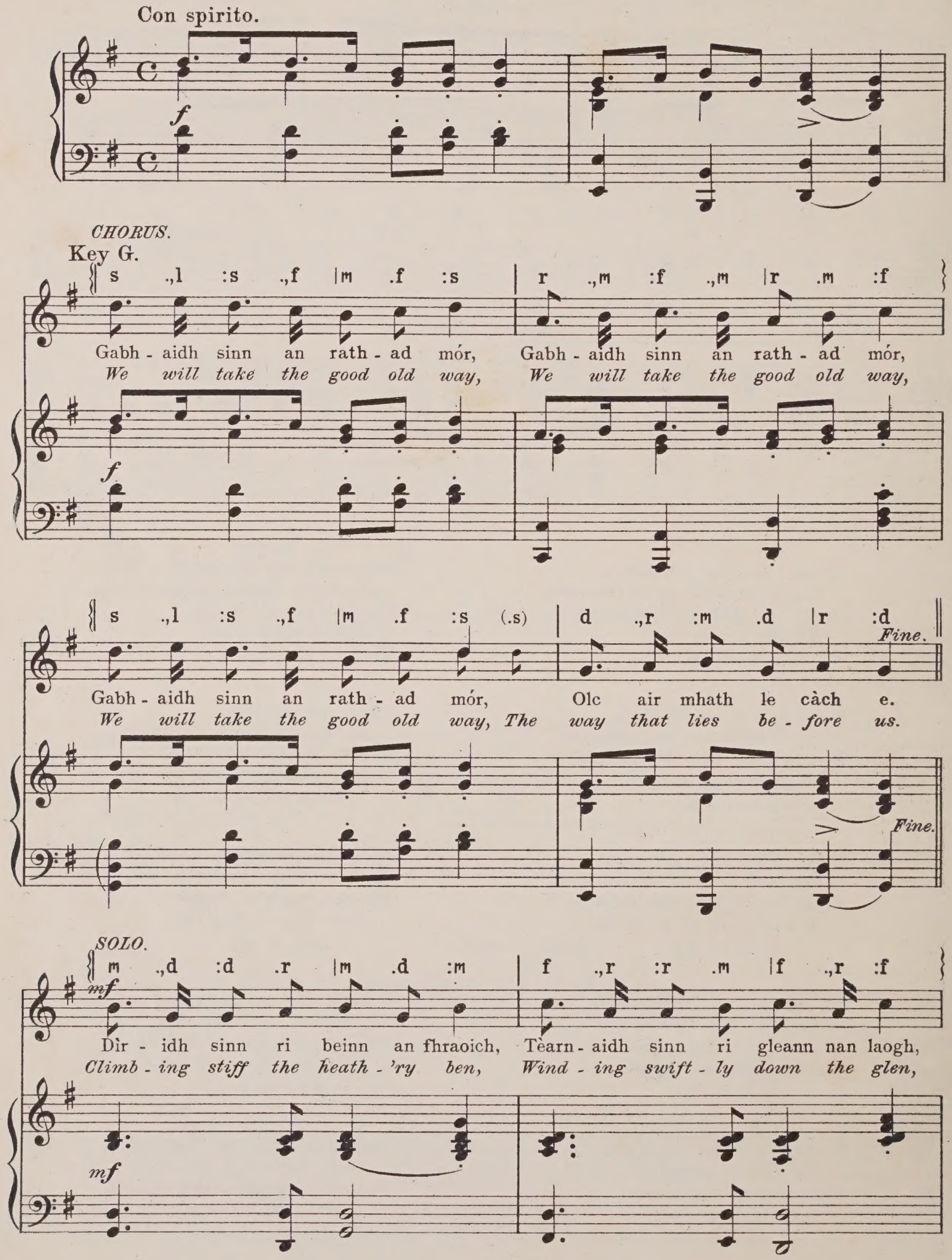
5.
O hush thee, my baby,
The time will soon come,
When thy sleep shall be broken
By trumpet and drum.
O ho ro, &c.

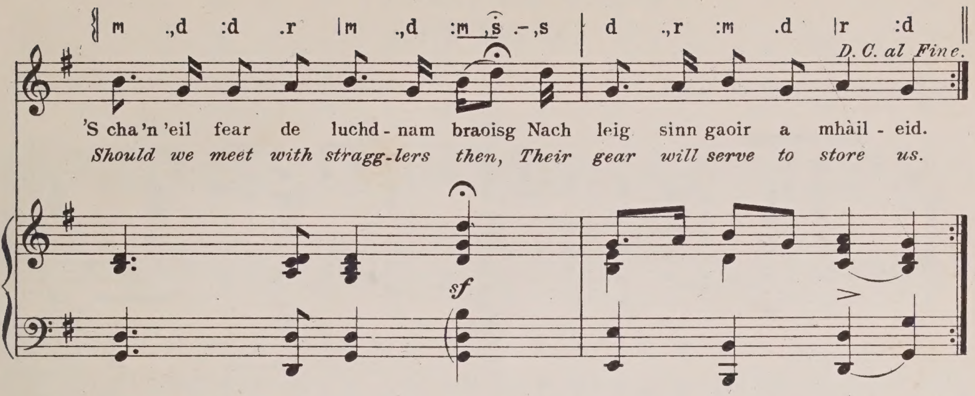
6.
Then hush thee, my darling,
Take rest while you may;
For strife comes with manhood,
And waking with day.
O ho ro, &c.

GABHAIDH SINN AN RATHAD MÓR.

We will take the good old way.

Gaelic Words attributed to JOHN BRECK MAC KENDRICK. Translation by MALCOLM MAC FARLANE.


Con spirito.
f
CHORUS.
Key G.
s .,l :s .,f |m .f :s | r .,m :f .,m |r .m :f
Gabh - aidh sinn an rath - ad mór, Gabh - aidh sinn an rath - ad mór,
We will take the good old way, We will take the good old way,
f
s .,l :s .,f |m .f :s (.s) | d .,r :m .d |r :d
Fine.
Gabh - aidh sinn an rath - ad mór, Olc air mhath le càch e.
We will take the good old way, The way that lies be - fore us.
Fine.
SOLO.
m .,d :d .r |m .d :m | f .,r :r .m |f .,r :f
mf
Dìr - idh sinn ri beinn an fhraoich, Tèarn - aidh sinn ri gleann nan laogh,
Climb - ing stiff the heath - 'ry ben, Wind - ing swift - ly down the glen,
mf


m .,d :d .r |m .,d :m ,s .-,s | d .,r :m .d |r :d
D. C. al Fine.
'S cha 'n 'eil fear de luchd - nam braoisg Nach leig sinn gaoir a mhàil - eid.
Should we meet with stragg-lers then, Their gear will serve to store us.
sf

2.
Olc air mhath le Cloinn-an-t-Saoir,
Olc air mhath le Cloinn-an-t-Saoir,
Olc air mhath le Cloinn-an-t-Saoir,
'S bodaich mhaol an làgain.

Gabhaidh sinn, &c.

3.
Thar a' mhonaidh null 'n ar sgrìob
Sios Gleann-Comhann air bheag sgìos
Mèarsaidh sinn an ainm an Rìgh
Olc air mhath le càch e.

Gabhaidh sinn, &c.

4.
Gu Mac-ic- Alasdair 's Lochial,
Bith 'dh iad leinn mar bha iad riamh,
'S Fear-na- Ceapach mar ar miann
Olc air mhath le càch e.

Gabhaidh sinn, &c.

5.
Thig Clann-a'-Phearsoin, feachd nam buadh,
'S thig Cloinn-Choinnich o'n Taobh-tuath,
'S mairg an dream do'n nochd iad fuath,
'N uair dh' éireas gruaim nam blàr orr'.

Gabhaidh sinn, &c.

6.
Thig Clann-Ghriogair garg 's an strì
'Us Stiùbhartaich, 's iad sluagh an Rìgh;
Mèarsaibh uallach,— suas a' phìob!
Olc air mhath le càch e.

Gabhaidh sinn, &c.

2.
Mac Intyres watch on the hill,
Be their wishes good or ill,
We will keep whate'er their will,
The way that lies before us.

We will take, &c.

3.
O'er the mountain's rocky steep
Down Glencoe our course will keep
In the King's name we will sweep
The rebels on before us.

We will take, &c.

4.
To Glengarry and Lochiel
Keppoch trusty true as steel
Hearts and claymores ever leal
As were their sires before them.

We will take, &c.

5.
Bold Mac Phersons will come forth
With Mackenzies from the north:—
Where be they, would try their worth
In battle's strife before them?

We will take, &c.

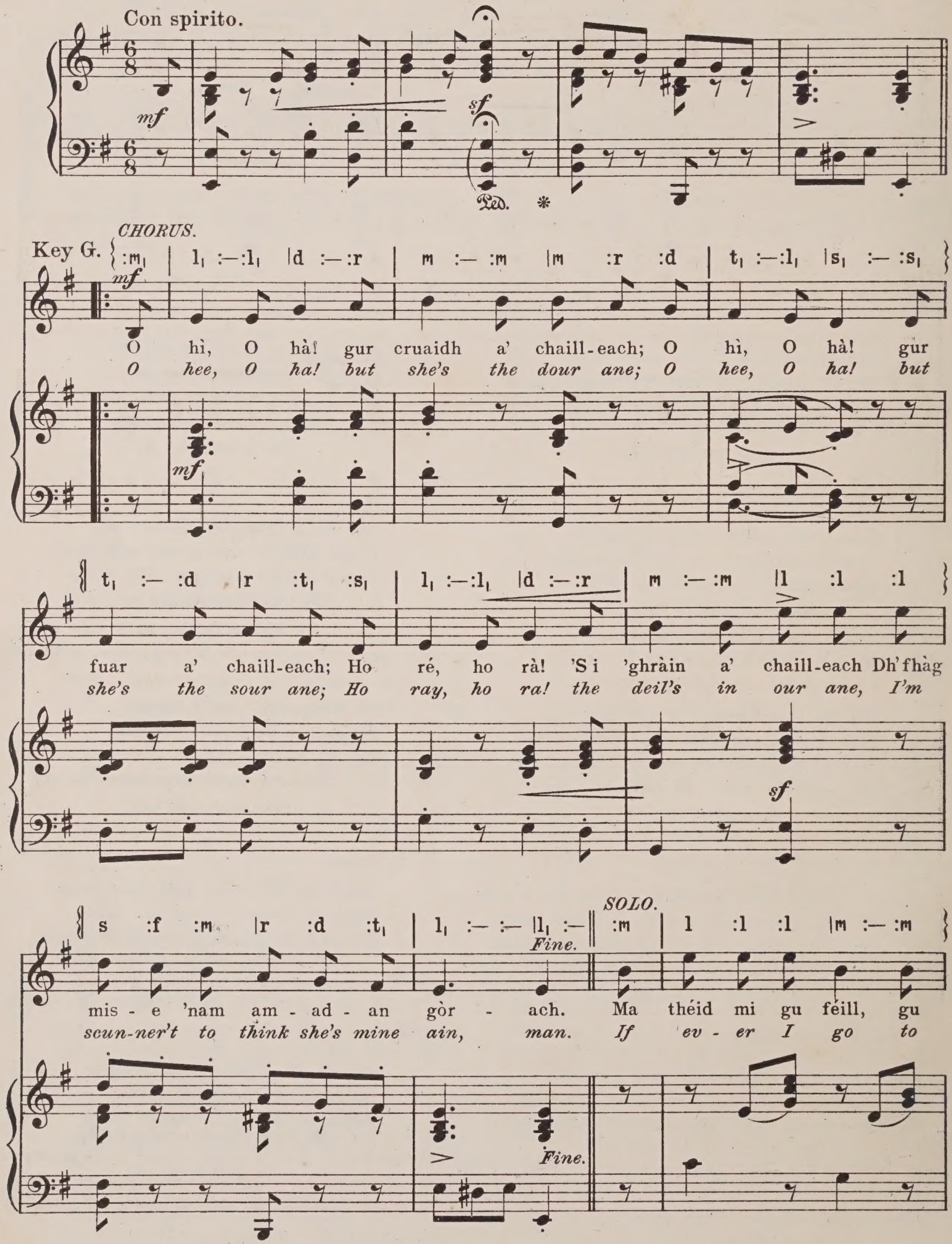
6.
Fierce Mac Gregors, to us speed,
Stewarts of the royal seed—
Bagpipes ready,— pipers lead
The way that lies before us.

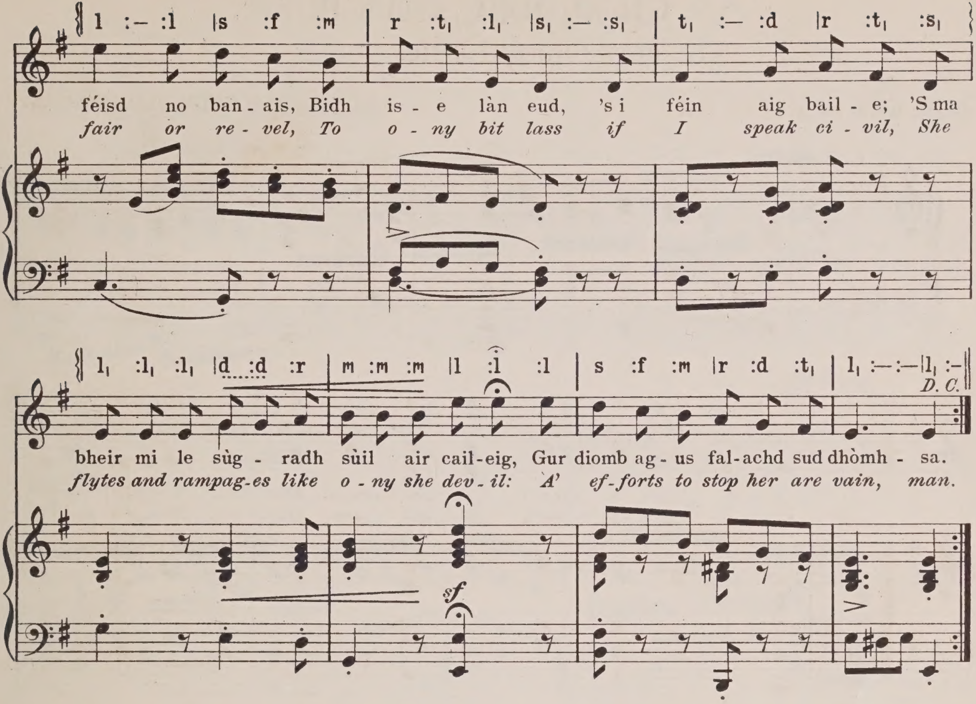
We will take, &c.

ORAN NA CAILLICH.

Our old Wife.

Gaelic Words by AILEAN DALL. Translation by MALCOLM MAC FARLANE.


Con spirito.
mf
sf
Ped. *
CHORUS.
Key G. :m₁ | l₁ :— :l₁ | d :— :r | m :— :m | m :r :d | t₁ :— :l₁ | s₁ :— :s₁
mf
O hì, O hà! gur cruaidh a' chaill-each; O hì, O hà! gur
O hee, O ha! but she's the dour ane; O hee, O ha! but
mf
t₁ :— :d | r :t₁ :s₁ | l₁ :— :l₁ | d :— :r | m :— :m | l :l :l
fuar a' chaill-each; Ho ré, ho rà! 'S i 'ghràin a' chaill-each Dh' fhàg
she's the sour ane; Ho ray, ho ra! the deil's in our ane, I'm
sf
SOLO.
s :f :m | r :d :t₁ | l₁ :— :— | l₁ :— || :m | l :l :l | m :— :m
Fine.
mis - e 'nam am - ad - an gòr - ach. Ma théid mi gu féill, gu
scun-ner't to think she's mine ain, man. If ev - er I go to
Fine.


l :– :l |s :f :m | r :t, :l, |s, :– :s, | t, :– :d |r :t, :s,
féisd no ban - ais, Bidh is - e làn eud, 's i féin aig bail - e; 'S ma
fair or re - vel, To o - ny bit lass if I speak ci - vil, She
l, :l, :l, |d :d :r | m :m :m |l :l :l | s :f :m |r :d :t, | l, :– :– |l, :–
D. C.
bheir mi le sùg - radh sùil air cail-eig, Gur diomb ag - us fal-achd sud dhòmh - sa.
flytes and rampag-es like o - ny she dev - il: A' ef-forts to stop her are vain, man.
sf

2.

Mur ceannaich mi *tea*, cha 'n fhiach mi m' fharraid,
A leigheas a cinn, 's i tinn a' gearan,
Cha dean i rium sìth, ach strìth is carraid;
'S ri cànran teallaich i 'n còmhnuidh.
O hì, O hà! &c.

3.

Cha 'n airgead, cha 'n òr, cha stòr, cha trusgan
Chuir mis air a tòir ri mòran cuirteis;
Ach dalladh fo sgleò le sèorsa buidseachd—
'S ann agam tha 'n t-ùirsgeul air Seònaid.
O hì, O hà! &c.

4.

Gun fhiacal 'na ceann, 's car cam 'na peirceall;
Nuair thogadh i greann an àm an fheasgair,
Gu'n teicheadh an clann gach crann 's gach seisreach
Aig meud an eagail roimh 'gròigeas!
O hì, O hà! &c.

5.

Gur tric 'san tigh-òsd mi 'g òl nan drama,
Air teicheadh o Sheònaid tha 'n còmhnuidh 'talach;
Na'm faighinn m' a sgòrnan ròp, 's cead tarruinn—
Uist! Sin i a' chailleach an tòir orm!
O hì, O hà! &c.

2.

Gin I buy her na tea her drouth to slocken,
I'm callous, or careless, or no worth a docken;
She channers an grumphs till my temper is broken;
And then there's a shindy again, man.
O hee, O ha! &c.

3.

It wasna plenishing, gowd nor siller
That drew me unsuspectin' till her;
But some kind o' glamour a fell ill-willer
Maun ha'e cast like a mist owre my e'en, man.
O hee, O ha! &c.

4.

She's lantern-jawed; her teeth are rotten;
She's crookit in ilka limb she's gotten;
The bairns and the horses, they scour awa trottin'
When she's in the camsteerie vein, man.
O hee, O ha! &c.

5.

I'm often now seen the waur o' whisky;
Wi' sic a like wife I maun drink to be frisky;
A rope roun' her neck—eh! that wad be risky—
Hark! There's the auld besom again, man.
O hee, O ha! &c.

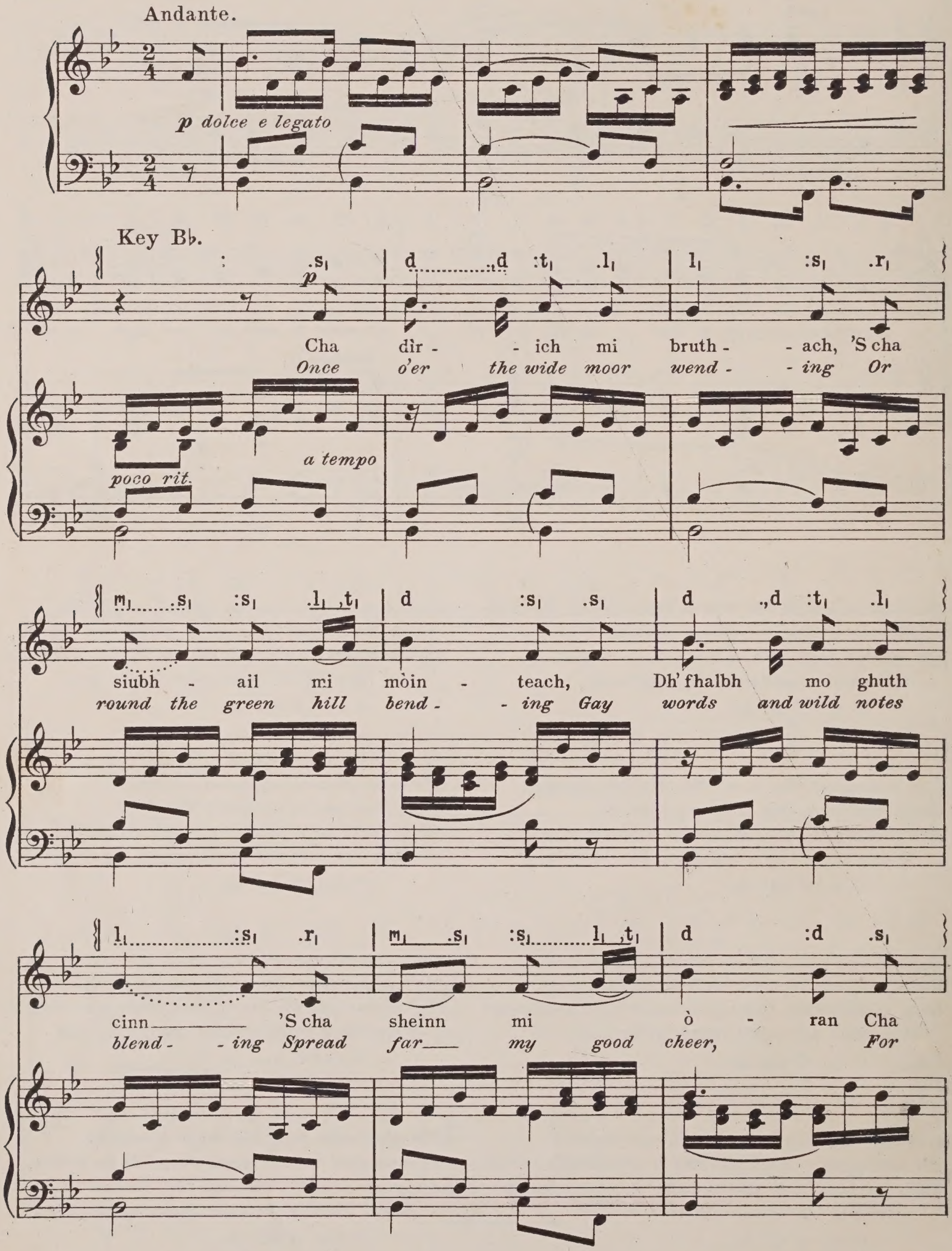
Oran na Caillich.

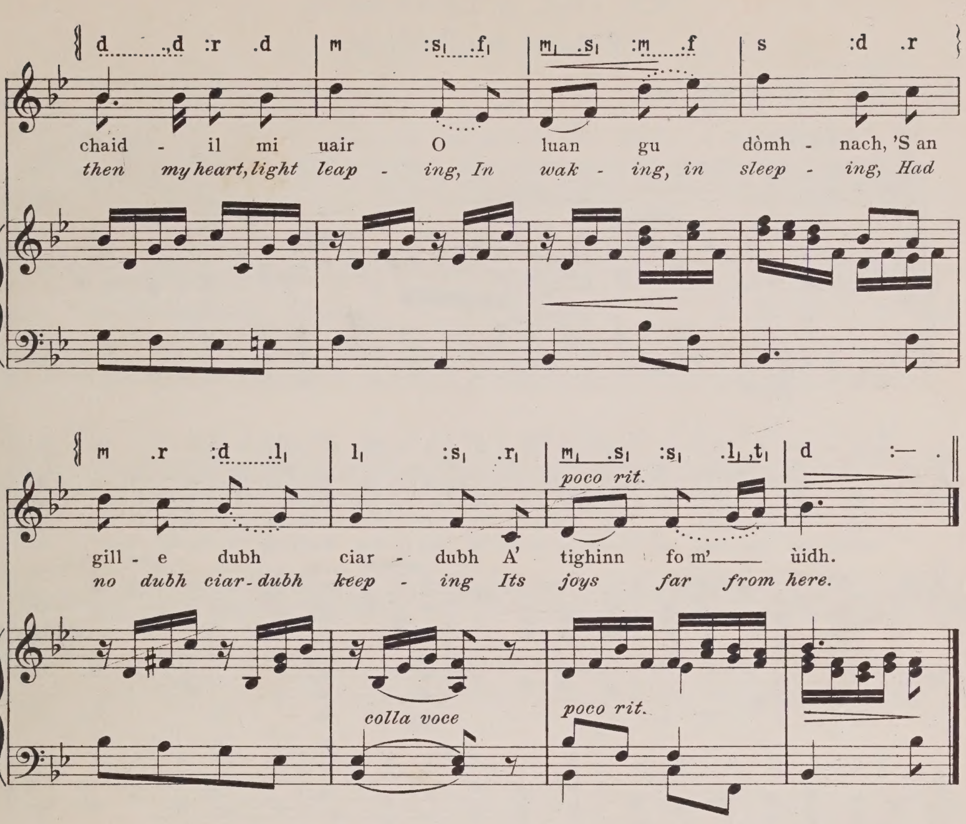
AN GILLE DUBH CIAR-DUBH.

The dark, black-haired youth.

Gaelic Words old.

Translation by THOMAS PATTISON.


Andante.
p dolce e legato
Key B♭.
p
:.s₁ | d .,d :t₁ .l₁ | l₁ :s₁ .r₁
Cha dìr - - ich mi bruth - - ach, 'S cha
Once o'er the wide moor wend - - ing Or
poco rit.
a tempo
m₁ .s₁ :s₁ .l₁ ,t₁ | d :s₁ .s₁ | d .,d :t₁ .l₁
siubh - ail mi mòin - teach, Dh' fhalbh mo ghuth
round the green hill bend - - ing Gay words and wild notes
l₁ :s₁ .r₁ | m₁ .s₁ :s₁ .l₁ ,t₁ | d :d .s₁
cinn 'S cha sheinn mi ò - ran Cha
blend - - ing Spread far my good cheer, For


d ..d :r .d | m :s, .f, | m, .s, :m .f | s :d .r
chaid - il mi uair O luan gu dòmh - nach, 'S an
then my heart, light leap - ing, In wak - ing, in sleep - ing, Had
m .r :d .l, | l, :s, .r, | m, .s, :s, .l, ,t, | d :— .
poco rit.
gill - e dubh ciar - dubh A' tighinn fo m' ùidh.
no dubh ciar-dubh keep - ing Its joys far from here.
colla voce
poco rit.

2.

'S truagh nach robh mise
'S an gille dubh ciar-dubh
An aodann na beinne
Fo shileadh nan siantan;
An lagan beag fàsaich
No'n àiteiginn dìomhair:
'S cha ghabh mi fear liath
'S e tighinn fo m'ùidh.

2.

And now that together
Dubh ciar-dubh, dubh ciar-dubh,
We faced the rude weather
On hills black and blue!
Some peaceful spot near me
I'd choose, and there cheer me
No grey-beard to fear me
And thou in my view.

3.

Mo ghille dubh bòidheach,
Ge gòrach le càch thu
Dheanainn do phòsadh,
Gu 'n deòin de mo chàirdean;
Shiùbhlainn leat fada
Feadh lagan is fàsach,
'S cha ghabh mi fear liath
'S tu tighinn fo m'ùidh.

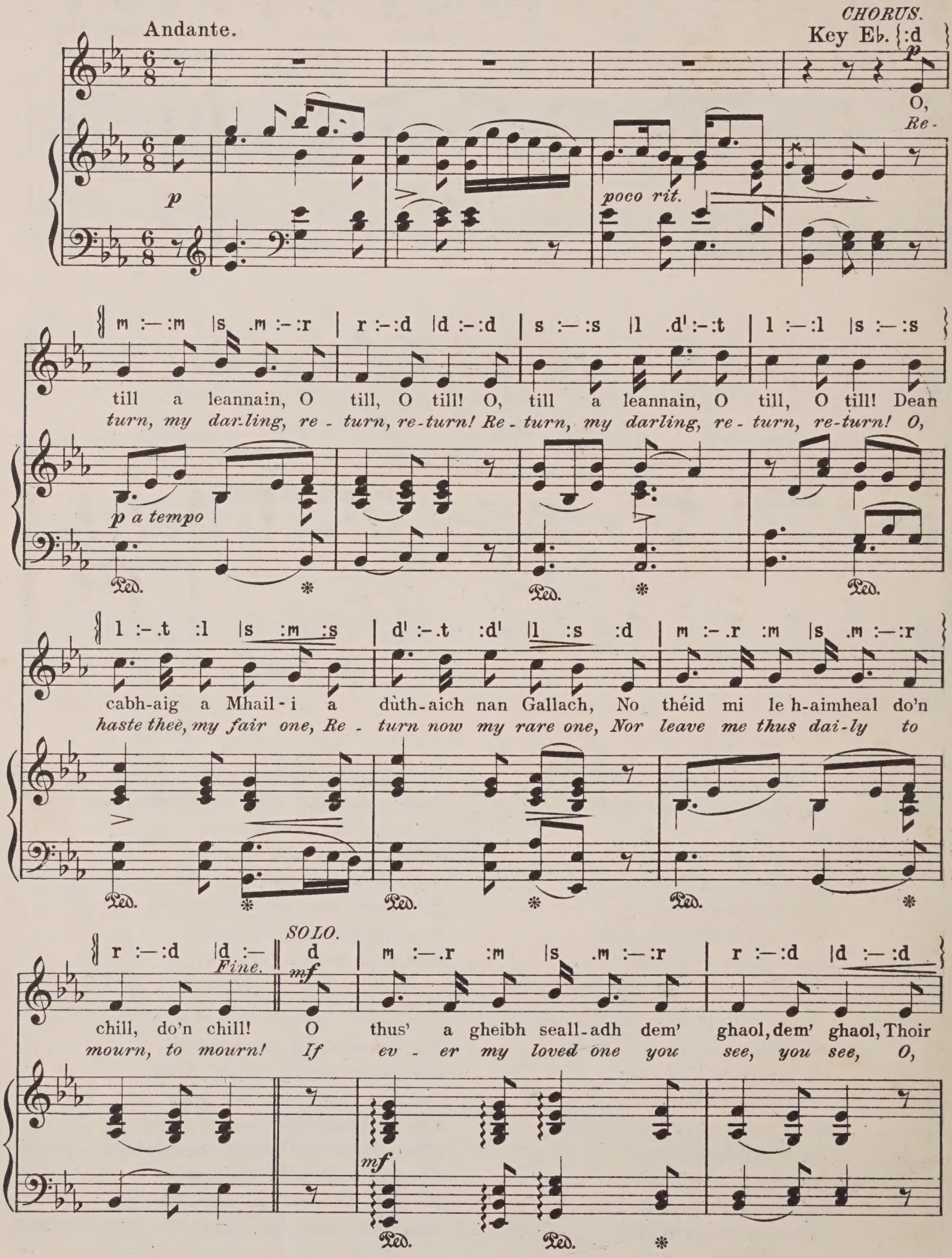
3.

My bonnie dubh, ciar-dubh!
Let sharp tongues assail thee,
One heart will not fail thee
That knows to be true.
Dubh, ciar-dubh! dubh ciar-dubh!
Though poor, poor thou be
No rich old man can please me
Like thee, love, like thee!

*O, TILL A LEANNAIN.

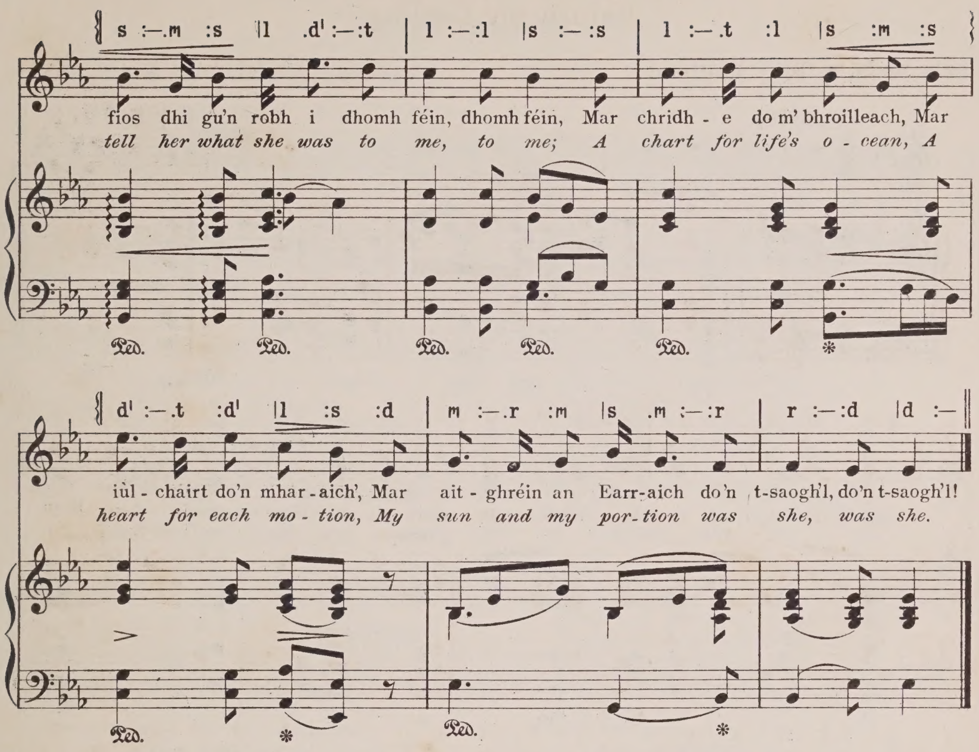
Return, my Darling.

Gaelic Words by EVAN MAC COLL. Translation by HENRY WHYTE. (Fionn.)


Andante.
CHORUS.
Key E♭. {:d }
p
O,
Re-
poco rit.
m :—:m |s .m :—:r | r :—:d |d :—:d | s :—:s |l .d' :—.t | l :—:l |s :—:s
till a leannain, O till, O till! O, till a leannain, O till, O till! Dean
turn, my dar-ling, re - turn, re-turn! Re - turn, my darling, re - turn, re-turn! O,
p a tempo
Ped.
l :—.t :l |s :m :s | d' :—.t :d' |l :s :d | m :—.r :m |s .m :—:r
cabh-aig a Mhail-i a dùth-aich nan Gallach, No théid mi le h-aimheal do'n
haste theè, my fair one, Re - turn now my rare one, Nor leave me thus dai-ly to
r :—:d |d :— || d | m :—.r :m |s .m :—:r | r :—:d |d :—:d
Fine.
SOLO.
mf
chill, do'n chill! O thus' a gheibh seall-adh dem' ghaol, dem' ghaol, Thoir
mourn, to mourn! If ev - er my loved one you see, you see, O,

---

* The above air is now printed for the first time; an arrangement of it in two parts sung by Miss A. Campbell Whyte and Mr. John Mac Leod (both Mòd gold medallists), took the first prize at the Mod of the Comunn Gaidhealach held at Greenock in 1904.


s :—.m :s |l .d' :—:t | l :—:l |s :—:s | l :—.t :l |s :m :s
fios dhi gu'n robh i dhomh féin, dhomh féin, Mar chridh - e do m' bhroilleach, Mar
tell her what she was to me, to me; A chart for life's o - cean, A
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. *
d' :—.t :d' |l :s :d | m :—.r :m |s .m :—:r | r :—:d |d :—
iùl - chairt do'n mhar - aich', Mar ait - ghréin an Earr-aich do'n t-saogh'l, do'n t-saogh'l!
heart for each mo - tion, My sun and my por - tion was she, was she.
Ped. * Ped. *

2.

O, c' àite 'm bheil coimeas do m' luaidh, do m' luaidh?
Mar ròs air uchd eala tha 'gruaidh, tha 'gruaidh;
Clàr-aghaidh a's gile
Na 'm bainne 'g a shileadh,
No 'ghrian 's i gu luighe 's a' chuan, 's a' chuan.

O, till a leannain, &c.

3.

Na 'm faiceadh tu 'pearsa gun mheang, gun mheang
Na'n cluinneadh tu 'labhairt gun sgraing, gun sgraing
Na 'm biodh tu le m' chruinneig
'N àm togail nan luinneag,
Gu 'n lasadh do chridhe gun taing, gun taing.

O, till a leannain, &c.

4.

Mo chridhe-sa! 's tusa 'bhios truagh, 'bhios truagh,
Mur pill is' 'thog oirre gu Cluaidh, gu Cluaidh:
Gu 'm b' fheàrr na bhi maille
Ri té eil' air thalamh,
'Bhi sìnte ri m' Mhaili 's an uaigh, 's an uaigh!

O, till a leannain, &c.

2.

O, what with my love may compare, compare?
Not the swan or the rose so fair, so fair;
Much whiter I trow,
Than snow is her brow,
Or the sun setting low, so fair, so fair.

Return, my darling, &c.

3.

If you on my dear one should gaze, should gaze,
If you were to hear what she says, she says,
If you heard my pretty
One singing her ditty,
Your bosom would get in a blaze, a blaze.

Return, my darling, &c.

4.

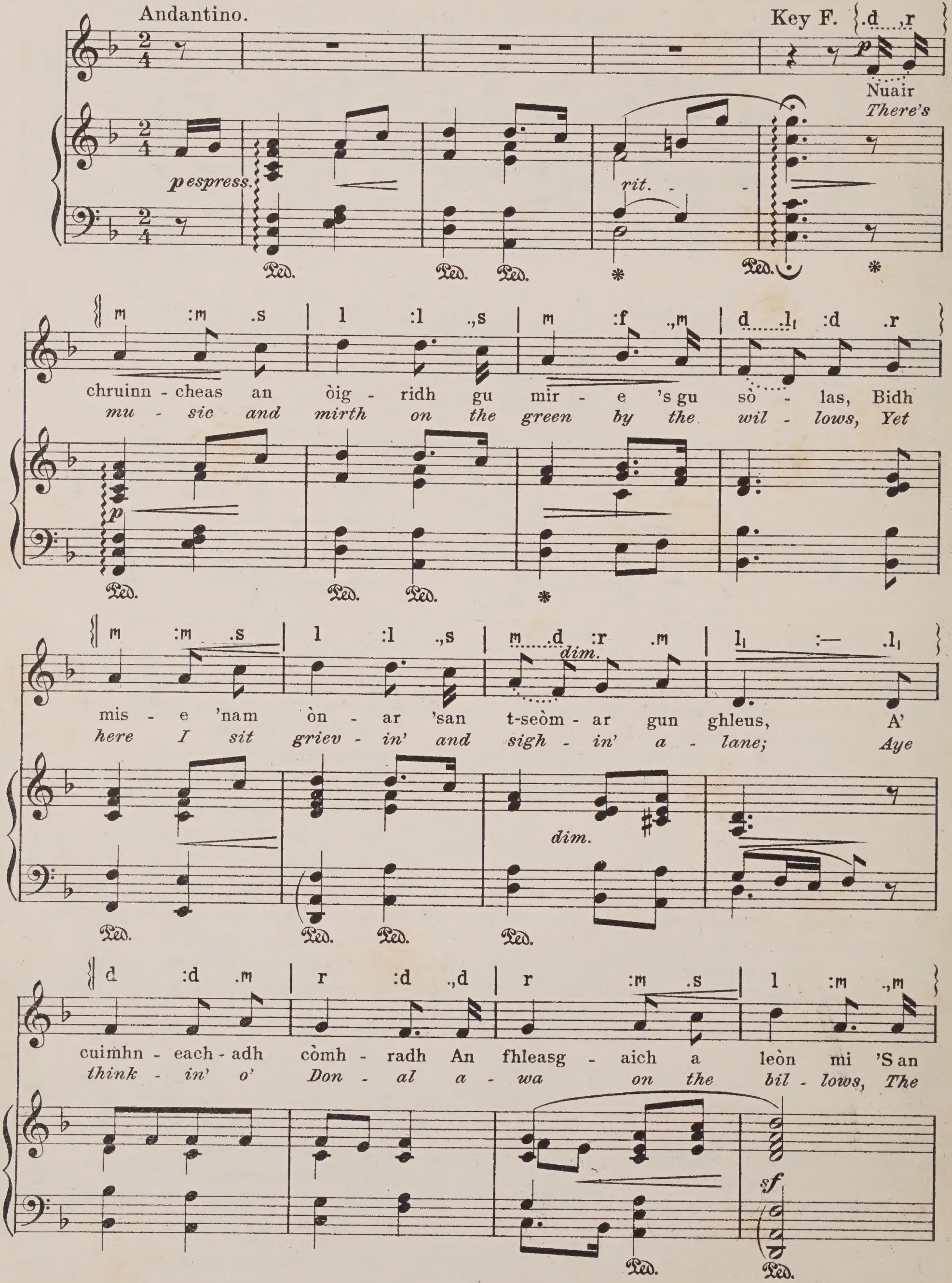
But if she forsake me, my gloom, my gloom!
All pleasure and strength shall consume, consume,
And rather than stray
With another away,
I would lie with my May in the tomb, the tomb.

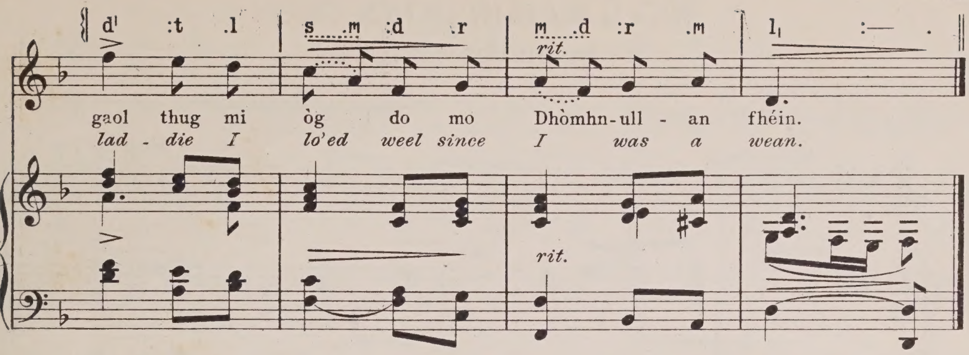
Return, my darling, &c.

MO DHÒMHNULLAN FHÉIN.

My ain dear Donal.

Gaelic Words by NEIL MAC LEOD. Translation by MALCOLM MAC FARLANE.


Andantino.
Key F.
.d ,r
Nuair
There's
p espress.
rit.
m :m .s | l :l ,s | m :f ,m | d .l, :d .r
chruinn - cheas an òig - ridh gu mir - e 's gu sò - las, Bidh
mu - sic and mirth on the green by the wil - lows, Yet
p
m :m .s | l :l ,s | m .d :r .m | l, :— .l,
mis - e 'nam òn - ar 'san t-seòm - ar gun ghleus, A'
here I sit griev - in' and sigh - in' a - lane; Aye
dim.
d :d .m | r :d ,d | r :m .s | l :m ,m
cuimhn - each - adh còmh - radh An fhleasg - aich a leòn mi 'S an
think - in' o' Don - al a - wa on the bil - lows, The
sf


d' :t .l | s .m :d .r | m .d :r .m | l, :— .
rit.
gaol thug mi òg do mo Dhòmhn-ull - an fhéin.
lad - die I lo'ed weel since I was a wean.
rit.

2.
Tha m' athair 's mo mhàthair
Ri gearan 's ri cànran,
'S a' cantainn nach fheàrr mi
Na pàisde gun chéill,
Mo ghaol thoirt a dh' òigfhear
Tha daonnan a' seòladh,
'S a sgaoileas a stòras
Gun ghò ris gach té.

3.
Ged gheibhinn fear chruachan
Le pailteas mu 'n cuairt da,
Gu 'n toirt aig an t-sluagh dheth,
Gun suairceas 'na ghnè;
Ciod e ni e dhòmhsa
Na chunntadh e dh' òr dhomh,
'S mo chridhe le deòin aig
Mo Dhòmhnullan fhéin?

4.
Tha dualagan bòidheach,
De 'chuailean 'nam phòca,
'S a dhealbh air a chòmhdach
Le òr ann an céis;
Tha shùilean cho beò ann,
'S a ghruaidh mar na ròsan,
Ag ùrachadh dhòmhsa
Mo Dhòmhnullan fhéin.

5.
Nuair thachradh an còmhlan
'Sa chlachan Di-Dòmhnaich,
'Nam measg cha robh òigfhear
Cho còmhnard 'na cheum;
Cho beusach 'na chòmhradh,
Cho fearail 'na dhòighean:
Bhiodh sùil aig gach òigh air
Mo Dhòmhnullan fhéin.

6.
Nuair dh' éireas na cuantan,
A' beucail le buaireas,
Na neòil air an ruagadh,
Is gruaim air an speur,
Bidh mise 'nam ghòraig,
Ag éisdeachd an còmhraig,
'S mo chridhe 'gá leòn mu
Mo Dhòmhnullan fhéin.

2.
My faither he channers,
And sae does my mither;
They say I'm as menseless
As ony bairn still,
My love to be warin'
On ane sae thro-ither,
Wha spen's a' his earnin's
Just like a saft fuil.

3.
Tho' an earl or a duke
They wad gi'e me as lover,
And deck me in garments
Quite fit for a queen,
I'd lea' them for Donal,
My kind-hearted rover,
Wi' his frank open face
And his lauchin' blue e'en.

4.
A curl o' his broon hair
I keep in my bosom;
A case wi' his picture
I treasure forbye;
I look on the dear face
And think if I'd lose him,
My life wad just be
Like a burnie run dry.

5.
At kirk on the Sunday,
When folks wad be meetin',
There wasna a gallant
Amang them sae braw;
Sae manly his bearin',
Sae kindly his greetin',
That nane could keep e'en
Aff my Donal ava.

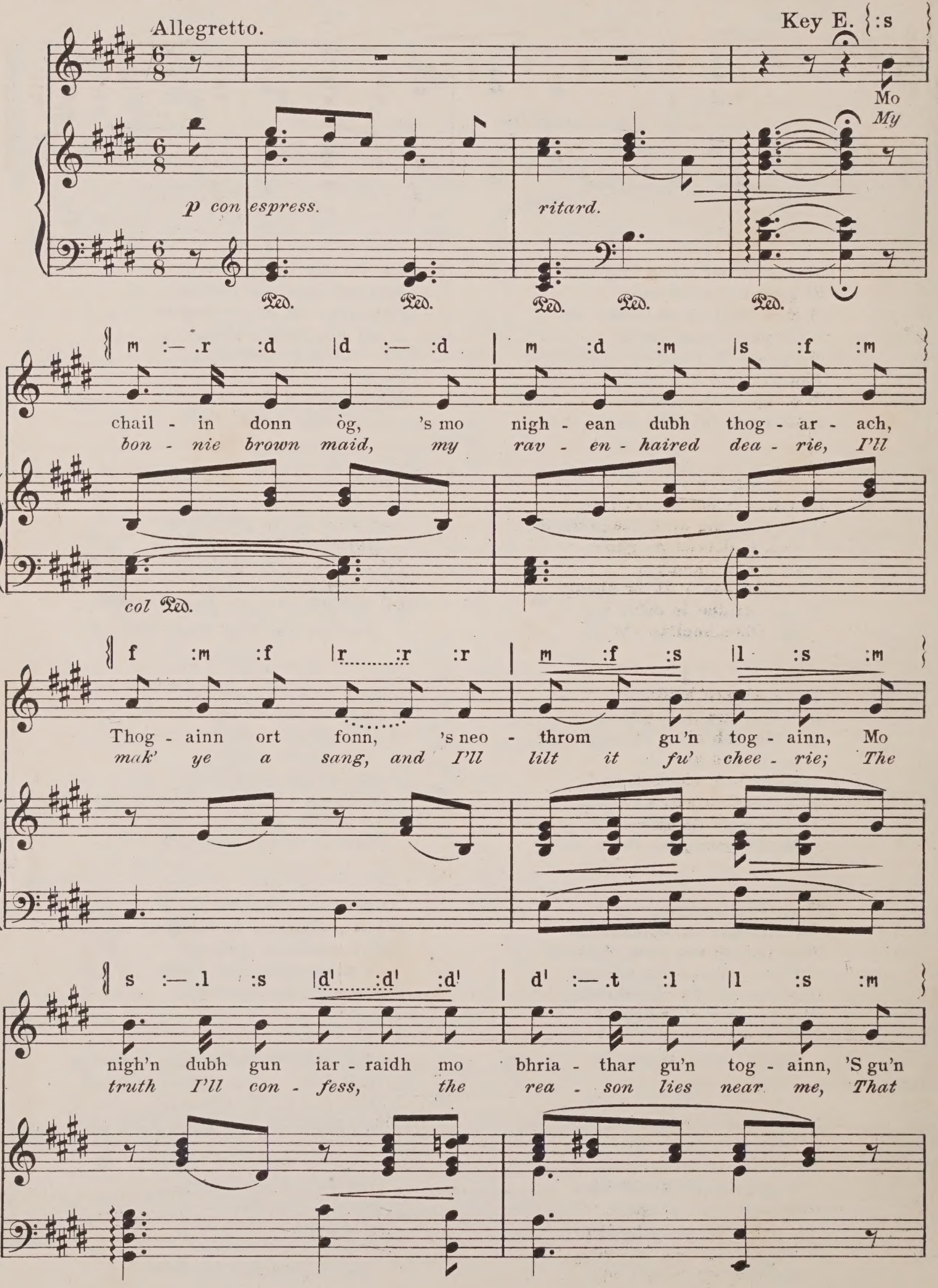
6.
When tempests arise
And the dark clouds are driven,
And waves toss and tumble
Wi' bellow and roar,
I tremble for Donal,
And cry up to heaven:
"Oh, keep my love safe
Till he reaches the shore!"

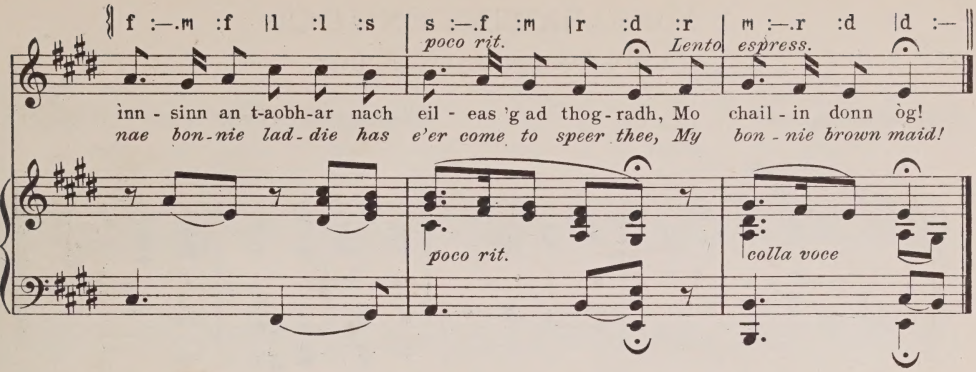
MO CHAILIN DONN ÒG.

My bonnie brown Maid.

Gaelic Words by
"Calum a' Ghlinne" (M. MAC LEAN.)

Translation by MALCOLM MAC FARLANE.


Allegretto.
Key E. :s
p con espress.
ritard.
Ped.
col Ped.
Mo
My
m :— .r :d |d :— :d | m :d :m |s :f :m
chail - in donn òg, 's mo nigh - ean dubh thog - ar - ach,
bon - nie brown maid, my rav - en - haired dea - rie, I'll
f :m :f |r :r :r | m :f :s |l :s :m
Thog - ainn ort fonn, 's neo - throm gu'n tog - ainn, Mo
mak' ye a sang, and I'll lilt it fu' chee - rie; The
s :— .l :s |d' :d' :d' | d' :— .t :l |l :s :m
nigh'n dubh gun iar - raidh mo bhria - thar gu'n tog - ainn, 'S gu'n
truth I'll con - fess, the rea - son lies near me, That


f :—.m :f |l :l :s | s :—.f :m |r :d :r | m :—.r :d |d :—
poco rit.
Lento
espress.
ìnn - sinn an t-aobh-ar nach eil - eas 'g ad thog-radh, Mo chail - in donn òg!
nae bon-nie lad-die has e'er come to speer thee, My bon - nie brown maid!
poco rit.
colla voce

2.
Gu bheil thu gu bòidheach, bainndidh, banail,
Gun chron ort fo'n ghréin, gun bheum gun sgainnir;
Gur gil' thu fo d' léine na éiteag na mara,
'S tha choir agam fhéin gun do chéile bhi mar-riut.

3.
Gur muladach mi,'s mi'n déigh nach math leam,
Na dheanadh dhomh stàth aig càch 'g a mhalairt;
Bith'dh t'athair an còmhnuidh 'g òl le caithream,
'S e eòlas nan còrn a dh'fhàg e cho falamh.

4.
Na'm bithinn ag òl mu bhòrd na dibhe,
'S gu'm faicinn mo mhiann 's mo chiall a' tighinn,
'S e 'n copan beag donn thogadh fonn air mo chridhe,
'S cha tugainn mo bhriathran nach iarrainn e rithist.

5.
Bith'dh bodaich na dùtch' ri bùrt 's ri fanaid,
A' cantainn rium féin nach géill mi dh ainnis,
Ged tha mi gun spréidh tha teud ri tharruing,
'S cha sguir mi de 'n òl fhad 's is beò mi air thalamh.

6.
'S ioma bodachan gnù nach dùraig mi aithris,
Le thional air spréidh, 's iad 'ga thréigsinn a's t-earrach,
Nach òl anns a' bhliadhna trian a' ghallain,
'S cha toir e fo'n ùir na 's mù na bheir Calum.

7.
Na'm bithinn air féill, 's na ceudan mar-rium,
De chuideachda chòir a dh' òladh drama,
Gu'n suidhinn mu'n bhòrd 's gu'n tràighinn mo shearrag,
'S cha d' thuirt mo bhean riamh rium ach—"Dia leat, a Chalum".

8.
Ged tha mi gun stòr, le òl 's le iomairt,
Air bheagan de nì, le prìs na mine,
Tha m' fhortan aig Dia, 's e fialaidh uime,
'S ma gheibh mi mo shlàinte, gu'm pàigh mi na shir mi.

9.
Ge mór le càch na tha mi milleadh,
Cha tugainn mo bhòid nach òlainn tuillidh,
'S e gaol a bhi mòr tha m' fheòil a' sireadh,—
Tha'n sgeul ud ri aithris air Calum a' Ghlinne.

2.
Thou'rt modest and comely, thou'rt blythe and thou'rt bonnie,
And ne'er in thy heart could'st thou wish ill to onie;
Thou'rt fairer, by far, when thou'rt dressed in thy plaidie,
Than mony's a gaudy and braw-buskit lady.

3.
Here sits your fule faither the waur o' the drappie,
While others noo handle what micht mak' ye happy;
His cunyie took wings, while he roared and he chantit,
In horns without number; and noo ye maun want it.

4.
Were I in the inn sitting heartsome and cheerie,
And seeing thee passing, my ain bonnie dearie,
The little brown coggie would wauken my speerits,
To sing a bit sang on thy beauty and merits.

5.
A wheen o' dowf bodies they scorn me and jeer me,
And tell me that poverty soon will be near me;
My gear may be scanty, but that winna grieve me;
I'll stick to the dram till my last breath shall leave me.

6.
There's warldly auld carles, too, I carena to mention,
To corn and to cattle pay a' their attention,
Wha drink in a year no the third o' a gallon—
They'll tak to the cauld yird nae mair than puir Callum.

7.
At fairs and at markets I meet wi guid fellows,
And maybe I aft sit and drink till I'm mellow:
But, though I should finish a bottle in glasses,
My wife ne'er said waur than "'Od Callum, guid bless us."

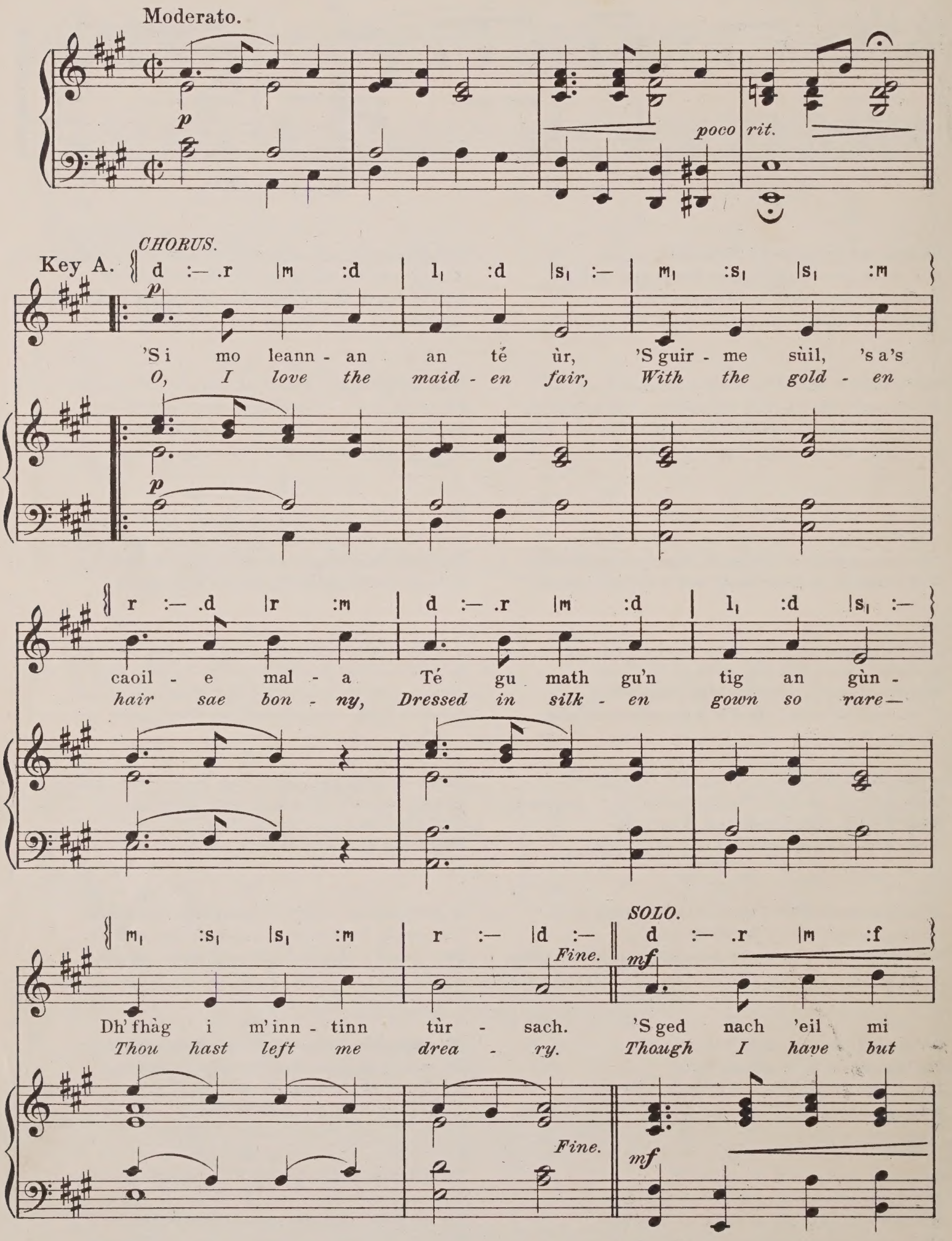
8.
My pouch has a hole in't wi' drinking and ranting;
The meal it is dear, and the siller is wanting;
Yet God in His bounty our store shall provide aye,
And, health being mine, what I seek I will pay't aye.

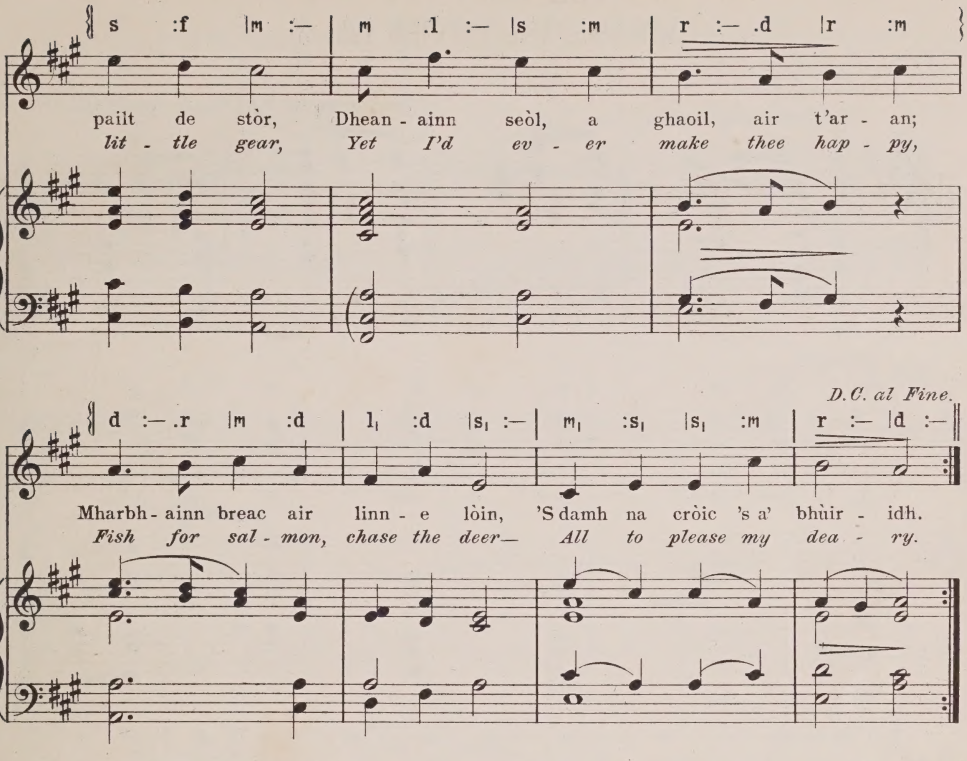
9.
Though douce folks declaim at my drinking and spending:
I wadna just promise they'll e'er see its ending:
The wish to be big—it's my candid opinion,
Will aye be the bane o' puir Calum a' Ghlinne.

’S I MO LEANNAN AN TÉ ÙR.

O, I love the maiden fair.

Gaelic Author unknown. Translation by HENRY WHYTE. (“Fionn.”)


Moderato.
p
poco rit.
CHORUS.
Key A.
d :— .r |m :d | l, :d |s, :— | m, :s, |s, :m
p
’S i mo leann - an an té ùr, ’S guir - me sùil, ’s a’s
O, I love the maid - en fair, With the gold - en
p
r :— .d |r :m | d :— .r |m :d | l, :d |s, :—
caoil - e mal - a Té gu math gu’n tig an gùn -
hair sae bon - ny, Dressed in silk - en gown so rare—
m, :s, |s, :m | r :— |d :— || d :— .r |m :f
SOLO.
Fine.
mf
Dh’ fhàg i m’inn - tinn tùr - sach. ’S ged nach ’eil mi
Thou hast left me drea - ry. Though I have but
Fine.
mf


s :f |m :— | m .l :— |s :m | r :— .d |r :m
pailt de stòr, Dhean - ainn seòl, a ghaoil, air t'ar - an;
lit - tle gear, Yet I'd ev - er make thee hap - py,
D.C. al Fine.
d :— .r |m :d | l, :d |s, :— | m, :s, |s, :m | r :— |d :—
Mharbh - ainn breac air linn - e lòin, 'S damh na cròic 's a' bhùir - idh.
Fish for sal - mon, chase the deer— All to please my dea - ry.

2.

Tha mo chridhe tùrsach, trom,
M'inntinn cha tog fonn ri ealain,
Tha lionn-dubh orm fo thuinn,
Mo nighean donn an t-sùgraidh.

'S i mo leannan an té ùr, &c.

2.

O my heart is sad this day,
And I'll ne'er again be merry,
'Tis for thee my love I'm wae,—
Would that I were near thee.

O, I love the maiden fair, &c.

3.

Tha do chneas mar shneachd air lòn,
Muineal caoin cho geal 's an canach;
Cas is deise 'théid am bròig,
Nach dean feòirnean 'lubadh.

'S i mo leannan an té ùr, &c.

3.

Pure as snow that falls at dawn,
Neck as smooth as moorland cannoch,
Footsteps light as mountain fawn—
Oft her music cheered me.

O, I love the maiden fair, &c.

4.

Tha do ghruaidhean mar an ròs,
Beul a's bòidhche shéideas anail,
Mala chaol mar ite 'n eòin,
Ruisg a's bòidhche dhùineas.

'S i mo leannan an té ùr, &c.

4.

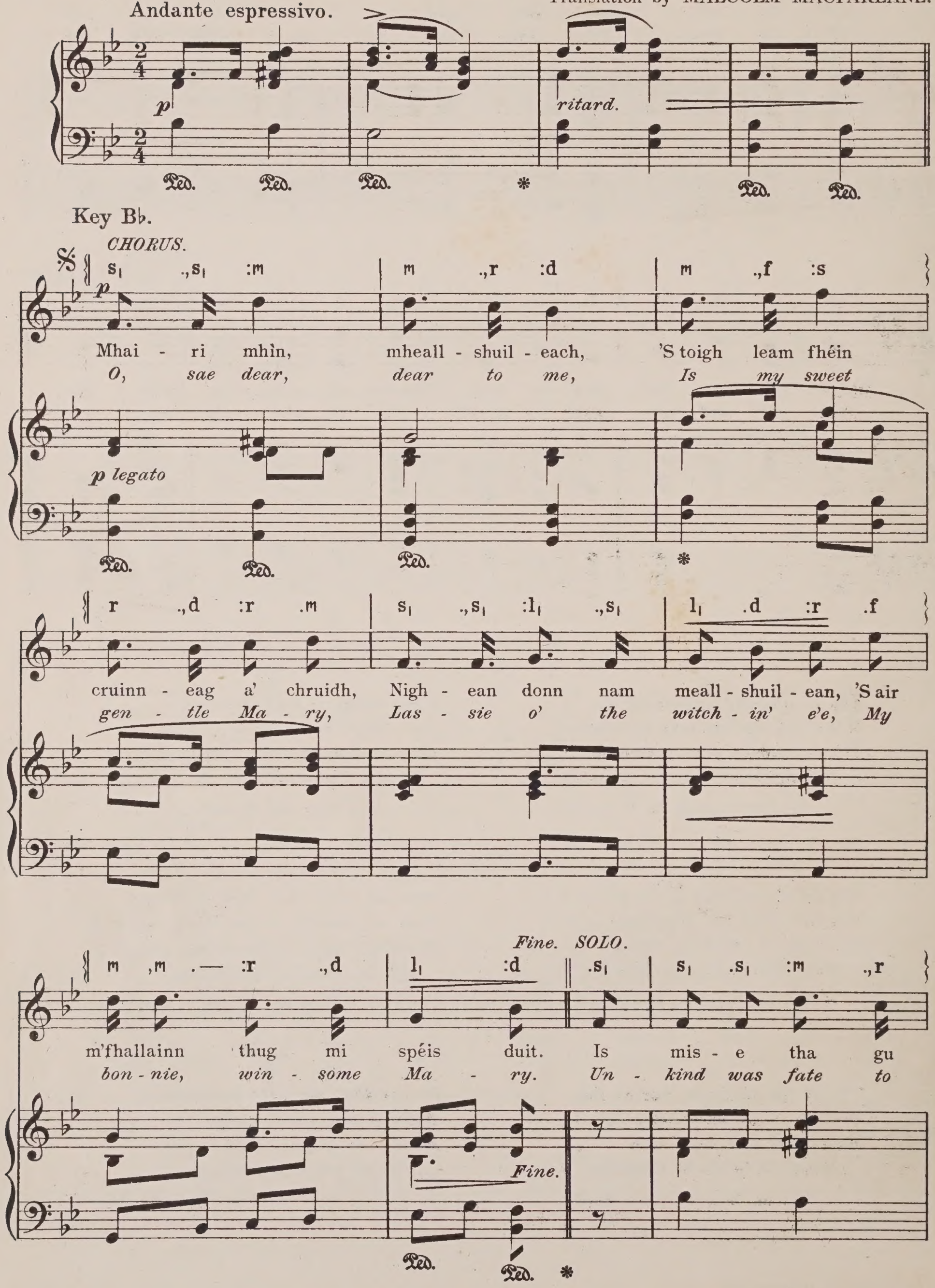
Cheeks that vie with yonder rose,
Fair as any garden lily;
Brow that anger never knows—
Who of her could weary.

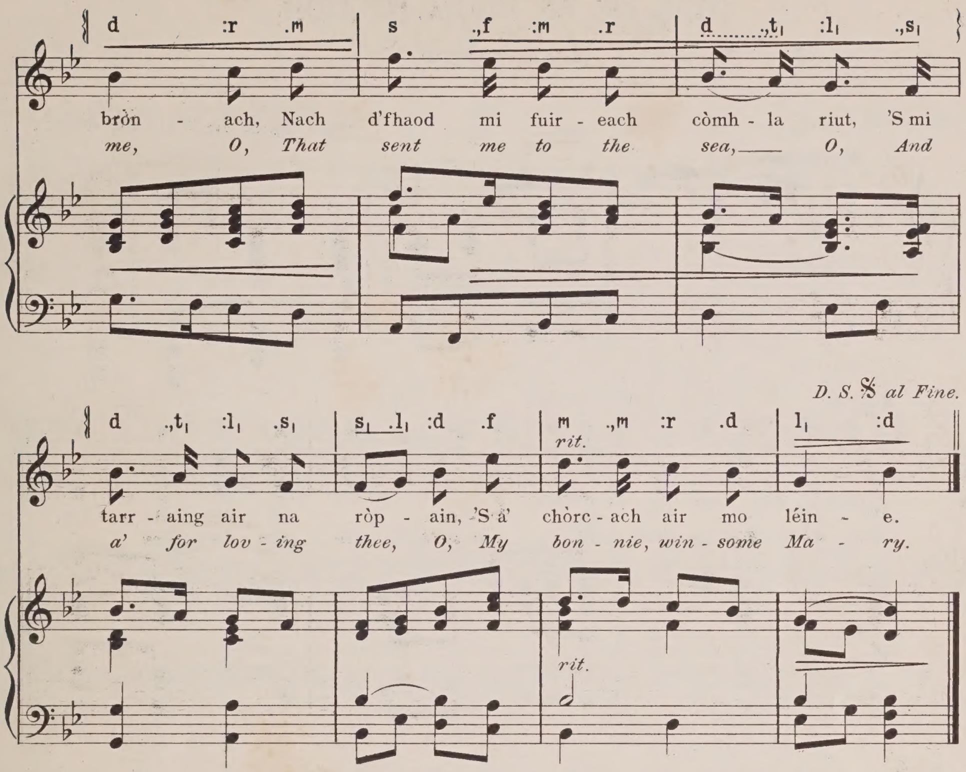
O, I love the maiden fair, &c.

MAIRI MHÌN, MHEALL-SHUILEACH.

Lassie o' the witchin' e'e.

Translation by MALCOLM MACFARLANE.


Andante espressivo.
p
ritard.
Key B♭.
CHORUS.
p
p legato
s, .,s, :m | m .,r :d | m .,f :s
Mhai - ri mhìn, mheall - shuil - each, 'S toigh leam fhéin
O, sae dear, dear to me, Is my sweet
r .,d :r .m | s, .,s, :l, .,s, | l, .d :r .f
cruinn - eag a' chruidh, Nigh - ean donn nam meall - shuil - ean, 'S air
gen - tle Ma - ry, Las - sie o' the witch - in' e'e, My
m ,m .— :r .,d | l, :d || .s, | s, .s, :m .,r
m'fhallainn thug mi spéis duit. Is mis - e tha gu
bon - nie, win - some Ma - ry. Un - kind was fate to
Fine. SOLO.
Fine.


d :r .m | s .,f :m .r | d .,t₁ :l₁ .,s₁
bròn - ach, Nach d'fhaod mi fuir - each còmh - la riut, 'S mi
me, O, That sent me to the sea, O, And
D. S. 𝄋 al Fine.
d .,t₁ :l₁ .s₁ | s₁ .l₁ :d .f | m .,m :r .d | l₁ :d
rit.
tarr - aing air na ròp - ain, 'S a' chòrc - ach air mo léin - e.
a' for lov - ing thee, O, My bon - nie, win - some Ma - ry.
rit.

2.
Air a' mheadhon oidhche,
Ged b'ann am bàrr a' chroinn e,
Bhith cuimhneachadh do choibhneis,
Gu'n d'thug e roinn de m' chéill uam.
Mhairi mhìn, &c.

3.
Nuair rachadh i do 'n bhuaile
A bhleoghann a' chruidh ghuaillinn,
'S e'n ceòl is binne chualas,
A duanagan 'gan éisdeachd.
Mhairi mhìn, &c.

4.
Cha b'e meud do stòrais
A chuir mi fhéin an tòir ort,
Ach caileag laghach bhòidheach,
Bhith còmhla rium ag éirigh.
Mhairi mhìn, &c.

5.
Ma tha sinn gann de stòras
Chan 'eil sinn gann de'n òige;
'S a chaoidh cha dìobair lòn sinn,
Ma bhios sinn beò le chéile.
Mhairi mhìn, &c.

2.
E'en when upon the mast, O,
I brave the midnight blast, O,
My thochts are backward cast, O,
And centre round my Mary.
O, sae dear, &c.

3.
When gloamin' hour draws nigh, O,
She goes to milk her kye, O,
And O, gin I were bye, O,
To hear the sang o' Mary.
O, sae dear, &c.

4.
Wi' a' that's mine I'd pairt, O,
And fling to ev'ry airt, O,
To press her to my heart, O,
And ca' her my ain Mary.
O, sae dear, &c.

5.
'Twas a' my being puir, O,
That caused us meet nae mair, O,
And now the seas I dare, O,
For gowd and winsome Mary.
O, sae dear, &c.

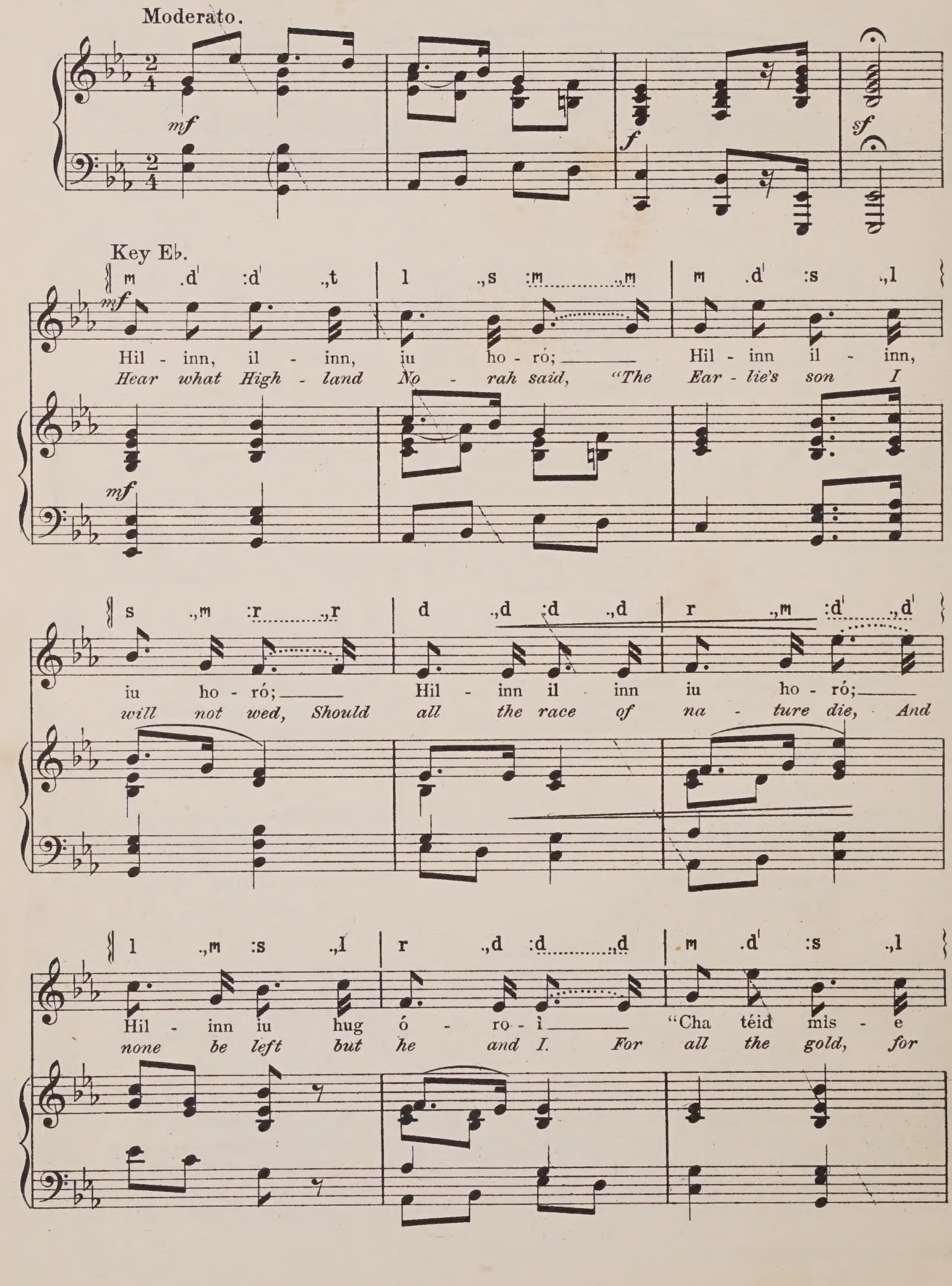
Mairi mhìn, mheall-shuileach.

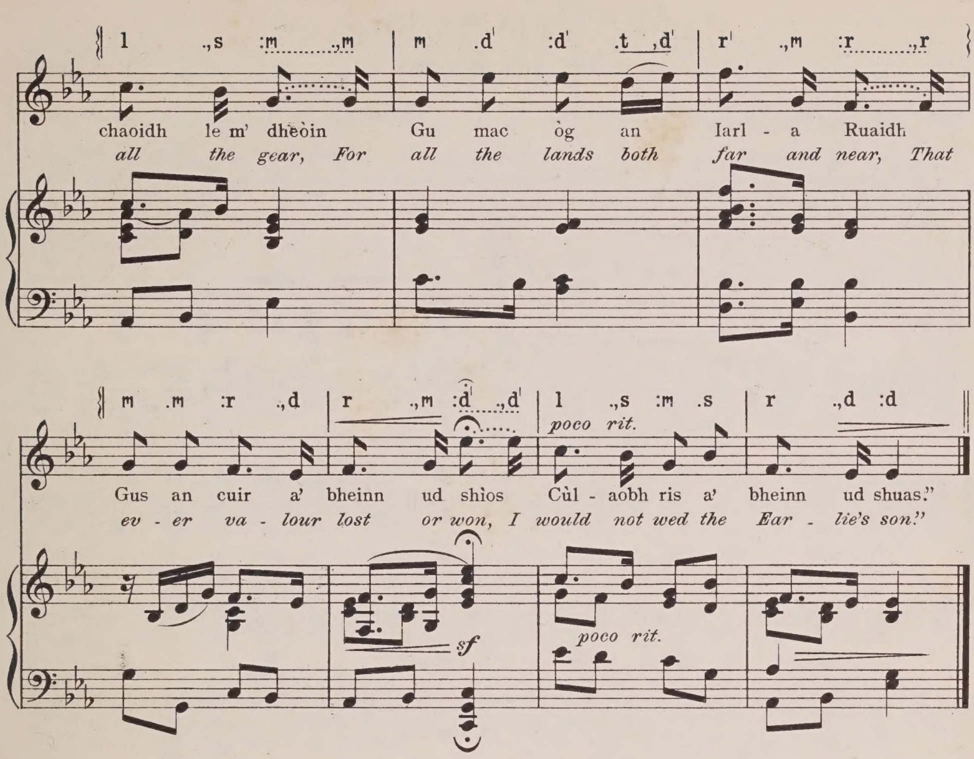
MAC ÒG AN IARLA RUAIDH.

Norah's Vow.

Gaelic words old.

Translation by Sir WALTER SCOTT.


Moderato.
mf
f
sf
Key E♭.
m .d' :d' .,t | l .,s :m .,m | m .d' :s .,l
mf
Hil - inn, il - inn, iu ho - ró; Hil - inn il - inn,
Hear what High - land No - rah said, "The Ear - lie's son I
mf
s .,m :r .,r | d .,d :d .,d | r .,m :d' .,d'
iu ho - ró; Hil - inn il - inn iu ho - ró;
will not wed, Should all the race of na - ture die, And
l .,m :s .,l | r .,d :d .,d | m .d' :s .,l
Hil - inn iu hug ó - ro - ì "Cha téid mis - e
none be left but he and I. For all the gold, for


chaoidh le m' dheòin Gu mac òg an Iarl - a Ruaidh
all the gear, For all the lands both far and near, That
Gus an cuir a' bheinn ud shìos Cùl - aobh ris a' bheinn ud shuas."
ev - er va - lour lost or won, I would not wed the Ear - lie's son."
poco rit.
sf
poco rit.

2.
Cha t~~éid mise~~ chaoidh de m'dheòin,
Gu mac òg an Iarla Ruaidh
Gus an dean an eala bhàn
Nead gu h-àrd air bhàrr nan stuadh.
Cha téid mise chaoidh de m'dheòin
Gu mac òg an Iarla Ruaidh
Gus an cuir am bradan breac
Trì chuir mhear an crò nan uan.

3.
Thog a muime thall a ceann,
"S gòrach leam do chainnt, a luaidh;
Bheir thu gaol roimh Fhéill an ròid
Do mhac òg an Iarla Ruaidh.
Cainnt nan òg-bhean tha mar dhriùchd
A ni grian a shùghadh suas;
M'an tig Samhuinn bi'dh tu pòsd'
Aig mac òg an Iarla Ruaidh."

4.
A' bheinn ud shuas 's a' bheinn ud shìos
Cha do charaich riamh 's cha ghluais;
Ach thug Màiri gaol gun ghò
Do mhac òg an Iarla Ruaidh.
Tha'n eala gur 's an eilean bhàn
'S am bradan tàrr-gheal feadh a' chuain,
'S tha Màiri nis 'n a céile phòsd'
Aig mac òg an Iarla Ruaidh.

2.
"A maiden's vows," Old Calum spoke,
"Are lightly made and lightly broke;
The heather on the mountain's height
Begins to bloom in purple light,
The frost wind soon will sweep away
That lustre deep from glen and brae,
Yet Norah, ere its bloom be done,
May blithely wed the Earlie's son."

3.
"The swan," she said, "the lake's clear breast,
May barter for the eagle's nest;
The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn,
Ben Cruachan fall and crush Kilchurn;
Our kilted clans, when blood is high,
Before their foes may turn and fly;
But I, were all these marvels done,
Would never wed the Earlie's son."

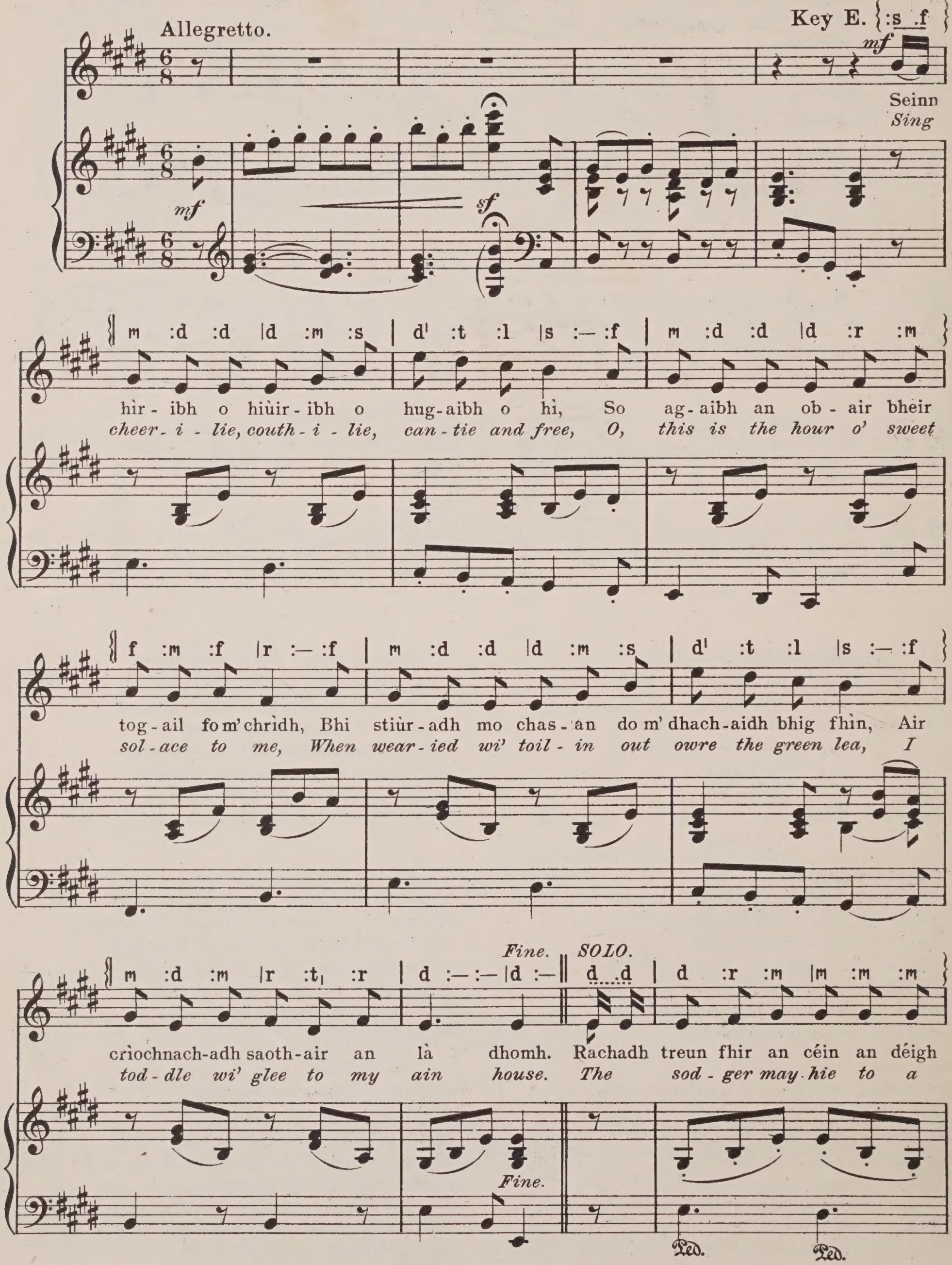
4.
Still in the water-lillies' shade
Her wonted nest the wild swan made,
Ben Cruachan stands as fast as ever,
Still downward foams the Awe's fierce river,
To shun the clash of foeman's steel
No Highland brog has turned the heel,
But Norah's heart is lost and won—
She's wedded to the Earlie's son.

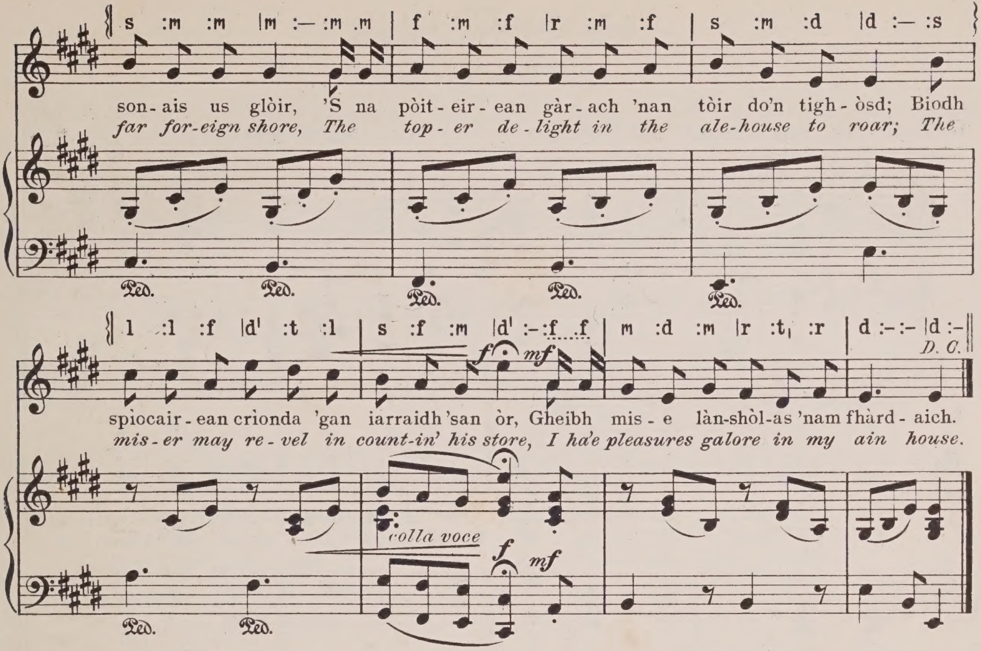
Mac òg an Iarla Ruaidh.

MO DHACHAIDH.

My ain House.

Gaelic Words by MALCOLM MACFARLANE. Translation by ALEXANDER STEWART.


Allegretto.
Key E. :s .f
mf
Seinn
Sing
sf
m :d :d |d :m :s | d' :t :l |s :— :f | m :d :d |d :r :m
hìr-ibh o hiùir-ibh o hug-aibh o hì, So ag-aibh an ob-air bheir
cheer-i-lie, couth-i-lie, can-tie and free, O, this is the hour o' sweet
f :m :f |r :— :f | m :d :d |d :m :s | d' :t :l |s :— :f
tog-ail fo m' chrìdh, Bhi stiùr-adh mo chas-an do m' dhach-aidh bhig fhìn, Air
sol-ace to me, When wear-ied wi' toil-in out owre the green lea, I
m :d :m |r :t, :r | d :— :— |d :— || d .d | d :r :m |m :m :m
crìochnach-adh saoth-air an là dhomh. Rachadh treun fhir an céin an déigh
tod-dle wi' glee to my ain house. The sod-ger may hie to a
Fine.
SOLO.
Fine.
Ped.
Ped.


s :m :m |m :— :m .m | f :m :f |r :m :f | s :m :d |d :— :s
son-ais us glòir, 'S na pòit-eir-ean gàr-ach 'nan tòir do'n tigh-òsd; Biodh
far for-eign shore, The top-er de-light in the ale-house to roar; The
Ped.
l :l :f |d' :t :l | s :f :m |d' :— :f .f | m :d :m |r :t, :r | d :— :— |d :—
D. C.
f
mf
spiocair-ean crìonda 'gan iarraidh 'san òr, Gheibh mis-e làn-shòl-as 'nam fhàrd-aich.
mis-er may re-vel in count-in' his store, I ha'e pleasures galore in my ain house.
colla voce

2.
Seall thall thar an aiseig am fasgadh nan craobh,
Am bothan beag glan ud, 's e gealaicht' le aol;
Sud agaibh mo dhachaidh: 's i dachaidh mo ghaoil,
Gun chaisteal 'san t-saoghal a 's feàrr leam.
Seinn hìribh, &c.

3.
Tha maise an àite ag àrdach' a luach;
Tha'n t-sóbhrag 's an neòinean a' còmhdach nam bruach;
Tha toman 'ga dhìonadh o shìon an taobh-tuaith;
'S mu 'n cuairt air tha cluanagan àillidh.
Seinn hìribh, &c.

4.
Tha Nàdur 'san àit' ud a ghnàth 'cur ri ceòl—
Mur e 'n smeòrach 'san duilleach 's e 'n uiseag 'sna neòil;
No caochan an fhuarain a' gluasad troimh 'n lòn;
No Mòrag ri crònan do 'n phàisde.
Seinn hìribh, &c.

5.
Mo dhùrachd 's mo bheannachd dhuit, bheanag na loinn,
Tha fritheal' mu m' fhàrdaich 's ag àrach' mo chloinn;
Do chridhe 's do nàdur gun àrdan, gun fhoill,
Ach caoimhneas a' boillsgeadh 'nad bhlàth-shuil.
Seinn hìribh, &c.

6.
Air ciaradh do 'n fheasgar 's mi seasgair fo dhìon.
Mu'n cuairt air a' chagailt bidh aighear gun dìth,
Na pàisdean ri àbhachd 's am màthair ri snìomh,
'S mo chridh-s' air a lìonadh le gràdh dhoibh.
Seinn hìribh, &c.

7.
Air falbh uam a' mhòr-chuis, an t-òr agus cliù;
Cha'n 'eil annta ach faoineas 'us saobh-ghlòir nach fhiù:
Cha'n fhàgainn mo dhachaidh 's bean-chagair mo rùin
Gu bhi 'sealbhachadh luchairt le bànrigh'nn.
Seinn hìribh, &c.

2.
Ayont by the ferry, whaur woodlands are green,
My cantie cot housie stan's tidy an' clean;
I envy nae laird in his castle, I ween,
I'm happy an' bien in my ain house.
Sing cheerilie, &c.

3.
My cosy bit biggin' it's dear abune a',
Surrounded wi' daisies an' primroses braw,
The hillock ahint it's a bield frae the snaw
When winter win's blaw roun' my ain house.
Sing cheerilie, &c.

4.
Kind nature has scattered her gifts through the glen,
The lark is in tune as he soun's his refrain;
My wife hears the croon o' the burn in the den,
As she lilts to the wean in our ain house.
Sing cheerilie, &c.

5.
My blessin' gae wi' ye, fond wifie o' mine,
The star o' my hame since I wooed ye langsyne,
Yer leal heart wad never to envy incline;
Ye're cantie an' kin' in yer ain house.
Sing cheerilie, &c.

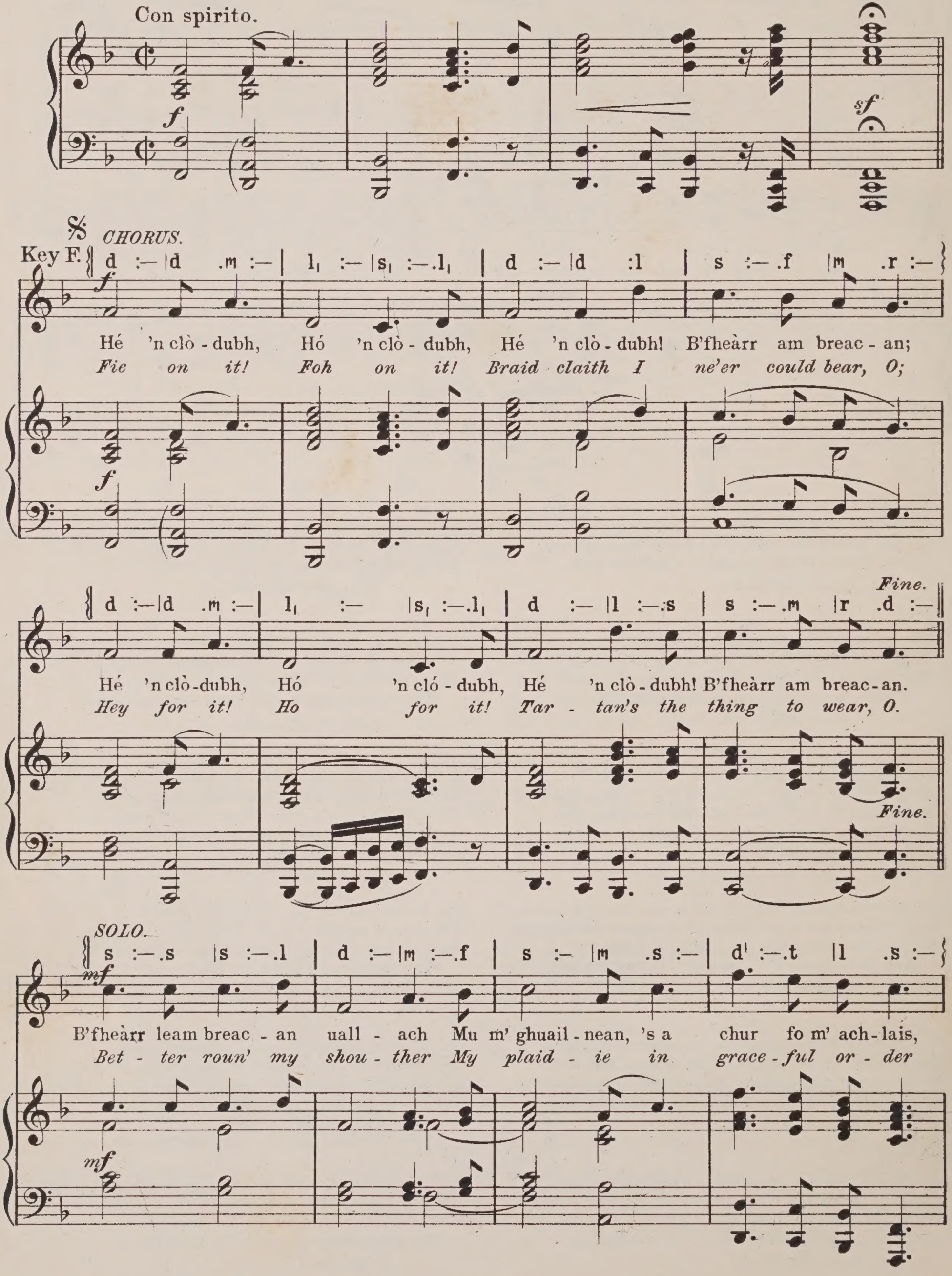
6.
At fa' o' the gloamin' when darkness is near,
Our hearth is surrounded wi' daffin' and cheer.
The bairnies are singin' sae lichtsome an' clear,
They're pleasant to hear in our ain house.
Sing cheerilie, &c.

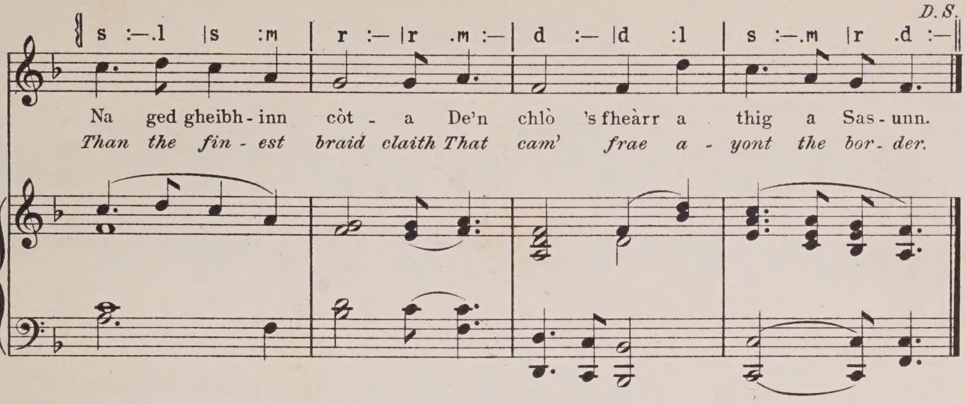
7.
Awa' wi' yer riches an' rank, wi' their glare,
They're naethin' but folly an' phantoms o' air;
The ha' o' the Queen an' the luxuries there
Can never compare wi' my ain house.
Sing cheerilie, &c.

HE'N CLÒ-DUBH.

Ho! The Tartan.

Gaelic Words by ALEXANDER MAC DONALD. Translation by MALCOLM MAC FARLANE.


Con spirito.
f
sf
CHORUS.
Key F.
d :— |d .m :— | l, :— |s, :—.l, | d :— |d :l | s :—.f |m .r :—
f
Hé 'n clò - dubh, Hó 'n clò - dubh, Hé 'n clò - dubh! B'fheàrr am breac - an;
Fie on it! Foh on it! Braid claith I ne'er could bear, O;
f
d :— |d .m :— | l, :— |s, :—.l, | d :— |l :—.s | s :—.m |r .d :—
Fine.
Hé 'n clò-dubh, Hó 'n cló - dubh, Hé 'n clò - dubh! B'fheàrr am breac - an.
Hey for it! Ho for it! Tar - tan's the thing to wear, O.
Fine.
SOLO.
s :—.s |s :—.l | d :— |m :—.f | s :— |m .s :— | d' :—.t |l .s :—
mf
B'fheàrr leam breac - an uall - ach Mu m' ghuail - nean, 's a chur fo m' ach - lais,
Bet - ter roun' my shou - ther My plaid - ie in grace - ful or - der
mf


D.S.
s :—.l |s :m | r :— |r .m :— | d :— |d :l | s :—.m |r .d :—
Na ged gheibh-inn còt - a De'n chlò 's fheàrr a thig a Sas-unn.
Than the fin - est braid claith That cam' frae a - yont the bor - der.

2.

Mo laochan féin an t-éideadh
A dh' fheumadh an crios g' a ghlasadh,
Cuaicheanach an fhéilidh
Deis éirigh gu dol air astar.

Hé 'n clò-dubh, &c.

3.

Féileadh cruinn nan cuachan,
Gur buadhach an t-earradh gaisgich;
Shiùbhlainn leat na fuarain,
Feadh fhuar-bheann; 's bu ghasd air faich thu.

Hé 'n clò-dubh, &c.

4.

Bu mhath gu sealg an fhéidh thu,
'N 'am éirigh do 'n ghréin air creachann;
Dh' fhalbhainn leat gu lòthar
Di-dòmhnaich a' dol do 'n chlachan.

Hé 'n clò-dubh, &c.

5.

Shiùbhlainn leat a phòsadh,
'S bharr feòirnean cha fhroisinn dealta;
Sud an t-suanach bhòidheach:
An òg-bhean, bu mhòr a tlachd dhi.

Hé 'n clò-dubh, &c.

6.

Bu mhath an là 's an oidhch' thu;
Bha loinn ort am beinn 's an cladach;
Bu mhath am feachd 's an sìth thu—
Cha rìgh am fear a chuir as duit.

Hé 'n clò-dubh, &c.

2.

Leeze me on the tartan;
When belted aroun' the body,
'Neath the girdle faulded,
It dings a' their Saxon shoddy.

Fie on it, &c.

3.

My delight's the plaidie,
When going upon a journey;
Freest too for action
In warfare or peacefu' tourney.

Fie on it, &c.

4.

Best upon the mountain
When after the red deer haudin';
Naething can excel it
For wearin' at fair or waddin'.

Fie on it, &c.

5.

In the stirrin' auld times,
The tartan, our faithers wore it;
Then the lassies lo'ed it,
And now ladies a' adore it.

Fie on it, &c.

6.

Here's then to the tartan!
E'en words fail me to describe it!
King, I wat, he ne'er was
That tried ae time to proscribe it.

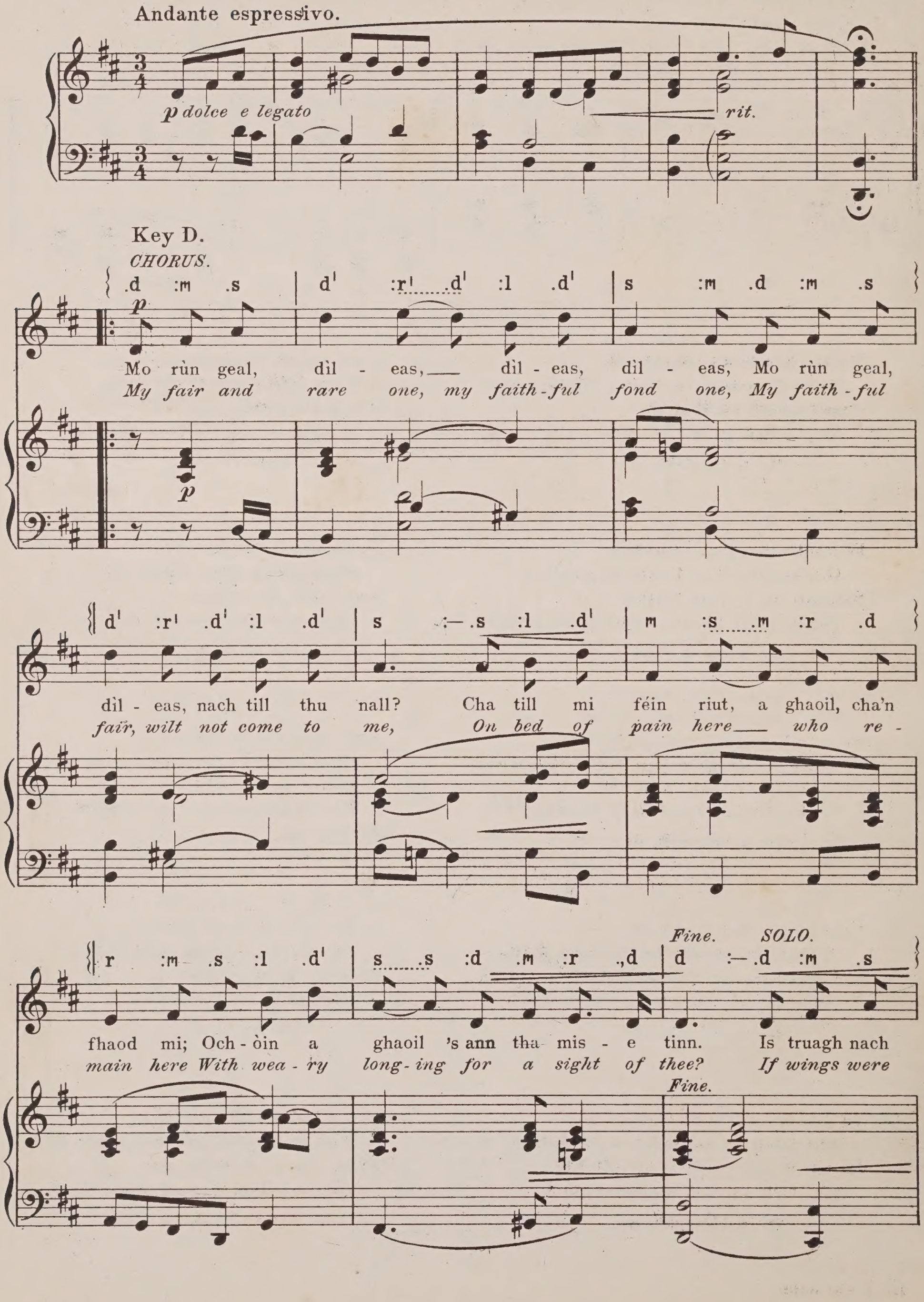
Fie on it, &c.

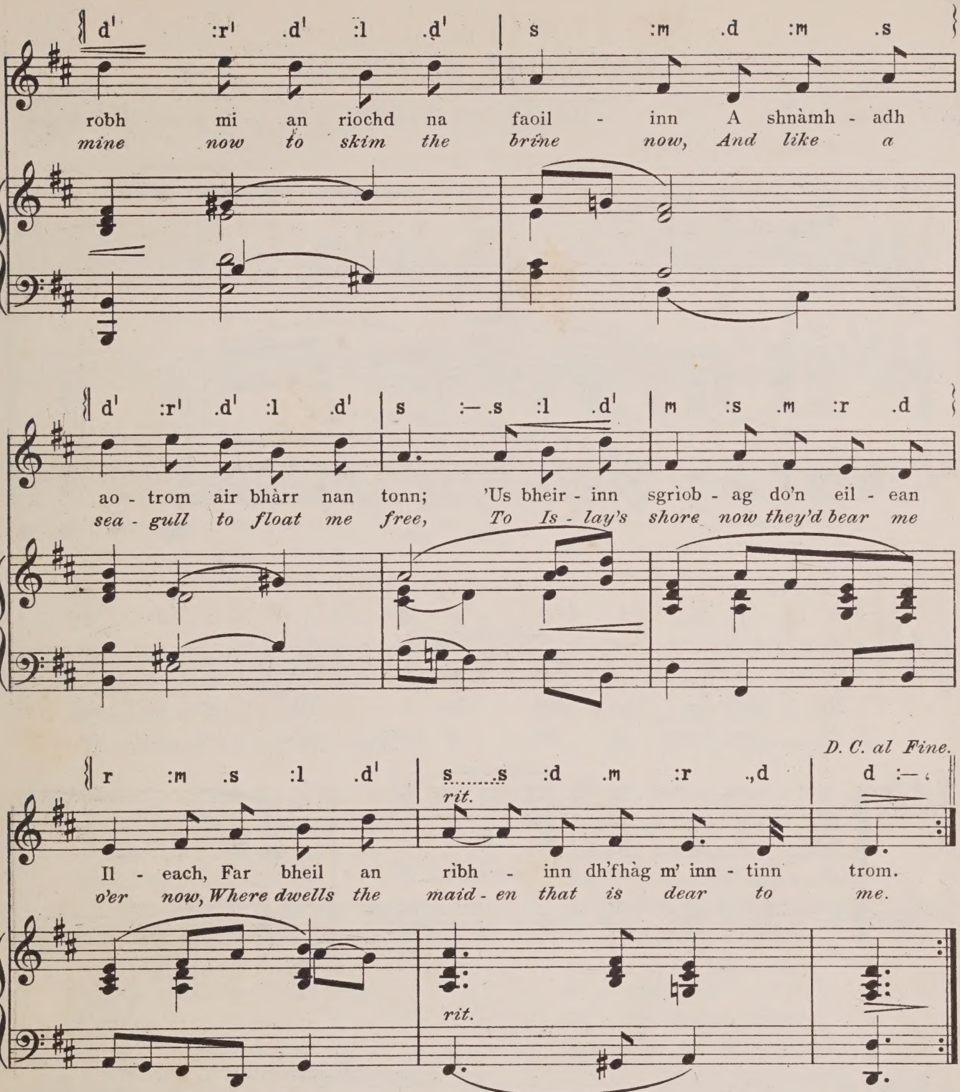
MO RÙN GEAL, DÌLEAS.

My faithful fond one.

Gaelic Words old.

Translation by Professor BLACKIE.


Andante espressivo.
p dolce e legato
rit.
Key D.
CHORUS.
.d :m .s | d' :r' .d' :l .d' | s :m .d :m .s
p
Mo rùn geal, dìl - eas, dìl - eas, dìl - eas, Mo rùn geal,
My fair and rare one, my faith-ful fond one, My faith-ful
p
d' :r' .d' :l .d' | s :—.s :l .d' | m :s .m :r .d
dìl - eas, nach till thu nall? Cha till mi féin riut, a ghaoil, cha'n
fair, wilt not come to me, On bed of pain here who re -
r :m .s :l .d' | s .s :d .m :r .,d | d :—.d :m .s
Fine. SOLO.
fhaod mi; Och - òin a ghaoil 's ann tha mis - e tinn. Is truagh nach
main here With wea - ry long-ing for a sight of thee? If wings were
Fine.


d' :r' .d' :l .d' | s :m .d :m .s
robh mi an riochd na faoil - inn A shnàmh - adh
mine now to skim the brine now, And like a
d' :r' .d' :l .d' | s :— .s :l .d' | m :s .m :r .d
ao - trom air bhàrr nan tonn; 'Us bheir - inn sgrìob - ag do'n eil - ean
sea - gull to float me free, To Is - lay's shore now they'd bear me
D. C. al Fine.
r :m .s :l .d' | s .s :d .m :r .,d | d :—
rit.
Il - each, Far bheil an rìbh - inn dh'fhàg m' inn - tinn trom.
o'er now, Where dwells the maid - en that is dear to me.
rit.

2.

Thug mi còrr agus naoi mìosan,
Anns na h-Innsean a b'fhaide thall;
'S bean boidh'chead t'aodainn cha robh ri fhaotainn,
'S ged gheibhinn saoghal cha'n fhanainn ann.
Mo rùn geal, dìleas, &c.

3.

Is truagh nach robh mi's mo rogha céile,
Air mullach shléibhte nam beanntan mòr,
'Sgun bhi 'gar n-éisdeachd ach eòin nan speura,
'Sgu'n tugainn fhéin di na ceudan pòg!
Mo rùn geal, dìleas, &c.

Mo rùn geal, dìleas.

2.

O were I yonder with her to wander
Beneath the green hills beside the sea,
With birds in chorus that warble o'er us,
And ruth of kisses so sweet to me.
My fair and rare one, &c.

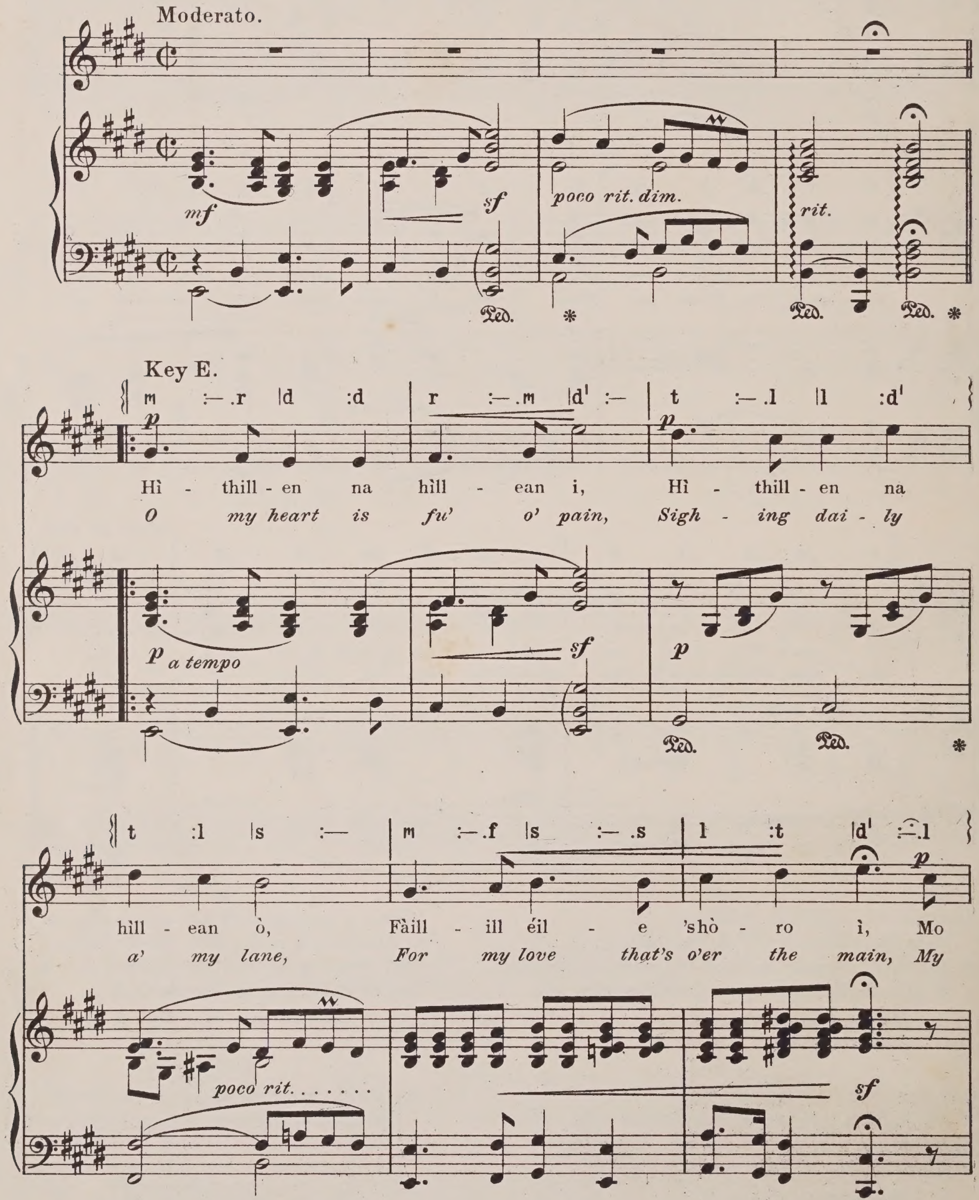
3.

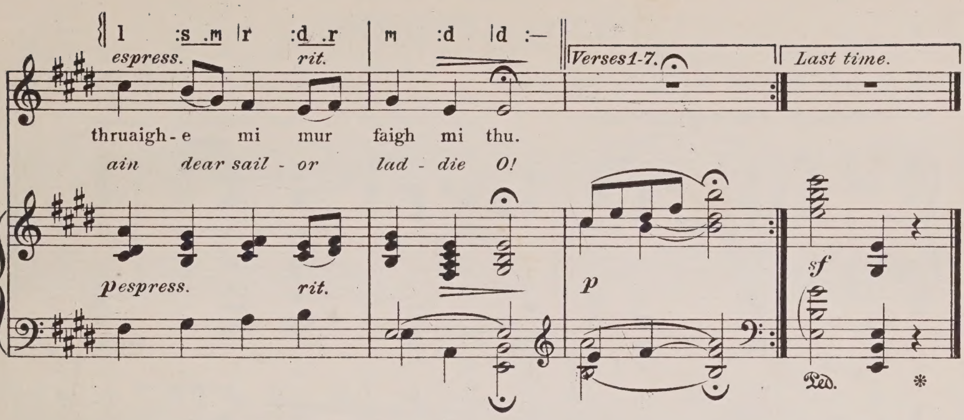
For let the sky here be wet or dry here,
With peaceful breeze here or windy war,
In winter glooming or summer blooming,
'Tis all one season, love, when thou art far.
My fair and rare one, &c.

MARAICHE NAN TONN.

The Sailor Laddie.

Gaelic Words old. Translation by HENRY WHYTE. (Fionn.)


Moderato.
mf
sf
poco rit. dim.
rit.
Ped. *
Ped.
Ped. *
Key E.
m :–.r |d :d |r :–.m |d' :– |t :–.l |l :d'
p
Hì - thill - en na hìll - ean i, Hì - thill - en na
O my heart is fu' o' pain, Sigh - ing dai - ly
p a tempo
sf
p
Ped. Ped. *
t :l |s :– |m :–.f |s :–.s |l :t |d' :–.l
hìll - ean ò, Fàill - ill éil - e 'shò - ro ì, Mo
a' my lane, For my love that's o'er the main, My
poco rit. . . . . . .
sf


l :s .m |r :d .r | m :d |d :—
espress.
rit.
Verses 1-7.
Last time.
thruaigh - e mi mur faigh mi thu.
ain dear sail - or lad - die O!
p espress.
rit.
p
sf
𝆮.
*

2.
Tha mi'n so mar dhruid an crann,
An déigh a cuid eun a chall;
Seacharan air dol a'm' cheann,
'S ged thig an t-àm cha chaidil mi.

3.
'Thasgaidh mo chridhe is mo chléibh,
Chuireadh tu air feadan gleus;
Dhannsadh tu air ùrlar réidh
Gu lùghor, eutrom, aighearach.

4.
Dh' fhàg thu mise dubhach, trom,
'S thaobh thu crannagan nan long;
Ged a bhiodh do phòca lom,
Gun ni gun fhonn gu'n gabhainn thu.

5.
'S e mo cheisd fear a' chùil bhàin;
B'aotrom do cheum air sràid;
O'n a chaidh thu null thar sàil'
Tha mi o'n là sin acaineach.

6.
Fhuair mi do litir a nall,
Air a sgrìobhadh leis a' pheann,
Thàin an Nollaig 's dh'fhalbh an t-àm
O'n gheall thu tighinn a'm' amharc-sa.

7.
Tha mi gun airgiod 's gun òr,—
Cha'n e so a rinn mo leòn,
Ach nach fhaic mi thu ri m'bheò
A seòladh taobh an fhearainn so.

2.
Like the mavis on the thorn,
Wi' her offspring frae her torn,
Here I'm sittin' a' forlorn,
Lamentin' sair my laddie O!

3.
O, my love is young and gay,
He can dance and he can play,
So he wiled my heart away—
My rantin' sailor laddie O!

4.
He has left me sad and drear,
Since he sailed awa' frae here,
Still my choice, though lackin' gear,
Wad be my sailor laddie O!

5.
He is young and he is fair,
Wi' a wealth o' gouden hair;
O, it pains the heart fu' sair,
The absence o' my laddie O!

6.
Once you wrote me, weel I min',
That you'd come and mak' me thine
But the time has gane langsyne,
Yet nae words o' my laddie O!

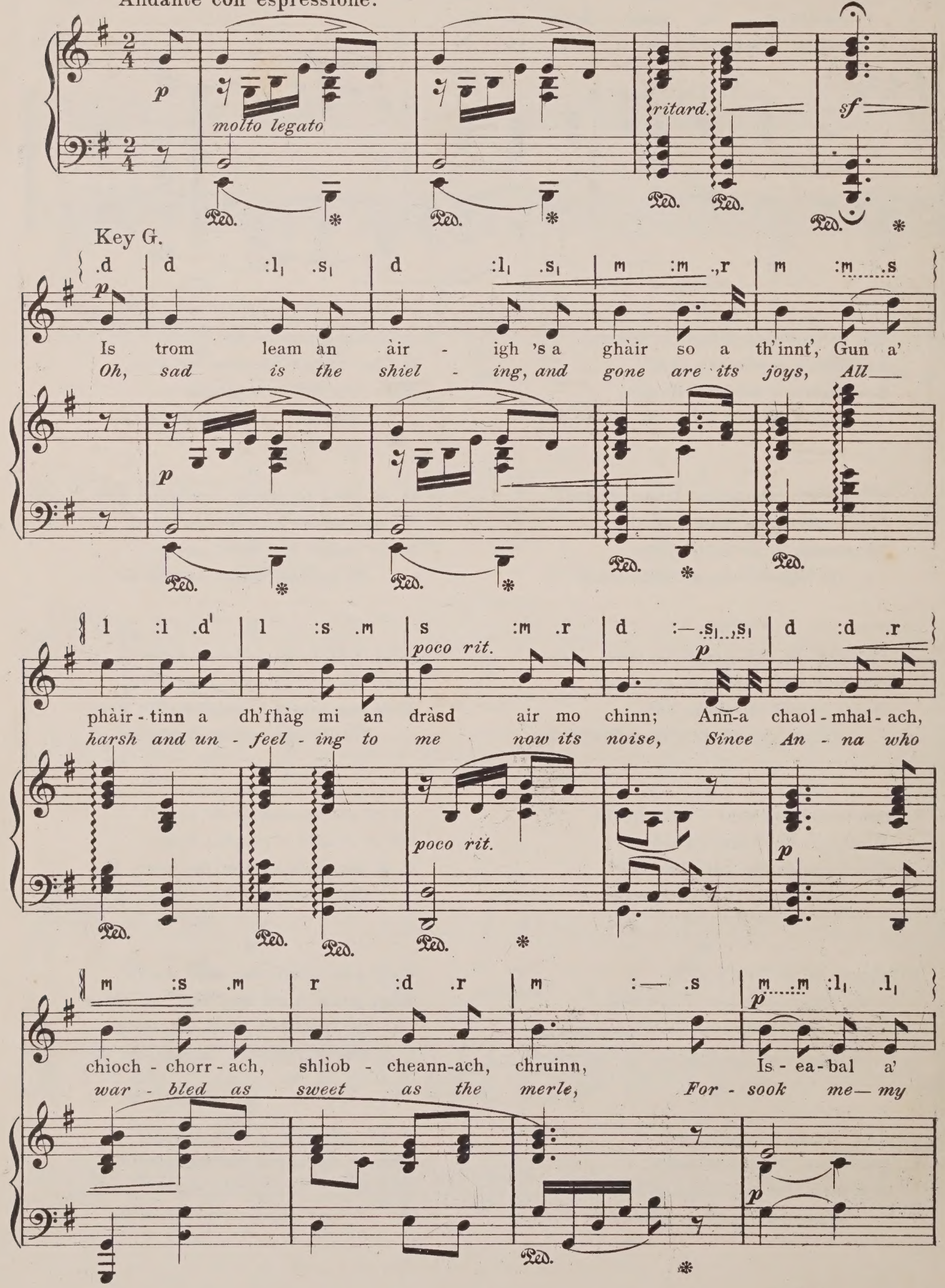
7.
Goud an' siller I ha'e nane,
'Tis na that that gi'es me pain,
But that I shall ne'er again
Behold my sailor laddie O!

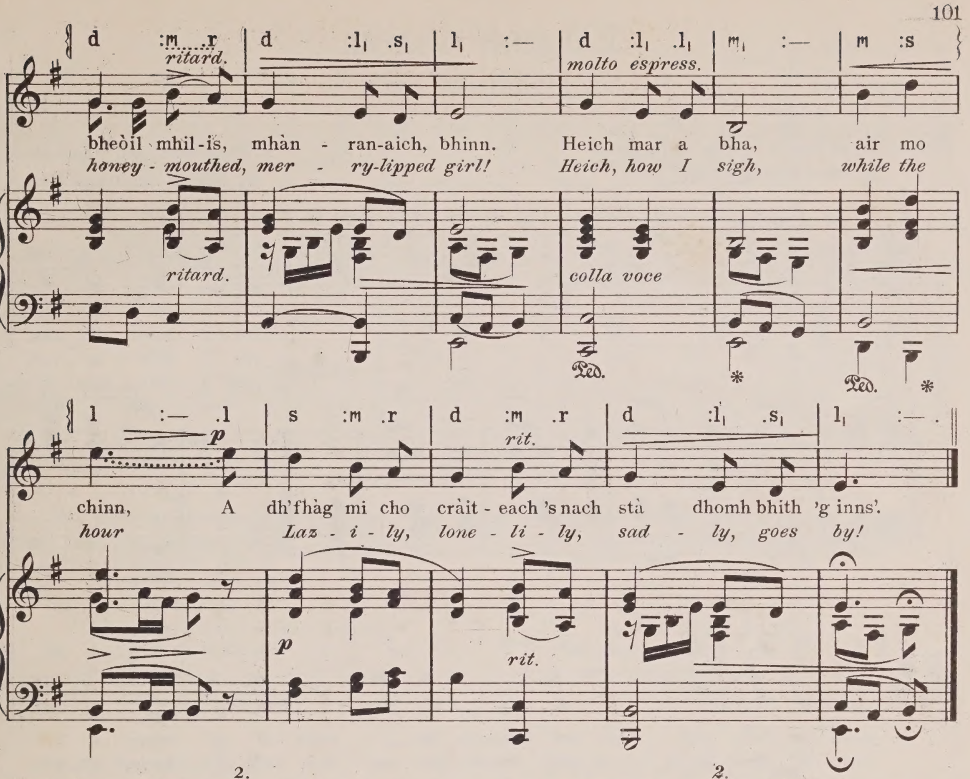
IS TROM LEAM AN AIRIGH.

The Song of the Shieling.

Gaelic Words by ROBERT MACKAY. (Rob Donn.) Translation by THOMAS PATTISON.

Andante con espressione.


p
molto legato
ritard.
sf
Key G.
Is trom leam an àir - igh 's a ghàir so a th'innt', Gun a'
Oh, sad is the shiel - ing, and gone are its joys, All
phàir - tinn a dh'fhàg mi an dràsd air mo chinn; Ann-a chaol - mhal - ach,
harsh and un - feel - ing to me now its noise, Since An - na who
poco rit.
chioch - chorr - ach, shlìob - cheann-ach, chruinn, Is - ea - bal a'
war - bled as sweet as the merle, For - sook me — my


d :m .r | d :l, .s, | l, :— | d :l, .l, | m, :— | m :s
ritard.
molto espress.
bheòil mhil-is, mhàn - ran-aich, bhinn. Heich mar a bha, air mo
honey - mouthed, mer - ry-lipped girl! Heich, how I sigh, while the
ritard.
colla voce
Ped.
*
Ped.
*
l :— .l | s :m .r | d :m .r | d :l, .s, | l, :— .
p
rit.
chinn, A dh'fhàg mi cho cràit - each 's nach stà dhomh bhith 'g inns'.
hour Laz - i - ly, lone - li - ly, sad - ly, goes by!
p
rit.

2.
Shiubhail mis' a' bhuaile, 's a suas feadh nan craobh,
'S gach àit' anns am b'àbhaist bhith pàgadh mo ghaoil;
Nuair chunnaig mi'm fear bàn ud, 's e mànran r'a mhnaoi,
B'fheàrr leam nach tiginn idir làmh riu no 'nan gaoith.
'Se mar a bha, air mo chinn,
A dh'fhàg mi cho cràiteach 's nach stà dhomh bhith'g inns'.

3.
Bho'n chualas gun ghluaiseadh tu bhuam leis an t-saor,
Tha mo shuain air a buaireadh le bruadraichean gaoil;
De'n chàirdeas a bha sud cha'n fhàir mi bhith saor,
Gun bharnaigeadh làmh riut, tha'n gràdh dhomh 'na mhaor,
Air gach tràth, 's mi an strì
A' feuchainn r'a àicheadh, 's e fàs rium mar chraoibh.

4.
Ach, Anna bhuidhe Dhòmhnaill, na'm b'eòl duit mo nì,
'S e do ghràdh gun bhith pàidht' leag a mhàn uam mo chlì;
Tha e dhomh às d'fhianuis cho gnìomhach 's nuair chì,
'Diogladh 's a' smùsach,—gur ciùrrtach mo chridh'!
Nis ma tha mi 'ga d' dhìth
Gu'm b'fheàirrde mi pàg uait mus fàgainn an tìr.

5.
Ach labhair i gu fàiteagach, àilleasach rium;
"Cha'n fhàir thu bhith làmh rium do chàradh mo chinn;
Tha siathnar 'gam iarraidh bho bhliadhna de thiom,
'S cha b'àraidh le càch thu 'thoirt bàrr os an cinn.
Ha, ha, hà! an d'fhàs thu tinn?
'N e'n gaol-s a bheir bàs ort?—gum pàidh thu d'a chinn!"

6.
Ach cionnus bheir mi fuath dhuit, ged dh'fhuaraich thu rium?
Nuair 's feargaich' mo sheanchas mu d'ainm air do chùl;
Thig d'ìomhaigh le h-annsachd na 'shamhradh 'nam ùigh,
Saoilidh mi an sin gun dean an gaol sin ar tùrn;
'S thèid air a ràth gu'n dh'fhàs e as ùr,
Is fàsaidh e'n tràth sin cho àrda ri tùr.

2.
Last week as I wandered up past the old trees,
I mourned while I pondered what changes one sees,
Just then the fair stranger walked by with my dear,
Dreaming, unthinking, I had wandered too near,
Till "Heich," then I cried, when I saw
The girl with her lover draw close to my side.

3.
"Anna, the yellow-haired, dost thou not see
How thy love unimpaired wearieth me?
'Twas as strong in my absence when banished from thee—
As heart-stirring, powerful, deep as you see—
Heich! it is now, at this time,
When up like a leafy bough, high doth it climb."

4.
Then, haughtily speaking, she airily said,
"'Tis in vain for you seeking to hold up your head;
There were six wooers sought me while you stayed away;
And the absentee, surely, deserved less than they."
Ha, ha, ha, ha! are you ill?
But if love seeks to kill you—bah! small is his skill!"

5.
Och, och! now I'm trying my loss to forget,
With sorrow and sighing, with anger and fret;
But still that sweet image steals over my heart,
And still I deem fondly hope need not depart.
Heich! and I say that our love,
Firm as a tower gray, nought can remove.

6.
So fancy beguiles me, and fills me with glee,
But the carpenter wiles thee, false speaker, from me.
Yet from love's first affection I never get free;
To the dear known direction my thoughts ever flee.
Heich! when we strayed, far away,
Where soft shone the summer day through the green shade.

For another setting of this song see page 10.

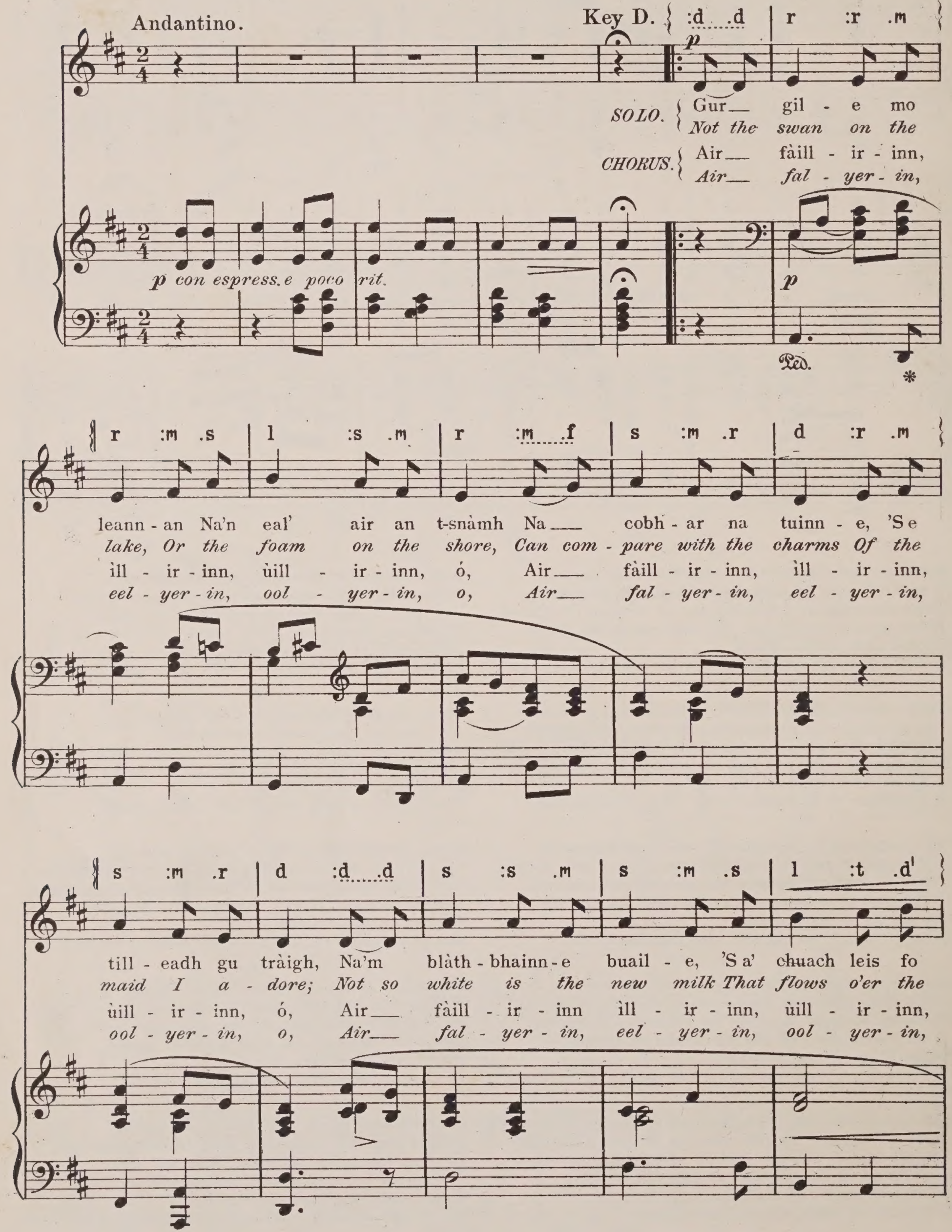
Is trom leam an àirigh.

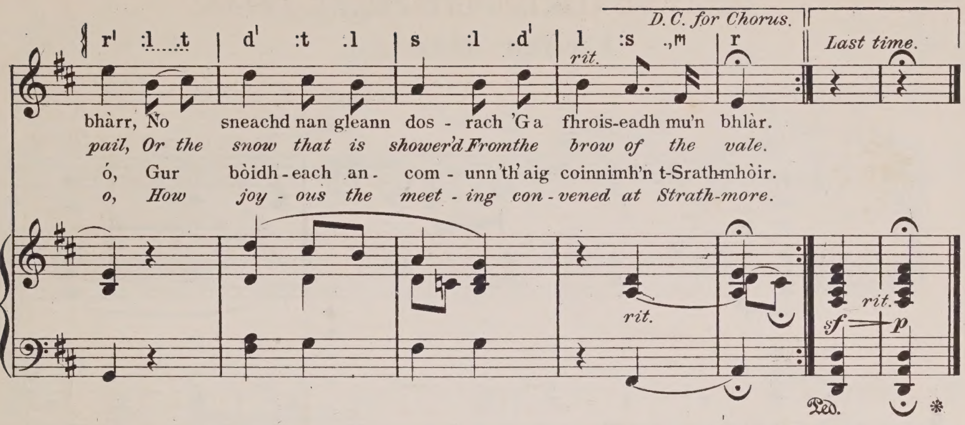
EALAIDH GHAOIL.

A Melody of Love.

First verse of Gaelic Words and Chorus
by Mrs MACKENZIE.

Remainder and translation
by EWEN MACLACHLAN.


Andantino.
Key D.
:d .d | r :r .m
p
SOLO.
Gur— gil - e mo
Not the swan on the
CHORUS.
Air— fàill - ir - inn,
Air— fal - yer - in,
p con espress. e poco rit.
p
Ped.
*
r :m .s | l :s .m | r :m .f | s :m .r | d :r .m
leann - an Na'n eal' air an t-snàmh Na— cobh - ar na tuinn - e, 'S e
lake, Or the foam on the shore, Can com - pare with the charms Of the
ìll - ir - inn, ùill - ir - inn, ó, Air— fàill - ir - inn, ìll - ir - inn,
eel - yer - in, ool - yer - in, o, Air— fal - yer - in, eel - yer - in,
s :m .r | d :d .d | s :s .m | s :m .s | l :t .d'
till - eadh gu tràigh, Na'm blàth - bhainn - e buail - e, 'S a' chuach leis fo
maid I a - dore; Not so white is the new milk That flows o'er the
ùill - ir - inn, ó, Air— fàill - ir - inn ìll - ir - inn, ùill - ir - inn,
ool - yer - in, o, Air— fal - yer - in, eel - yer - in, ool - yer - in,


D. C. for Chorus.
Last time.
r' :l .t | d' :t :l | s :l .d' | l :s .,m | r
rit.
bhàrr, No sneachd nan gleann dos - rach 'Ga fhrois-eadh mu'n bhlàr.
pail, Or the snow that is shower'd From the brow of the vale.
ó, Gur bòidh - each an - com - unn'th' aig coinnimh'n t-Srath-mhòir.
o, How joy - ous the meet - ing con - vened at Strath-more.
rit.
sf
rit.
p
Ped.
*

2.

Mar na neòil bhuidhe 'lùbas
Air stùcaibh nan sliabh,
Tha cas-fhalt mo rùin-sa
Gu siùbhlach a' snìomh;
Tha 'gruaidh mar an ròs
'N uair a's bòidhche 'bhios 'fhiamh
Fo ùr-dhealt a' Chéitein
Mu'n éirich a' ghrian.
Air fàillirinn, &c.

3.

Mar Vénus a' boisgeadh
Thar choilltibh nan àrd,
Tha mìog-shuil 'g am bhuaireadh
Le suaicheantas gràidh.
Tha 'bràighe nan seud
Ann an éideadh gach àigh,
Mar ghealach nan speur
'S i 'cur-reultan fo phràmh.
Air fàillirinn, &c.

4.

Bith'dh 'n uiseag 's an smeòrach,
Feadh lòintean an driùchd,
'Toirt fàilte le'n òrain
Do'n òg-mhaduinn chiùin;
Ach bith'dh 'n uiseag neo-sheòlta,
'S an smeòrach gun sunnd,
'N uair a thòisicheas m' eudail
Air gleusadh a ciùil.
Air fàillirinn, &c.

5.

'N uair thig samhradh nan neòinean
A' còmhdach nam bruach,
Bith'dh gach eòinean 's a' chròc-choill'
A' ceòl leis a' chuaich;
'S bith'dh mise gu h-éibhinn
A' leumnaich 's a' ruaig
Fo dhlùth-gheugaibh sgàileach,
A' mànran ri m' luaidh.
Air fàillirinn, &c.

2.

As the clouds yellow wreath
On the mountain's high brow,
So the locks of my fair one
Reduntantly flow.
Her cheeks have the tint
That the roses display
When they glitter with dew
In the morning of May.
Air falyerin, &c.

3.

Like the planet of Venus,
That gleams o'er the grove,
Her blue rolling eyes
Are the symbols of love.
Her pearl-circled bosom
Diffuses bright rays,
As the moon when the stars
Are bedimmed with her blaze.
Air falyerin, &c.

4.

The mavis and lark,
At the breaking of dawn,
Make a chorus of joy
To resound through the lawn;
But the mavis is tuneless—
The lark strives in vain,
When my beautiful charmer
Renews her sweet strain.
Air falyerin, &c.

5.

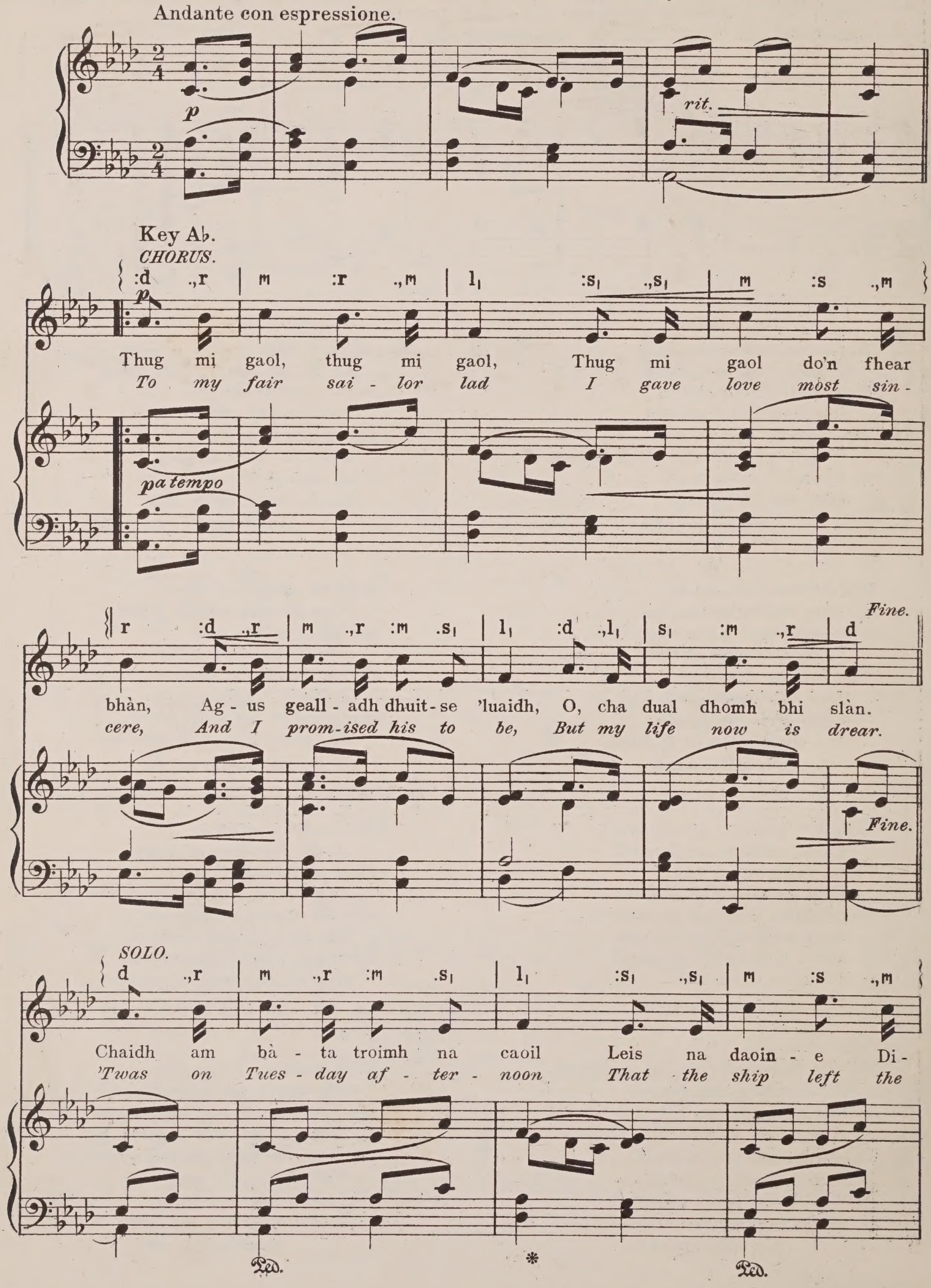
When summer bespangles
The landscape with flowers,
And the thrush and the cuckoo
Sing soft in their bowers,
Through the wood-shaded windings
With Bella I'll rove,
And feast unrestrained
On the smiles of my love.
Air falyerin, &c.

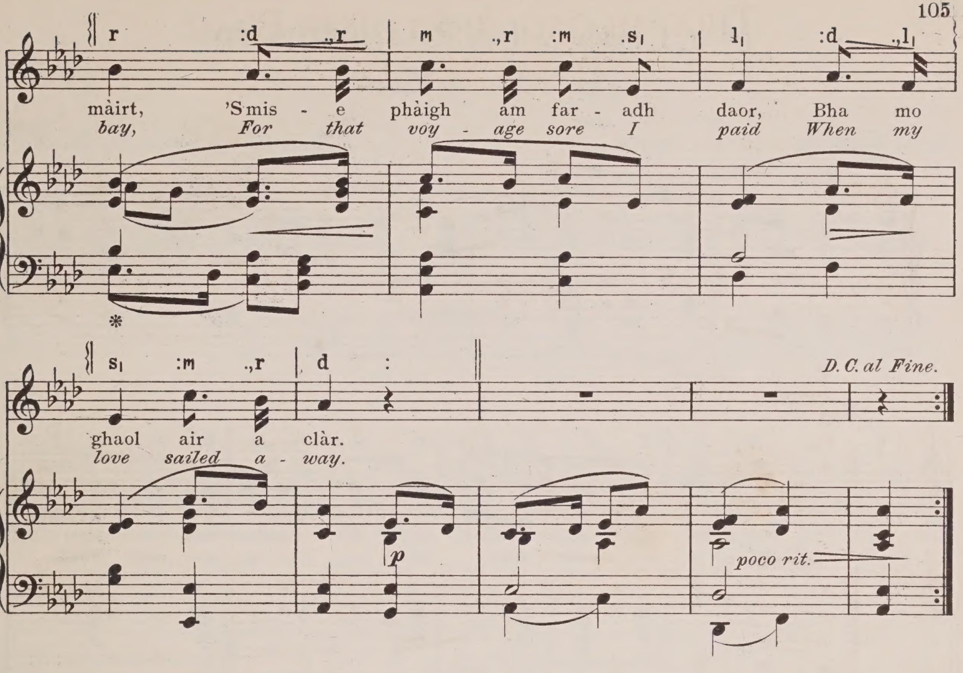
Ealaidh ghaoil.

THUG MI GAOL DO'N FHEAR BHÀN.

The fair Sailor Lad.

Gaelic Words of Hebridean origin. Translation by HENRY WHYTE. (Fionn.)


Andante con espressione.
p
rit.
Key A♭.
CHORUS.
:d .,r | m :r .,m | l₁ :s₁ .,s₁ | m :s .,m
p
Thug mi gaol, thug mi gaol, Thug mi gaol do'n fhear
To my fair sai - lor lad I gave love most sin -
p a tempo
r :d .,r | m .,r :m .s₁ | l₁ :d .,l₁ | s₁ :m .,r | d
Fine.
bhàn, Ag - us geall - adh dhuit - se 'luaidh, O, cha dual dhomh bhi slàn.
cere, And I prom - ised his to be, But my life now is drear.
Fine.
SOLO.
d .,r | m .,r :m .s₁ | l₁ :s₁ .,s₁ | m :s .,m
Chaidh am bà - ta troimh na caoil Leis na daoin - e Di -
'Twas on Tues - day af - ter - noon That the ship left the
Ped.
*
Ped.


r :d .,r | m .,r :m .s, | l, :d .,l,
màirt, 'S mis - e phàigh am far - adh daor, Bha mo
bay, For that voy - age sore I paid When my
s, :m .,r | d :
ghaol air a clàr.
love sailed a - way.
D.C. al Fine.
p
poco rit.

2.
Chunn'cas long air a' chuan,
'S i cur suas nan seòl àrd,
'Nuair a dhiùlt i cur mu'n cuairt,
Bha mo luaidhs' air an t-snàmh.
Thug mi gaol, &c.

3.
Tacan mu'n do luigh a' ghrian,
Bha mi 'm fianuis mo ghràidh.
Tha e nis an grunnd a' chuain—
O, gur fuar àite-tàimh!
Thug mi gaol, &c.

4.
Bha mi bruadar an raoir,
A bhi'n caoimhneas mo ghràidh;
'S 'nuair a thug e rium a chùl.
Shil mo shùilean gu làr.
Thug mi gaol, &c.

5.
Bha mi deas is bha mi tuath,
Bha mi'n Cluaidh uair no dhà;
De na chunna mi fo 'n ghrèin
Thug mi spéis do'n fhear bhàn.
Thug mi gaol, &c.

6.
Cha téid mise 'thigh a' chiùil,
Thuit mo shùgradh gu làr,
O'n a chualas thusa 'rùin
'Bhi 's a' ghrunnd far nach tràigh.
Thug mi gaol, &c.

2.
As they raised the canvas hoar
A fierce squall struck amain
Then my lover lost his hold,
And was ne'er seen again.
To my fair, &c.

3.
But a few short hours before
I held converse with thee,
Thou art now asleep, my love,
'Neath the cold cruel sea.
To my fair, &c.

4.
Yesternight, when in a dream,
To my love I was nigh;
But at dawn the vision fled,
And I waked with a sigh.
To my fair, &c.

5.
I have been to foreign lands,
I have sailed far and near;
But I never yet saw one,
I'd compare with my dear.
To my fair, &c.

6.
Life is reft of all its joys
I shall ne'er smile again
Since my own, my sailor lad,
Sleeps for aye 'neath the main.
To my fair, &c.

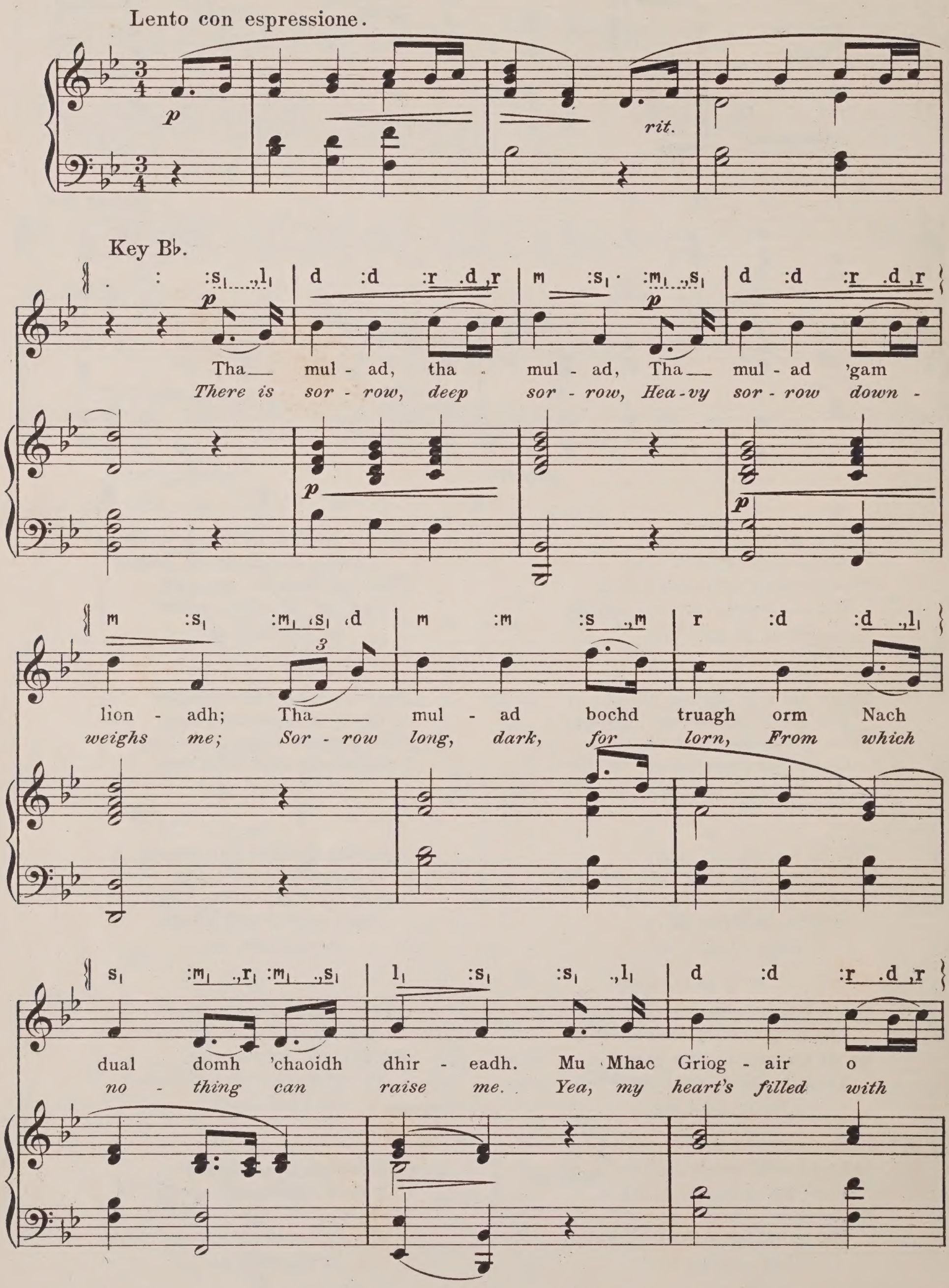
Thug mi gaol do'n fhear bhàn.

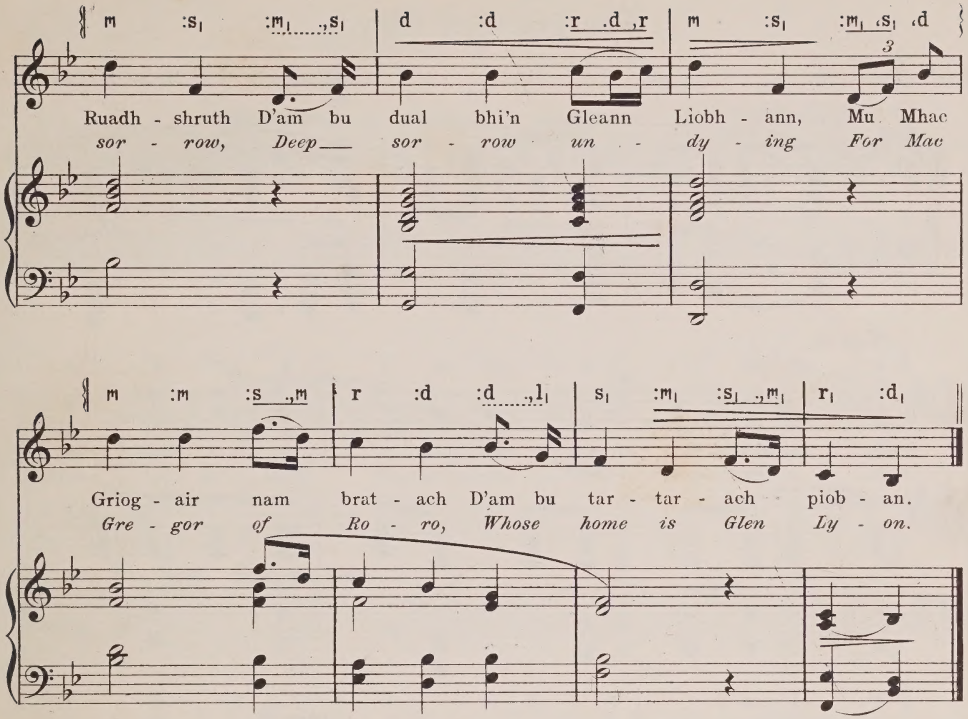
MAC GRIOGAIR O RUADHSHRUTH.

Macgregor o' Ruara.

Gaelic Words old.

Translation by Principal SHAIRP.


Lento con espressione.
p
rit.
Key B♭.
. : :s₁ .,l₁ | d :d :r .d ,r | m :s₁ . :m₁ .,s₁ | d :d :r .d ,r
p
Tha mul - ad, tha mul - ad, Tha mul - ad 'gam
There is sor - row, deep sor - row, Hea - vy sor - row down -
m :s₁ :m₁ ,s₁ ,d | m :m :s .,m | r :d :d .,l₁
3
lìon - adh; Tha mul - ad bochd truagh orm Nach
weighs me; Sor - row long, dark, for - lorn, From which
s₁ :m₁ .,r₁ :m₁ .,s₁ | l₁ :s₁ :s₁ .,l₁ | d :d :r .d ,r
dual domh 'chaoidh dhìr - eadh. Mu Mhac Griog - air o
no - thing can raise me. Yea, my heart's filled with


Ruadh - shruth D'am bu dual bhi'n Gleann Liobh - ann, Mu Mhac
sor - row, Deep sor - row un - dy - ing For Mac
Griog - air nam brat - ach D'am bu tar - tar - ach piob - an.
Gre - gor of Ro - ro, Whose home is Glen Ly - on.

2.	2.
'Gam bu shuaicheantas giubhas	*For the bannered MacGregor*
Ri bruthach 'ga dhìreadh;	*So bravely who bore him*
Crann caol air dheagh locradh	*With the roar of the war-pipe*
'S ite dhosrach an fhìr-eòin.	*Loud thundering before him;*
Crann caol air dheagh shnaitheadh	*His emblem the pine tree*
Cuid a dh'aighear mhic rìgh e;	*On mountain side growing*
An laimh dheagh Mhic Mhuirich	*And the proud eagle's feather*
'Ga chumail réidh direach.	*On his banner-staff showing.*

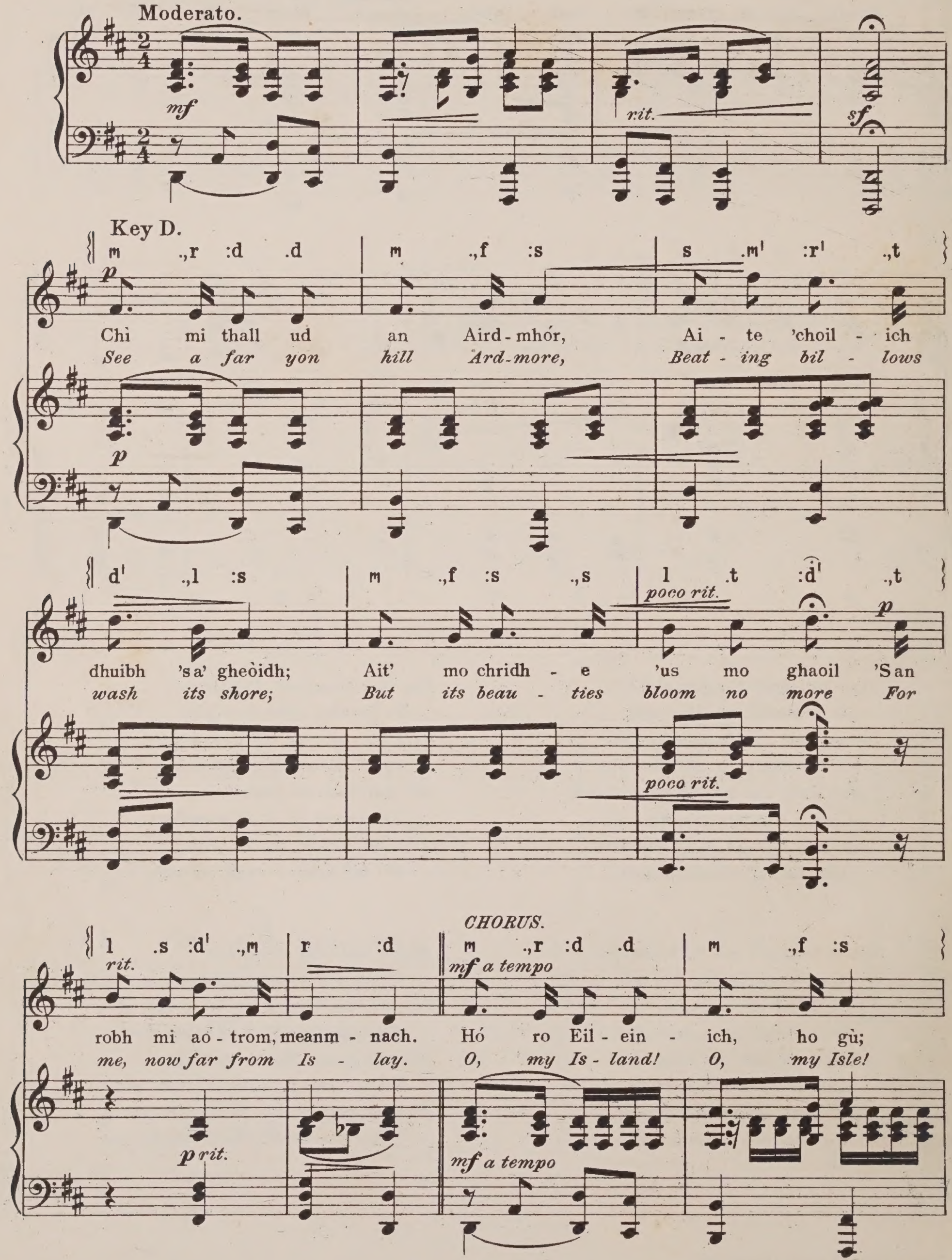
3.	3.
Ged a bhuail e mi, 'm balaoch,	*Now I will not complain*
'Gam ghearan cha bhì mi;	*Though a cow-herd should smite me;*
Ged a dhean iad orm eucoir	*Should they wrong and outrage me,*
A thì féin! có ni dìoladh?	*O heaven! who shall right me?*
'S luchd gabhail mo leisgeil	*'Tis my pain they're not here*
Anns a 'chaibeal so shìos uam—	*Whom living, naught ailed me;*
Luchd a sheasamh mo chòrach—	*East in yon chapel they're lying*
'S e mo lèon iad bhi dhìth orm.	*True hearts that ne'er failed me.*

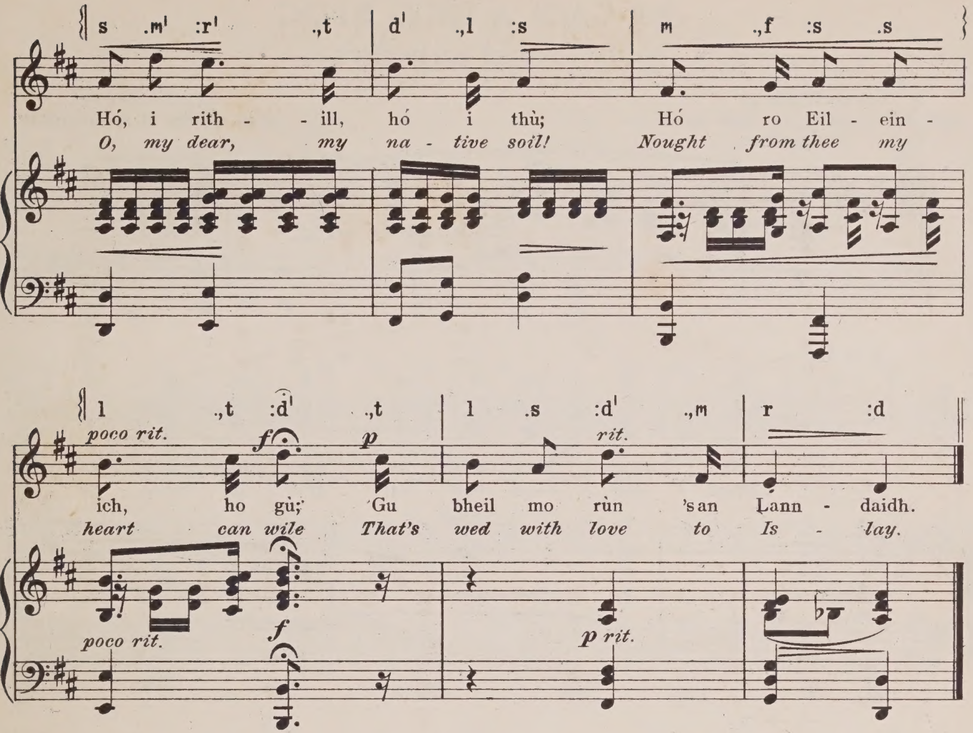
MOLADH NA LANNDAIDH.

The Praise of Islay.

Gaelic Words old.

Translation by THOMAS PATTISON.


Moderato.
mf
rit.
sf
Key D.
m .,r :d .d | m .,f :s | s .m' :r' .,t
p
Chi mi thall ud an Aird-mhór, Ai - te 'choil - ich
See a far yon hill Ard-more, Beat - ing bil - lows
p
d' .,l :s | m .,f :s .,s | l .t :d' .,t
poco rit.
p
dhuibh 's a' gheòidh; Ait' mo chridh - e 'us mo ghaoil 'S an
wash its shore; But its beau - ties bloom no more For
poco rit.
CHORUS.
l .s :d' .,m | r :d || m .,r :d .d | m .,f :s
rit.
mf a tempo
robh mi ao - trom, meanm - nach. Hó ro Eil - ein - ich, ho gù;
me, now far from Is - lay. O, my Is - land! O, my Isle!
p rit.
mf a tempo


s .m' :r' .,t | d' .,l :s | m .,f :s .s
Hó, i rith - ill, hó i thù; Hó ro Eil - ein -
O, my dear, my na - tive soil! Nought from thee my
l .,t :d' .,t | l .s :d' .,m | r :d
poco rit.
f
p
rit.
ich, ho gù; Gu bheil mo rùn 's an Lann - daidh.
heart can wile That's wed with love to Is - lay.
poco rit.
f
p rit.

2.
Ged 'tha'n Lanndaidh creagach, ciar,
'S moch a dh'éireas oirre 'ghrian;
Innis nam bà-laoigh 's nam fiadh,
'S gu'm b'e mo mhiann 'bhi thall ann.
Hó ro Eileinich, &c.

3.
'S'n uair a dh'éirinn moch 's an àird
Bheirinn sgrìob do cheann an t-sàil'—
Bhiodh na lachan air an t-snàmh,
'S cha b'fhada'm bàs o m'laimh-sa.
Hó ro Eileinich, &c.

4.
'S tric a leag mi air a' bhruaich
Earba ghlas a' mhuineil ruaidh;
Bhiodh an liath-chearc leam a nuas
'Us coileach ruadh an dranndain.
Hó ro Eileinich, &c.

5.
O! mo ghaol air Ile'n fheòir,
Far an d'fhuair mi m'àrach òg;
Far am bheil na h-uaislean còir,
Bu toil leò ceòl 'us dannsadh!
Hó ro Eileinich, &c.

2.
Though its shore is rocky, drear,
Early doth the sun appear
On leafy brake and fallow deer,
And flocks and herds in Islay.
O, my Island! &c.

3.
Eagles rise on soaring wing,
Herons watch the gushing spring;
Heath-cocks, with their whirring, bring
Their own delight to Islay.
O, my Island! &c.

4.
Birken branches there are gay,
Hawthorns wave their silvered spray;
Every bough the breezes sway,
Awakens joy in Islay.
O, my Island! &c.

5.
Mavis sings on hazy bough,
Linnets haunt the glen below;
O, may long their wild notes flow
With melodies in Islay.
O, my Island! &c.

Moladh na Lanndaidh.

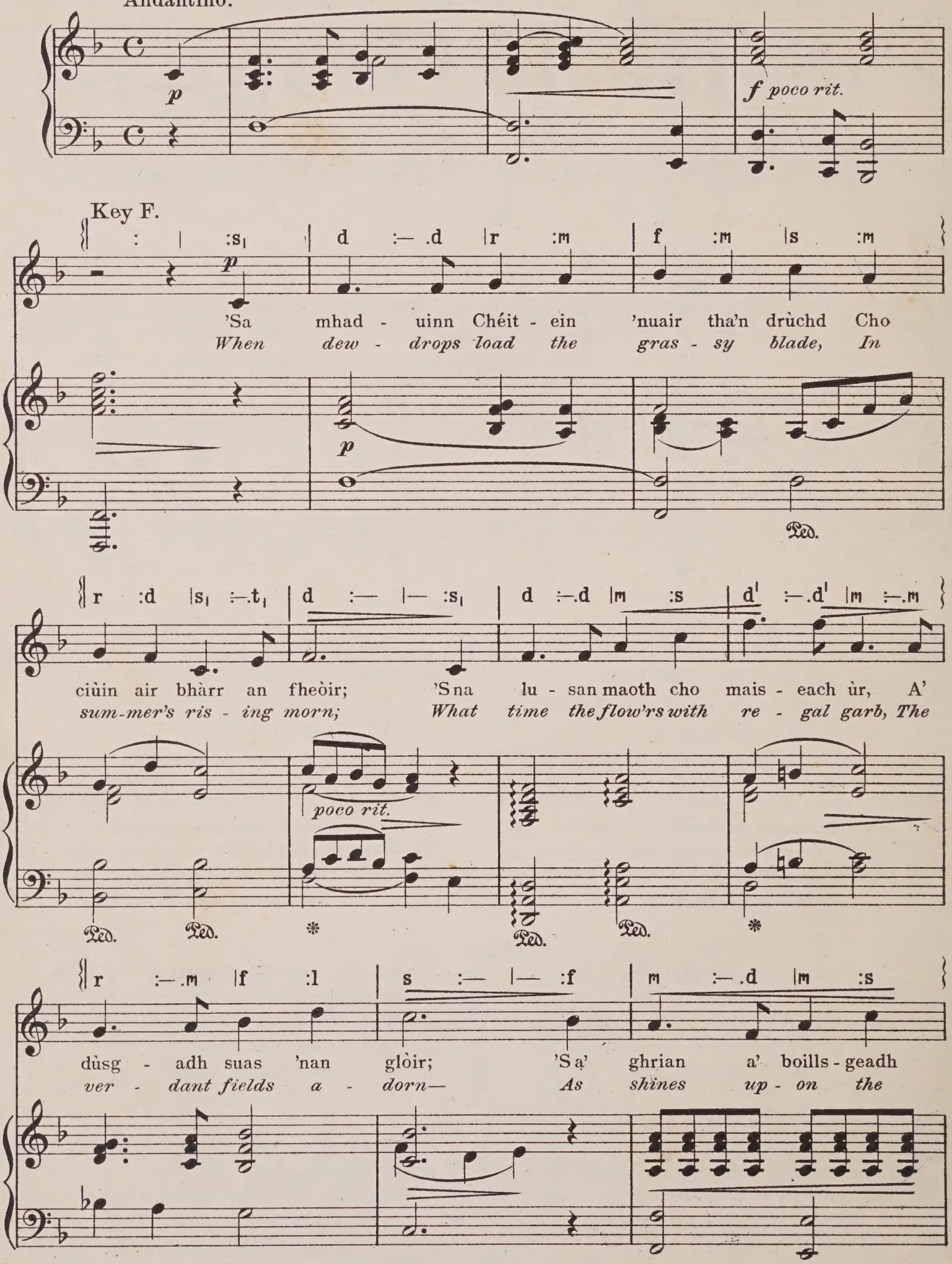
AN GAOL A THUG MI ÒG.

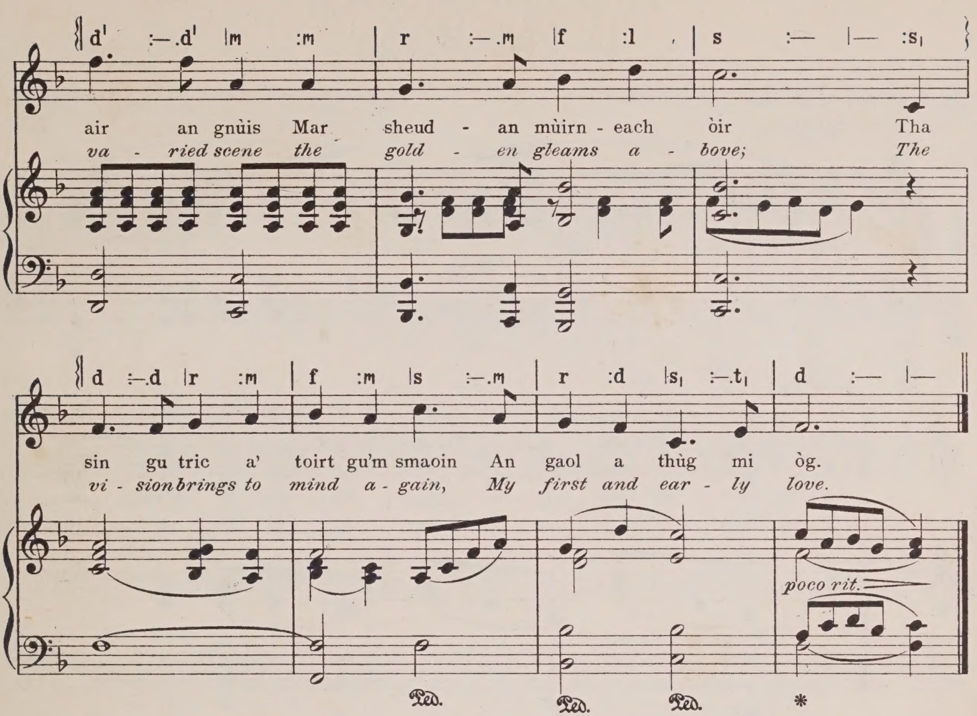
My love of early days.

Gaelic Words by
NEIL MACLEOD, the Skye Bard.

Translation by
NEIL ROSS, M.A. Glendale.

Andantino.


p
f poco rit.
Key F.
: | :s₁ | d :— .d | r :m | f :m | s :m
'Sa mhad - uinn Chéit - ein 'nuair tha'n drùchd Cho
When dew - drops load the gras - sy blade, In
| r :d | s₁ :— .t₁ | d :— | — :s₁ | d :— .d | m :s | d' :— .d' | m :— .m
ciùin air bhàrr an fheòir; 'Sna lu - san maoth cho mais - each ùr, A'
sum-mer's ris - ing morn; What time the flow'rs with re - gal garb, The
poco rit.
| r :— .m | f :l | s :— | — :f | m :— .d | m :s
dùsg - adh suas 'nan glòir; 'S a' ghrian a' boills - geadh
ver - dant fields a - dorn— As shines up - on the
Ped.
*


d' :—.d' |m :m | r :—.m |f :l | s :— |— :s,
air an gnùis Mar sheud - an mùirn - each òir Tha
va - ried scene the gold - en gleams a - bove; The
d :—.d |r :m | f :m |s :—.m | r :d |s, :—.t, | d :— |—
sin gu tric a' toirt gu'm smaoin An gaol a thùg mi òg.
vi - sion brings to mind a - gain, My first and ear - ly love.
poco rit.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
*

2.
'Nuair chì mi'n spreidh a' ruith 's a' leum
  Le éibhneas air na lòin,
'S a chì mi smeòrach bhinn nan geug
  'S a céile fhéin 'na còir;
Ag ullachadh a cuachaig fhaoin
  Do 'h-àlach maoth gun treòir;
Tha sin gu tric a' toirt gu'm smaoin
  An gaol a thug mi òg.

3.
'Nuair chì mi'n rìbhinn mhaiseach chiùin
  Le rùn gun fhoill gun ghò,
'S a leannan gaoil do'n d'thug i ùigh
  Le sunnd a' buain nan ròs,
'S a chì mi nt-òigear fearail caomh
  A' seinn ri taobh na h-òigh,
Tha sin gu tric a' toirt gu'm smaoin
  An gaol a thug mi òg.

4.
Ach faodaidh lusan éirigh suas
  Tha'n diugh 'nan suain fo'n fhòid,
'S 'nuair thig an samhradh séimh mu'n cuairt
  Bidh luathghair aig na h-eòin;
Thig iomadh caochladh oirnn nach saoil
  'S cha bhi iad saor o bhròn;
Tha sin gu tric a' toirt gu'm smaoin
  An gaol a thug mi òg.

2.
When lambs and calves upon the meads
  In mirth and gladness bound,
When loud the mavis and her mate
  Make woodland vales resound;
When she prepares her cosy nest
  Adown the leafy grove,
The vision brings to mind again
  My first and early love.

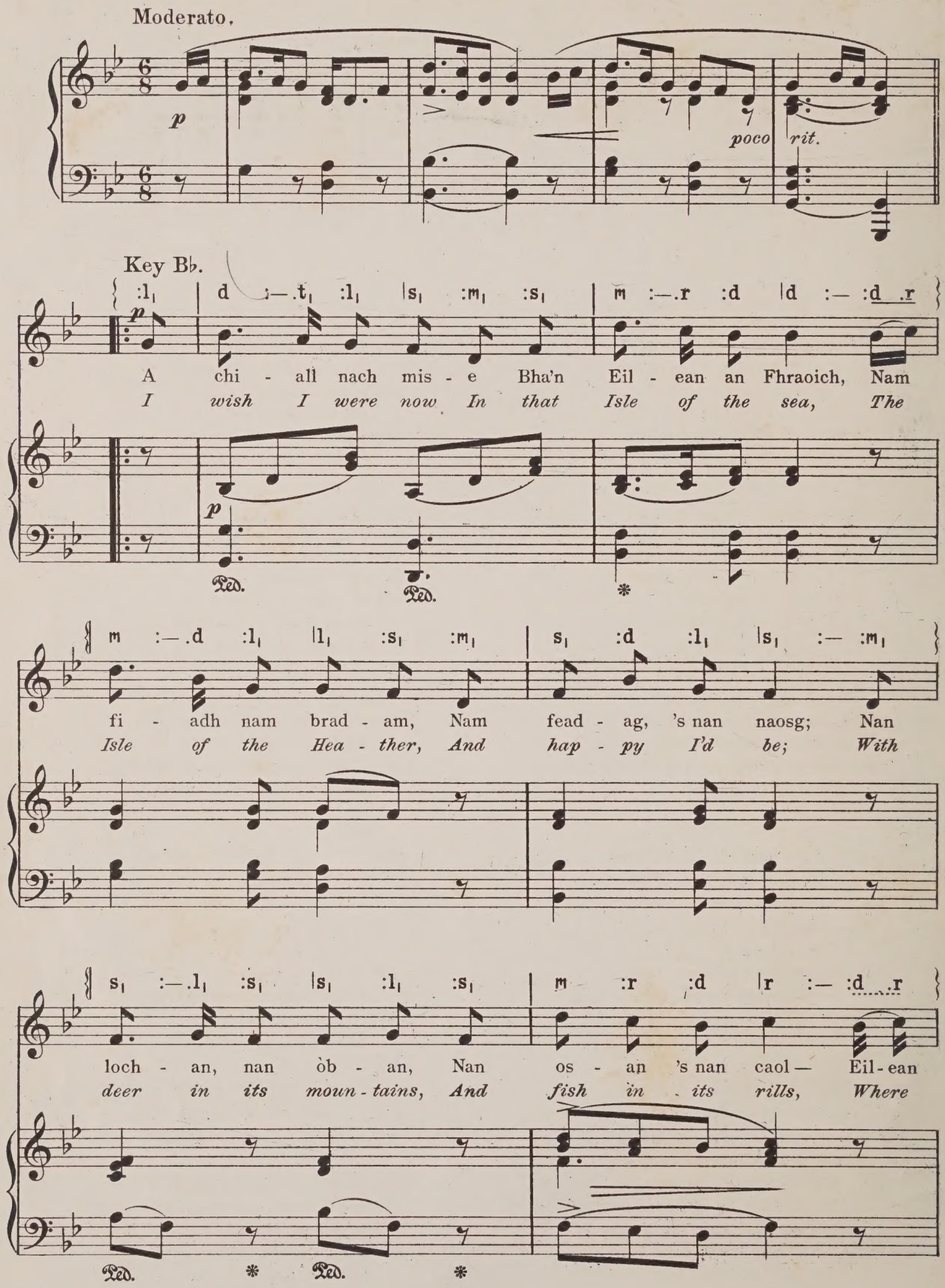
3.
When I behold the beauteous maid,
  Whose thoughts are free from guile,
And with her, gathering roses, he
  Who won her beaming smile.
And when he sings the am'rous strain,
  His ardent love to prove,
The vision brings to mind again
  My first and early love.

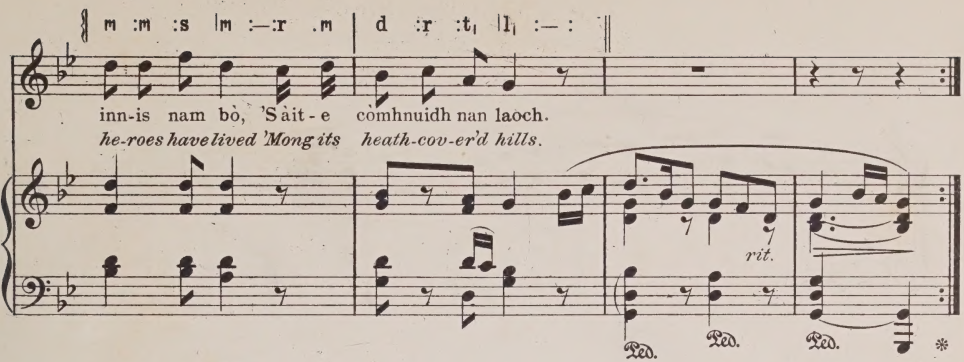
4.
The flowers that sleep within the dust,
  May rise and bloom once more,
And songs of birds may glad the woods
  As loudly as before,
And many an unexpected change
  Of sorrow keen may prove,
Which always brings to mind again
  My first and early love.

EILEAN AN FHRAOICH.

The Isle of Heather.

Gaelic Words by M. MACLEOD, Govan. Translation by HENRY WHYTE. (Fionn.)


Moderato.
p
poco rit.
Key B♭.
:l, | d :—.t, :l, |s, :m, :s, | m :—.r :d |d :— :d .r
A chi - all nach mis - e Bha'n Eil - ean an Fhraoich, Nam
I wish I were now In that Isle of the sea, The
p
Ped. Ped. *
m :—.d :l, |l, :s, :m, | s, :d :l, |s, :— :m,
fi - adh nam brad - am, Nam fead - ag, 's nan naosg; Nan
Isle of the Hea - ther, And hap - py I'd be; With
s, :—.l, :s, |s, :l, :s, | m :r :d |r :— :d .r
loch - an, nan òb - an, Nan os - an 's nan caol — Eil - ean
deer in its moun - tains, And fish in its rills, Where
Ped. * Ped. *


| m :m :s | m :—:r .m | d :r :t_1 | l_1 :— : ||
inn-is nam bò, 'S àit - e còmhnuidh nan laoch.
he-roes have lived 'Mong its heath-cov-er'd hills.
rit.
Ped. Ped. Ped. *

2.
An t-Eilean ro mhaiseach,
Gur pailt ann am biadh;
'S e Eilean a's àillt' air 'n
Do dhealraich a' ghrian;
'S e Eilean mo ghraidh-s' e,
Bha 'Ghàidhlig ann riamh;
'S cha 'n fhalbh i gu bràth
Gus an tràigh an cuan siar!

3.
'N àm éirigh na gréine
Air a shléibhtibh bith'dh ceò,
Bith'dh a' bhanarach ghuanach
'S a' bhuarach 'n a dòrn
Ri gabhail a duanaig
'S i cuallach nam bò,
'S mac talla nan creag
Ri toirt freagairt d' a ceòl.

4.
Air feasgar an t-Samhraidh
Bith'dh sunnd air gach spréidh;
Bith'dh a' chuthag 'us fonn oirr'
Ri òran di fhéin;
Bith'dh uiseag air lòn
Agus smeòrach air géig,
'S air cnuic ghlas' 'us leòidean
Uain òga ri leum.

5.
Na'm faighinn mo dhùrachd
'S e'lùgainn bhi òg,
'S gun ghnothach aig aois rium
Fhad 's a dh'fhaodainn bhi beò,
Bhi 'n am bhuachaill' air àirigh
Fo sgàil nam beann mòr'
Far am faighinn an càis,
'S bainne-blàth air son òl.

6.
Cha 'n fhacas air talamh
Leam seallach a's bòidhch'
Na 'ghrian a' dol sìos
Air taobh siar Eilean Leòghais;
'N crodh-laoigh anns an luachair,
'S am buachaill' 'n an tòir
'G an tional gu àirigh
Le àl de laoigh og'.

2.
This dearest of Isles
Is so fertile and fair,
That no other island
May with it compare;
Here Gaelic was spoken
In ages gone by,
And here it will live
Till the ocean runs dry.

3.
At dawning of day
When there's mist on the hill,
The milkmaids go skipping
By fountain and rill;
When milking their cattle
They raise a sweet song,
And softly the echoes
The chorus prolong.

4.
The notes of the cuckoo
Are welcomed in May,
And the blackbird sings blithe
'Mong the silvery spray;
The lark and the mavis
Pour forth their sweet lay,
While the lambs in the meadows
Are sprightly at play.

5.
Could I get my wish,
And be once more a boy,
I'd thither return
And its pleasures enjoy,
A shepherd, to wander
O'er heather-clad hills,
And drink a cool draught
From its bright mountain rills.

6.
There ne'er was a picture
More lovely to see,
Than the sun as he sinks
In the blue western sea,
When homeward the cattle
Are wending their way,
And all things are still,
At the close of the day.

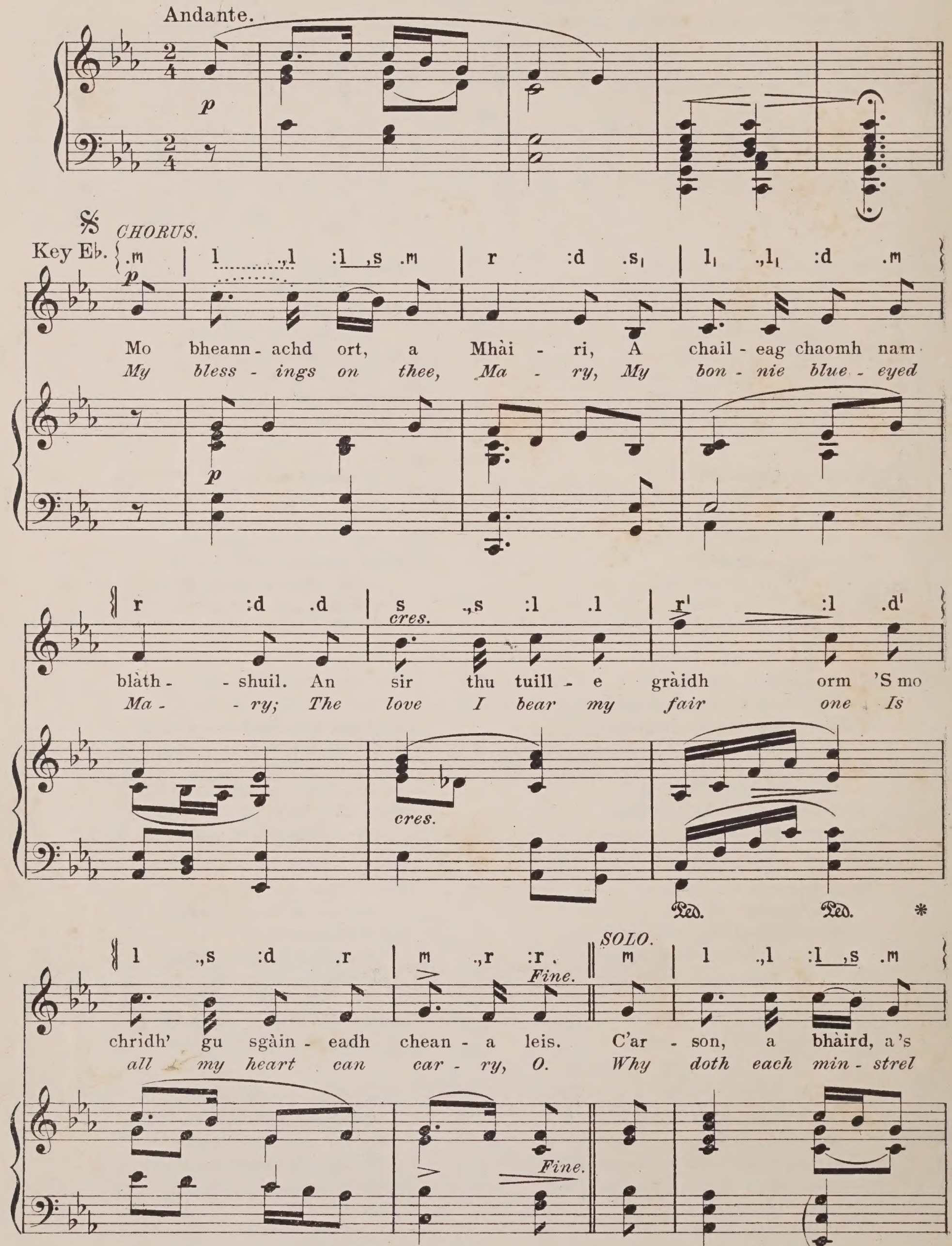
Eilean an Fhraoich.

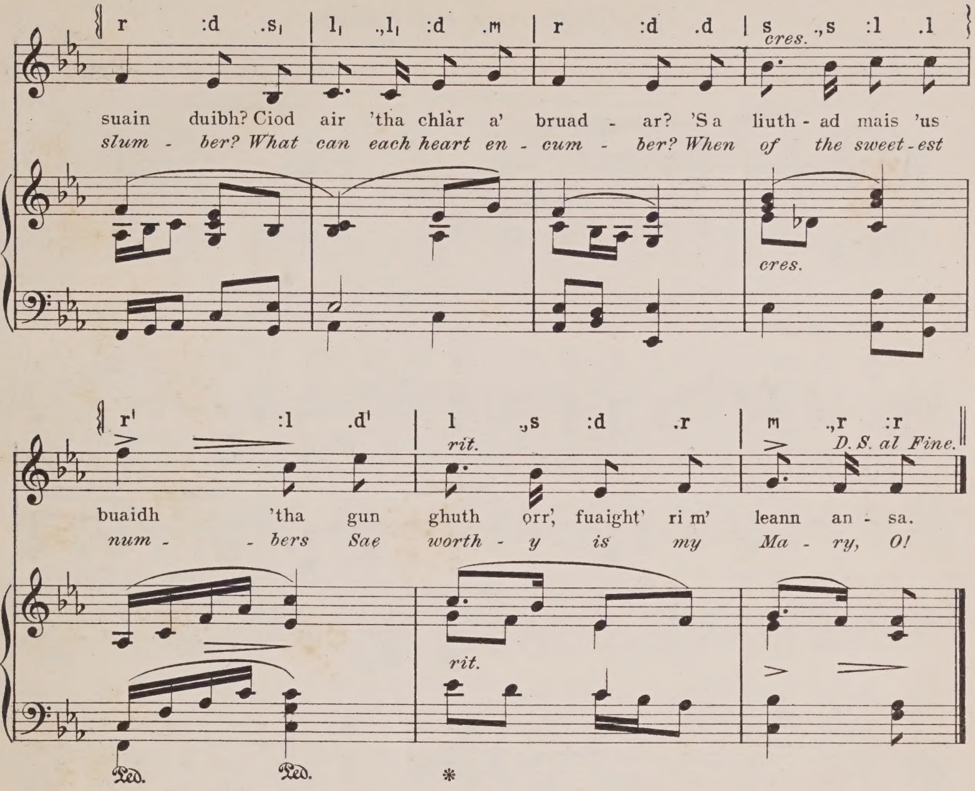
MO BHEANNACHD ORT, A MHÀIRI.

My blessings on thee, Mary.

Gaelic Words and Translation by EVAN MAC COLL.

Air— Nighean donn an t-sùgraidh.


Andante.
p
Key E♭.
CHORUS.
.m | l .,l :l ,s .m | r :d .s, | l, .,l, :d .m
p
Mo bheann - achd ort, a Mhài - ri, A chail - eag chaomh nam
My bless - ings on thee, Ma - ry, My bon - nie blue - eyed
p
r :d .d | s .,s :l .l | r' :l .d'
cres.
blàth - shuil. An sir thu tuill - e gràidh orm 'S mo
Ma - ry; The love I bear my fair one Is
cres.
Ped.
Ped.
*
l .,s :d .r | m .,r :r .
Fine.
chridh' gu sgàin - eadh chean - a leis.
all my heart can car - ry, O.
Fine.
SOLO.
m | l .,l :l ,s .m
C'ar - son, a bhàird, a's
Why doth each min - strel


r :d .s, | l, .,l, :d .m | r :d .d | s .,s :l .l
cres.
suain duibh? Ciod air 'tha chlàr a' bruad - ar? 'S a liuth - ad mais 'us
slum - ber? What can each heart en - cum - ber? When of the sweet - est
cres.
r' :l .d' | l .,s :d .r | m .,r :r
rit.
D. S. al Fine.
buaidh 'tha gun ghuth orr', fuaight' ri m' leann an - sa.
num - bers Sae worth - y is my Ma - ry, O!
rit.
Ped. Ped. *

2.
Mar ghrian ghath air uchd fairge,
Mar eal' air broilleach balbh-shruth,
Mar lilidh bheag nan tolman
Tha gilead dealbh na cailin ud.

Mo bheannachd ort, &c.

3.
Ged tha 'falt buidhe 'seòladh
M'a slinnean sneachd, mar òr-neul
Air gnùis grian-fheasgair òg-mhios,
Gur fada spòrs o'n ainnir ghrinn.

Mo bheannachd ort, &c.

4.
'S ged tha na mìltean 'g aoradh dhi
Cha toir gin uam fhéin i;
Bidh bàrr aig aìngle'n naomhachd,
Ach buidhnidh 'n ceutachd Mali orr!

Mo bheannachd ort, &c.

2.
Like sunbeam on the ocean
Like swan on Shira's bosom,
Like April's brightest blossom,
Sae bright is sure my Mary, O!

My blessings on thee, &c.

3.
Wi' wavin' locks sae gowden
Her snowy neck surroundin',
There's naething vain or proud in
The heart o' smiling Mary, O!

My blessings on thee, &c.

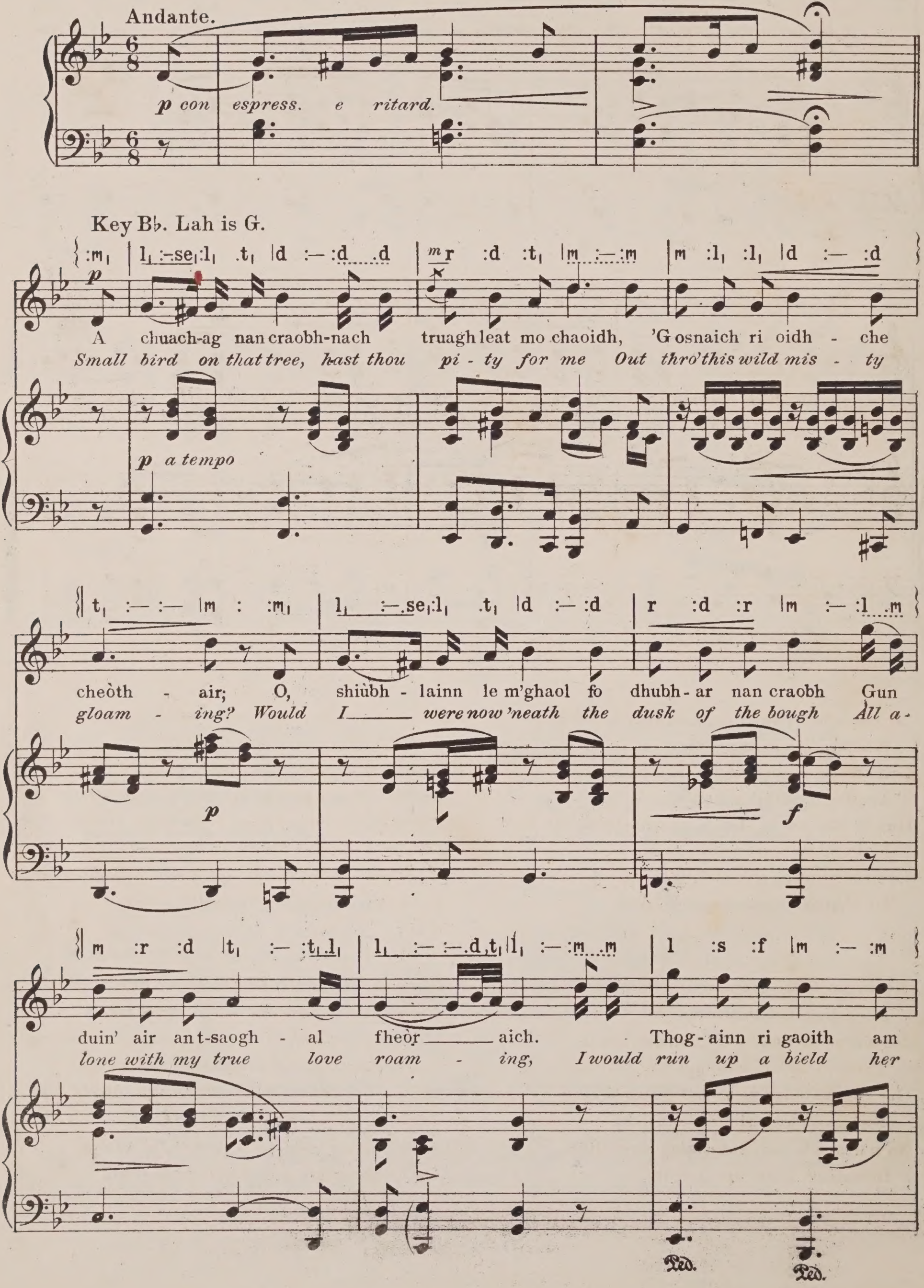
4.
Wi' thousands to adore her
She loves me only surer;—
An angel may be purer
But not mair sweet than Mary, O!

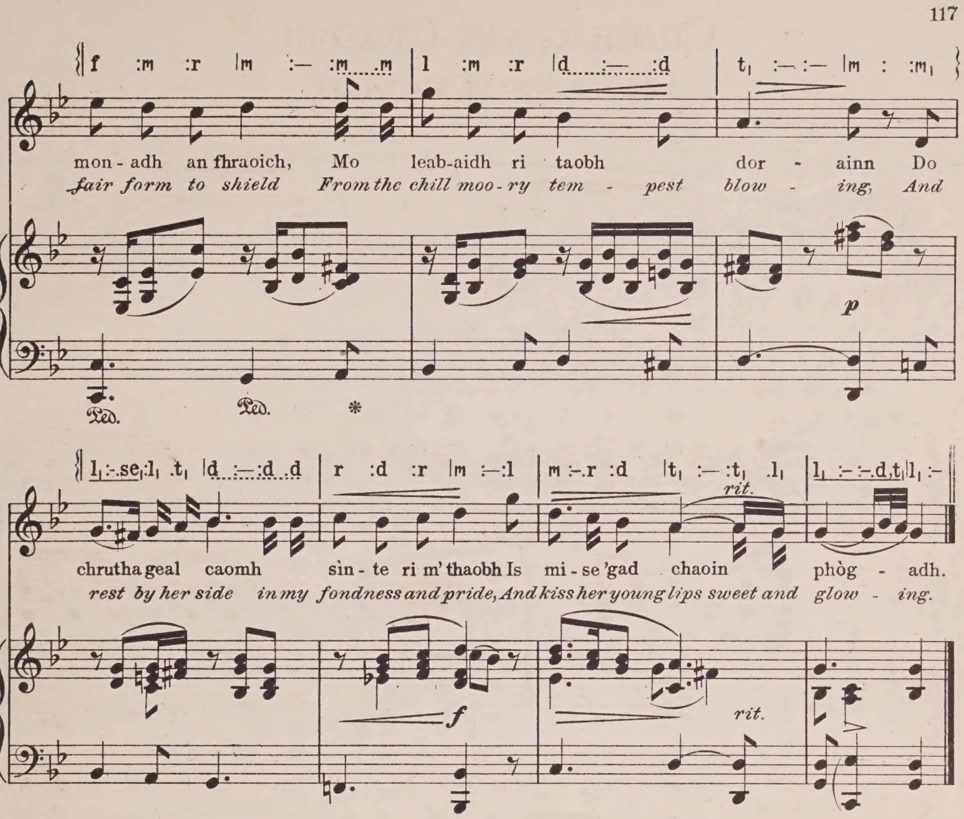
My blessings on thee, &c.

CUACHAG NAN CRAOBH.

The Cuckoo of the Grove.

Gaelic Words old. Translation by THOMAS PATTISON.


Andante.
p con espress. e ritard.
Key B♭. Lah is G.
:m₁ | l₁ :–.se₁:l₁ .t₁ | d :– :d .d | ᵐr :d :t₁ | m :– :m | m :l₁ :l₁ | d :– :d
p
A chuach-ag nan craobh-nach truagh leat mo chaoidh, 'G osnaich ri oidh - che
Small bird on that tree, hast thou pi - ty for me Out thro' this wild mis - ty
p a tempo
t₁ :– :– | m : :m₁ | l₁ :–.se₁:l₁ .t₁ | d :– :d | r :d :r | m :– :l .m
cheòth - air; O, shiùbh - lainn le m'ghaol fo dhubh - ar nan craobh Gun
gloam - ing? Would I___ were now 'neath the dusk of the bough All a-
p
f
m :r :d | t₁ :– :t₁.l₁ | l₁ :– :–.d,t₁ | l₁ :– :m .m | l :s :f | m :– :m
duin' air an t-saogh - al fheòr___ aich. Thog - ainn ri gaoith am
lone with my true love roam - ing, I would run up a bield her
Ped. Ped.


mon - adh an fhraoich, Mo leab-aidh ri taobh dor - ainn Do
fair form to shield From the chill moo-ry tem - pest blow - ing, And
p
chrutha geal caomh sìn - te ri m' thaobh Is mi - se 'gad chaoin phòg - adh.
rest by her side in my fondness and pride, And kiss her young lips sweet and glow - ing.
rit.
f
rit.

2.

'S camalubach t 'fhalt fanna-bhuidh' nan cleac
'S fabhradh nan rosg àluinn;
Gruaidhean mar chaor, broilleach mar aol,
Anail mar ghaoth gàraidh.
Gus an cuir iad mi steach, an caol-taigh nan leac
Bi'dh mi fo neart cràidh dheth,
Le smaointinn do chleas, 's do shùgraidh ma seach
Fo dhuilleach nam preas blàthor.

3.

'S tu 'n ainnir tha grinn, mileanta, binn,
Le d' cheileire, seinn òran,
'Se bhi 'na do dhàil a dh' oidhche 's a là
'Thoilicheadh càil m' òige:
Gur gile do bhian na sneachd air an fhiar,
'S na canach air sliabh mòintich,
Na 'n deanadh tu, rùin, tarraing rium dlùth
Dheanainn gach tùrs fhògar.

2.

The curl of her hair was so graceful and fair
Its lid for her eye a sweet warden
Her cheek it was bright and her throat lily-white,
And her breath like a breeze o'er a garden.
Till they lay down my head in its stone-guarded bed
The force of these charms I feel daily
While I think of the mirth in the woods that had birth
When she laughed and sported gaily.

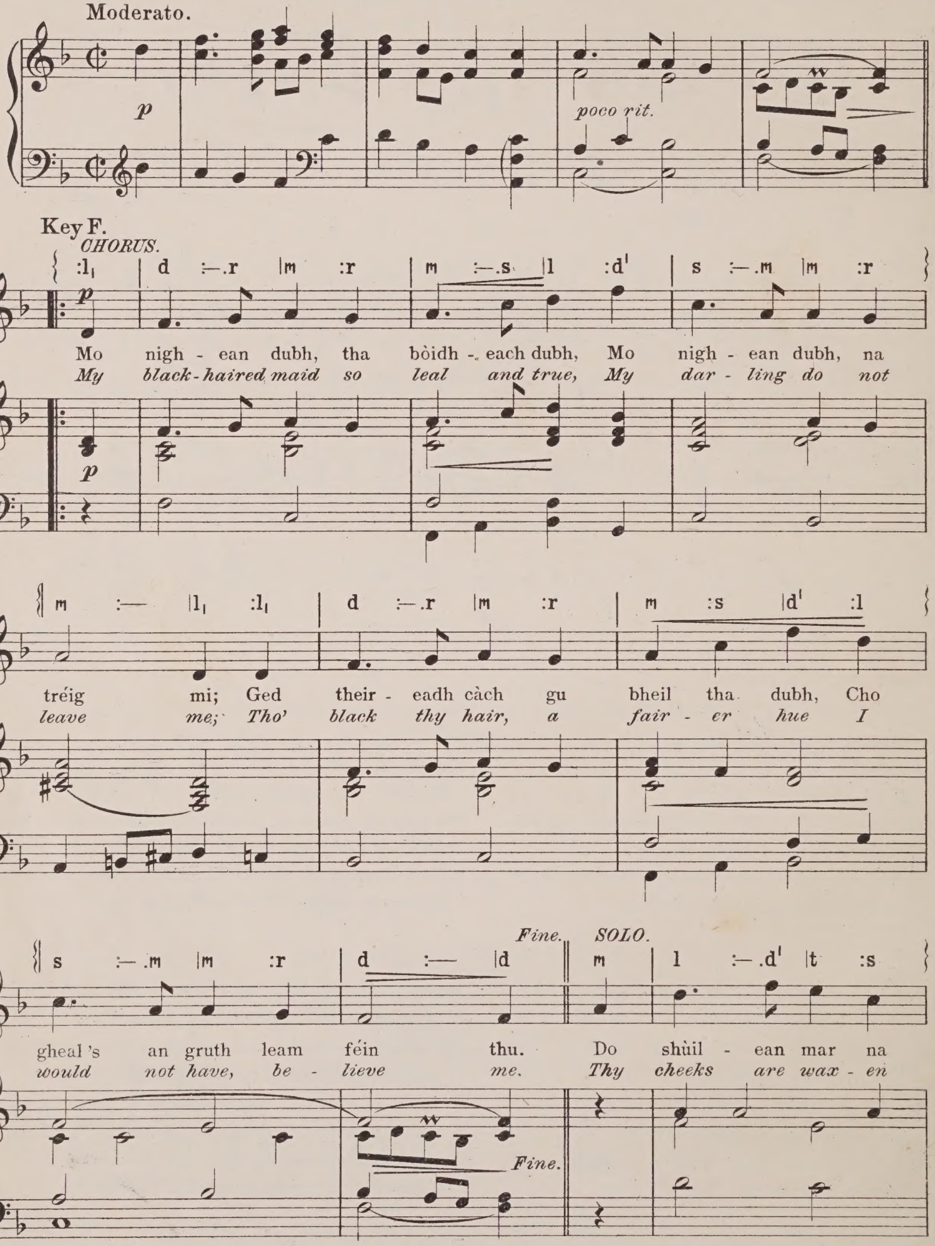
3.

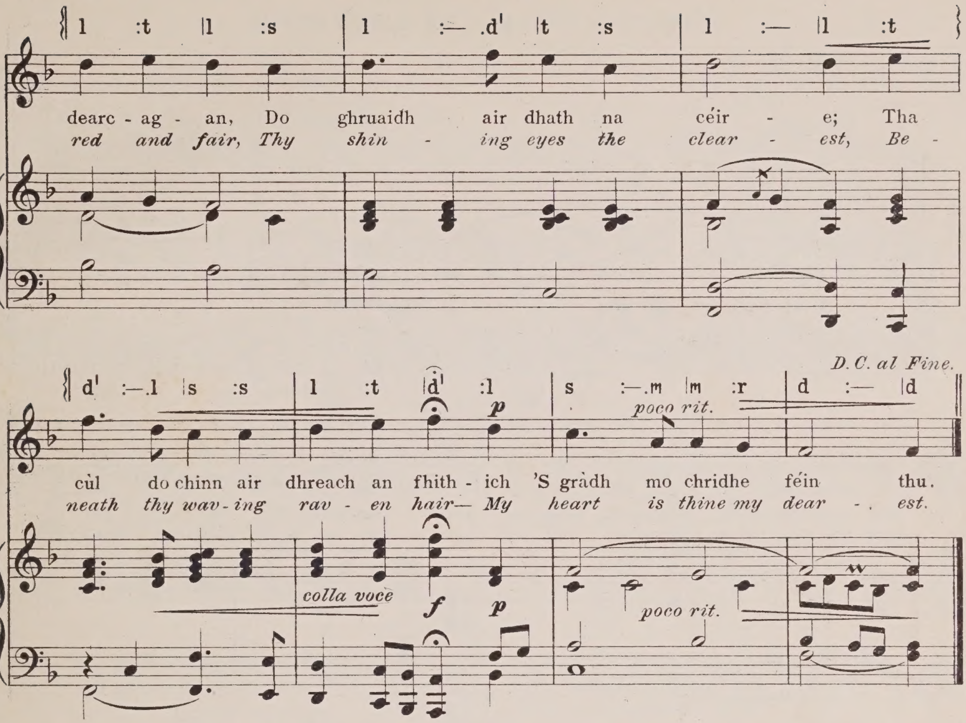
Softly someday, will they make in the clay
My bed, since her coldness so tries me;
I've wanted her long, and my love has been strong
And the greenwood bough still denies me.
If she were thus low, with what haste should I go
To ask how the maiden was faring:
Now short the delay till a mournful array
The brink of my grave will be bearing!

MO NIGHEAN DUBH.

My black-haired maid.

Gaelic Words by Rev. Dr. IRVINE, Little Dunkeld. Translation by LACHLAN MAC BEAN.


Moderato.
p
poco rit.
Key F.
CHORUS.
:l, | d :—.r |m :r | m :—.s |l :d' | s :—.m |m :r
p
Mo nigh - ean dubh, tha bòidh - each dubh, Mo nigh - ean dubh, na
My black-haired maid so leal and true, My dar - ling do not
p
m :— |l, :l, | d :—.r |m :r | m :s |d' :l
tréig mi; Ged their - eadh càch gu bheil tha dubh, Cho
leave me; Tho' black thy hair, a fair - er hue I
Fine.
SOLO.
s :—.m |m :r | d :— |d || m | l :—.d' |t :s
gheal 's an gruth leam féin thu. Do shùil - ean mar na
would not have, be - lieve me. Thy cheeks are wax - en
Fine.


l :t |l :s | l :— .d' |t :s | l :— |l :t
dearc - ag - an, Do ghruaidh air dhath na céir - e; Tha
red and fair, Thy shin - ing eyes the clear - est, Be -
D. C. al Fine.
d' :—.l |s :s | l :t |d' :l | s :—.m |m :r | d :— |d
p
poco rit.
cùl do chinn air dhreach an fhith - ich 'S gràdh mo chridhe féin thu.
neath thy wav-ing rav - en hair— My heart is thine my dear - est.
colla voce
f
p
poco rit.

2.
Sùil chorrach, ghorm fo chaol mhala
Bho'n tig an sealladh éibhinn,
Mar dhealt camhanaich 'san earrach
'S mar dhriùchd meala céitein.

Mo nighean dubh, &c.

3.
Tha 'falt dubh dualach, trom 'na luaidhte
'N ceangal sguaib air m'euchdaig;
Gur bòidheach e mu d'chluasaibh
'Us cha mhios' an cuailean bréide.

Mo nighean dubh, &c.

4.
Is olc a rinn do chàirdean orm
Is rinn iad pàirt ort féin deth,
'Nuair chuir iad ás an dùthaich thu
'S mi'n dùil gu'n dèanainn feum duit.

Mo nighean dubh, &c.

2.
Thy sweet blue eyes so large and bright
Beneath their lashes beaming,
Like lucid dewdrops when the light
Of morn is o'er them streaming.

My black-haired maid, &c.

3.
Thy glossy tresses from their snood
In waving fold unbraided,
Thou could'st not have a dearer hood
Or be more richly shaded.

My black-haired maid, &c.

4.
'Tis for the love I bear to thee—
A love with sorrow laden—
That thou art banished far from me
My bonnie black-haired maiden.

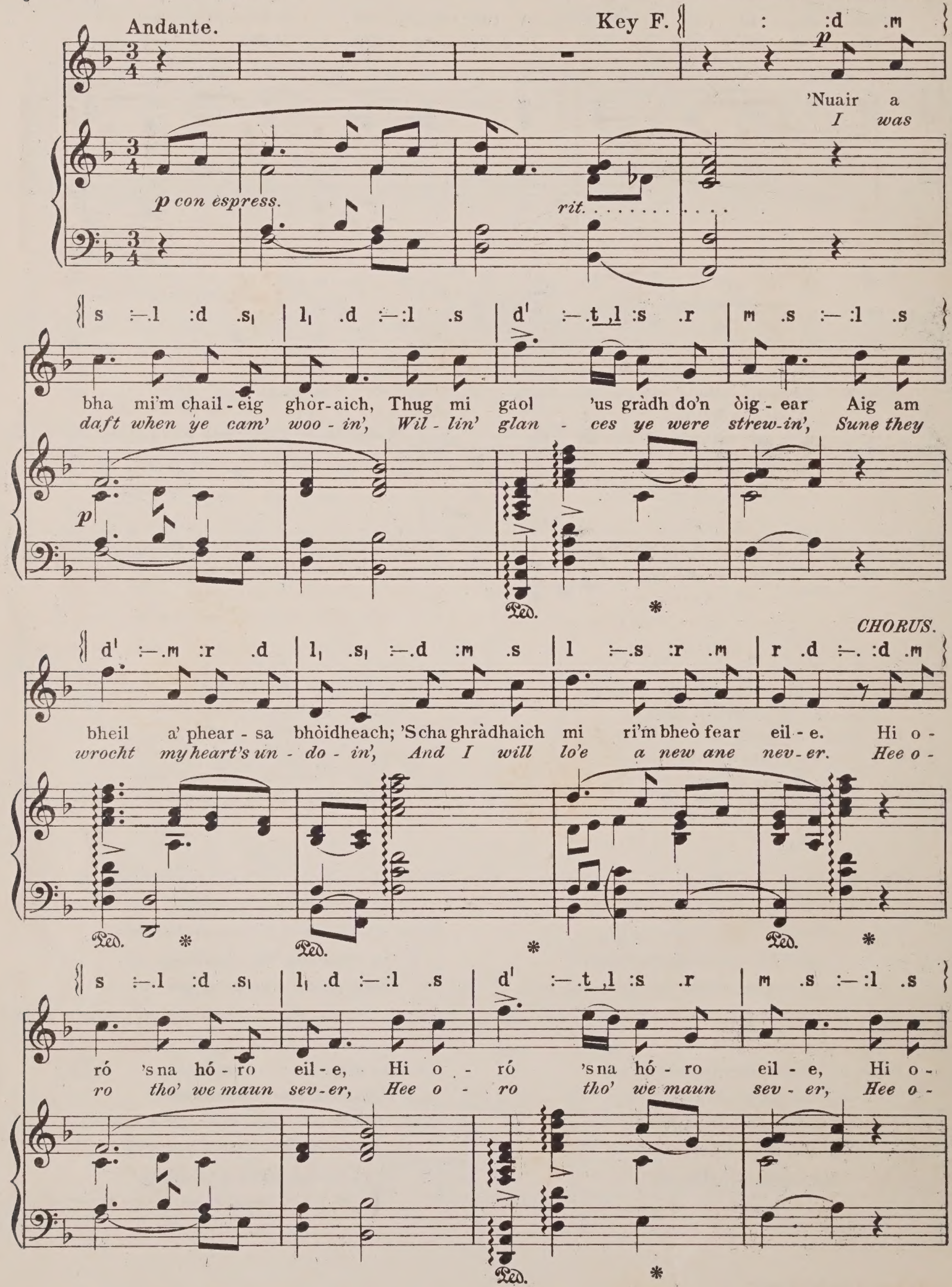
My black-haired maid, &c.

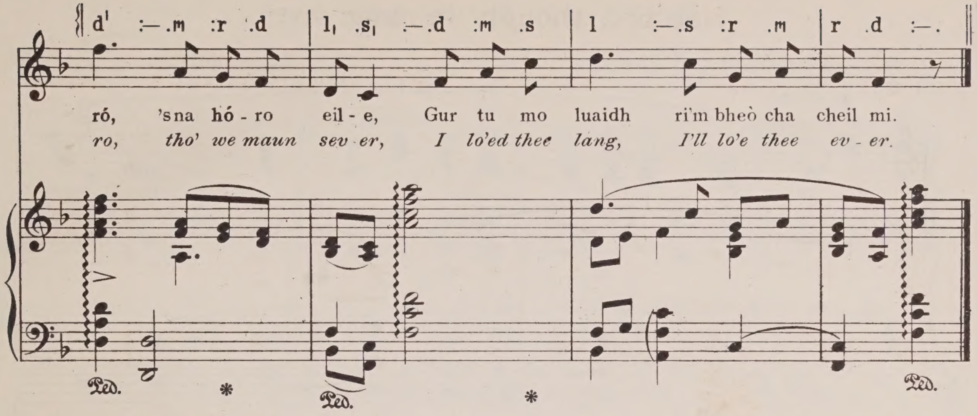
HI ORÓ 'S NA HORO EILE.

Ḥee oro, though we maun sever.

Gaelic Words by
JOHN MACLEAN, Tiree.

Translation by
ALEXANDER STEWART, Stenhousemuir.


Andante.
Key F.
: :d .m
p
'Nuair a
I was
p con espress.
rit. . . . .
s :—.l :d .s, | l, .d :—:l .s | d' :—.t,l :s .r | m .s :—:l .s
bha mi'm chail-eig ghòr-aich, Thug mi gaol 'us gràdh do'n òig-ear Aig am
daft when ye cam' woo-in', Wil-lin' glan-ces ye were strew-in', Sune they
p
Ped. *
d' :—.m :r .d | l, .s, :—.d :m .s | l :—.s :r .m | r .d :—. :d .m
CHORUS.
bheil a' phear-sa bhòidheach; 'S cha ghràdhaich mi ri'm bheò fear eil-e. Hi o-
wrocht my heart's un-do-in', And I will lo'e a new ane nev-er. Hee o-
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
s :—.l :d .s, | l, .d :—:l .s | d' :—.t,l :s .r | m .s :—:l .s
ró 'sna hó-ro eil-e, Hi o-ró 'sna hó-ro eil-e, Hi o-
ro tho' we maun sev-er, Hee o-ro tho' we maun sev-er, Hee o-
Ped. *


d' :—.m :r .d | l, .s, :—.d :m .s | l :—.s :r .m | r .d :—.
ró, 'sna hó - ro eil - e, Gur tu mo luaidh ri'm bheò cha cheil mi.
ro, tho' we maun sev - er, I lo'ed thee lang, I'll lo'e thee ev - er.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

2.
Chaidh mi choill nan crann 's nan gallan;
Chuir mi sùil am fiùran maiseach—
B'ann an Glasacho nam bùthan
A thug mi run do'n diùlnach fearail.

Hi oró, 'sna hóro eile, &c.

3.
Meur a's grinn' air peann a sgrìobhas,
'Sa chuir gleus air teudan fìdhle;
'Se do cheòl a thogadh m'ìnntinn
An uair a bhithinn sgìth fo smalan.

Hi oró, 'sna hóro eile, &c.

4.
Do chùl dualach, cuachach, bòidheach;
Falt do chinn mar ite'n lòin-duibh;
Do dha-ghruaidh air dhreach nan ròsan,
'Us iad fo dhealta ceò na maidne.

Hi oró, 's na hóro eile, &c.

5.
Tha do chalpa cuimir, dìreach,
Mar bhradan aimhne ruith gu fìor-ghlan;
'S gura fìor gu'n d' thug mi luaidh dhuit
Am measg na bheil de shluagh air thalamh.

Hi oró, 's na hóro eile, &c.

6.
Ach tha mise'n dùil's an dòchas
Gu'n tig an là 'sam bi sinn còmhla;
'S ma bhios tusa dileas domhsa,
Cha ghràdhaich mi ri'm bheò fear eile.

Hi oró, 's na hóro eile, &c.

2.
'Mang the twigs that grew sae slender
Mine was manly, true an' tender;
Where the crowds in Glasgow wander
'Twas there I won my handsome lover.

Hee oro, though we maun sever, &c.

3.
Haud the pen sae gracefu' guidin',
Or across the violin glidin',
Tunefu' harmony providin'
That fills my soul wi' joy for ever.

Hee oro, though we maun sever, &c.

4.
Wavy hair a lustre shows us,
Blackbird's wing sic jet discloses
Cheeks wi' glow like garden roses
That in the dews o' mornin' quiver.

Hee oro, though we maun sever, &c.

5.
Lithesome in yer mien appearin'
Like the stately salmon steerin',
An' yer beauty's aye endearin'
Yoursel' tae me ower ilka ither.

Hee oro, though we maun sever, &c.

6.
But I cherish aye the notion
Hand in hand we'll sail life's ocean;
Grant me then yer heart's devotion
And I will never lo'e anither.

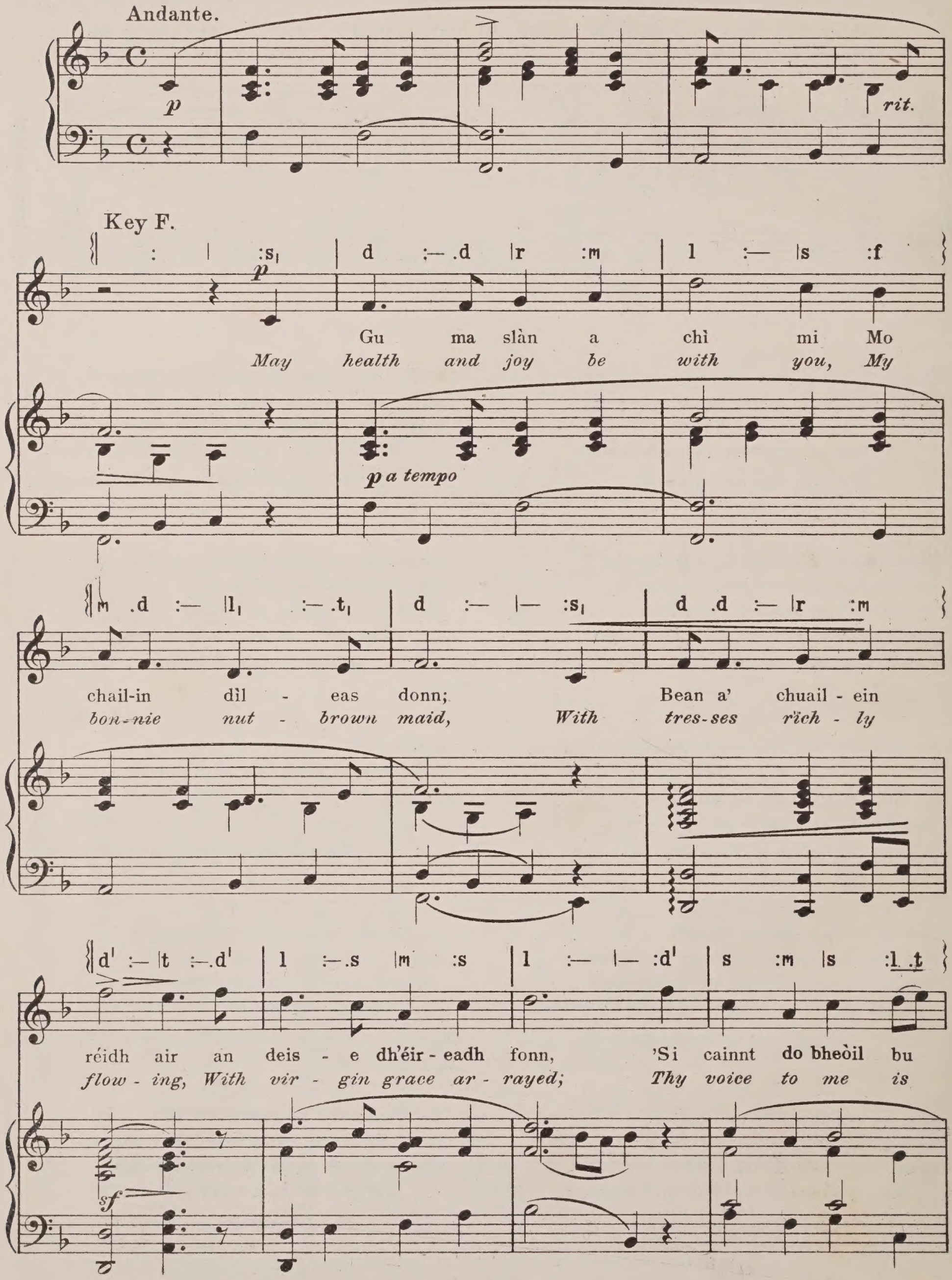
Hee oro, though we maun sever, &c.

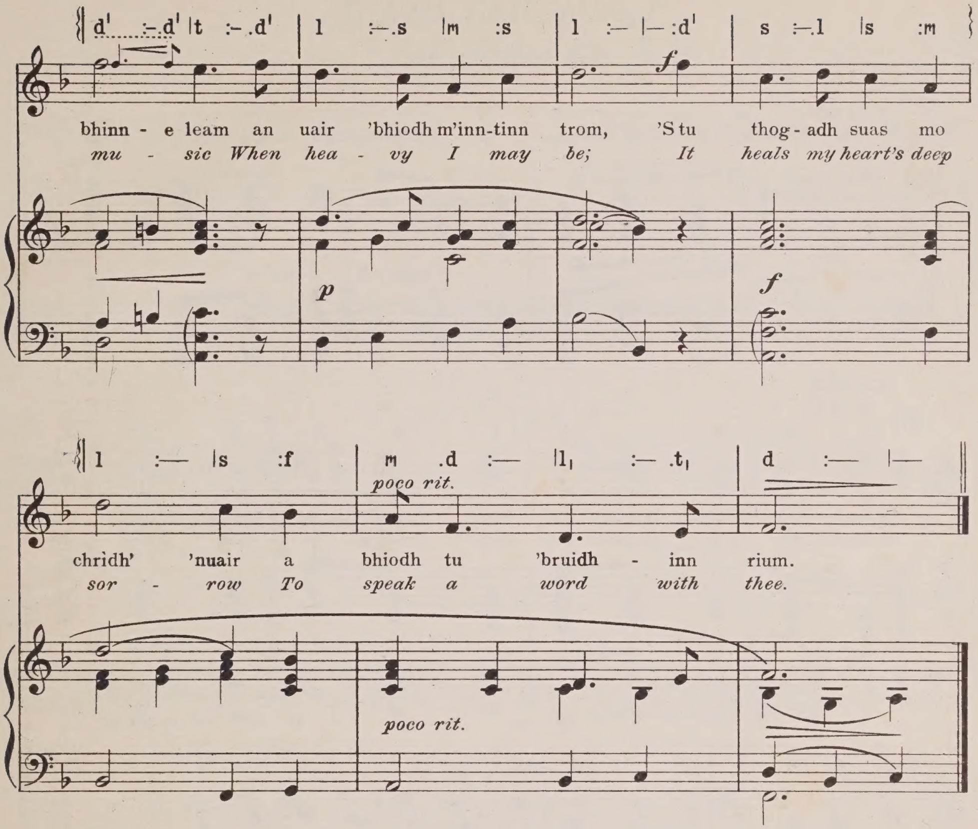
Hi oró 'sna horó eile.

GU MA SLÀN A CHÌ MI.

Health and joy be with you.

Gaelic Words by HECTOR MACKENZIE. Translation by Professor BLACKIE.


Andante.
p
rit.
Key F.
: | :s₁ | d :—.d |r :m | l :— |s :f
p
Gu ma slàn a chì mi Mo
May health and joy be with you, My
p a tempo
m .d :— |l₁ :—.t₁ | d :— |— :s₁ | d .d :— |r :m
chail-in dìl - eas donn; Bean a' chuail - ein
bon-nie nut - brown maid, With tres-ses rich - ly
d' :— |t :—.d' | l :—.s |m :s | l :— |— :d' | s :m |s :l .t
réidh air an deis - e dh'éir - eadh fonn, 'Si caint do bheòil bu
flow - ing, With vir - gin grace ar - rayed; Thy voice to me is
sf


d' :-.d' |t :-.d' | l :-.s |m :s | l :- |- :d' | s :-.l |s :m
f
bhinn - e leam an uair 'bhiodh m'inn-tinn trom, 'S tu thog - adh suas mo
mu - sic When hea - vy I may be; It heals my heart's deep
p
f
l :- |s :f | m .d :- |l, :- .t, | d :- |-
poco rit.
chridh' 'nuair a bhiodh tu 'bruidh - inn rium.
sor - row To speak a word with thee.
poco rit.

2.

Gur muladach a tà mi
 'S mi nochd air àird' a' chuain,
'S neo-shunndach mo chadal dhomh
 'S do chaidreamh fada bhuam;
Gur tric mi ort a' smaointeach,
 As t'aogais tha mi truagh;
'Us mur a dèan mi t'fhaotainn
 Cha bhi mo shaoghal buan.

3.

Tacan mu'n do sheòl sinn
 Is ann a thòisich càch
Ri innseadh do mo chruinneig-sa
 Nach tillinn-sa gu bràth:
Na cuireadh sud ort gruaimean,
 A luaidh, ma bhios mi slàn,
Cha chum dad idir uait mi
 Ach saighead chruaidh a' Bhàis.

2.

In sadness I am rocking
 This night upon the sea
For troubled is my slumber
 When thy smile is far from me;
On thee I'm ever thinking,
 Thy face is ever near;
And if I may not find thee,
 Then death alone is dear.

3.

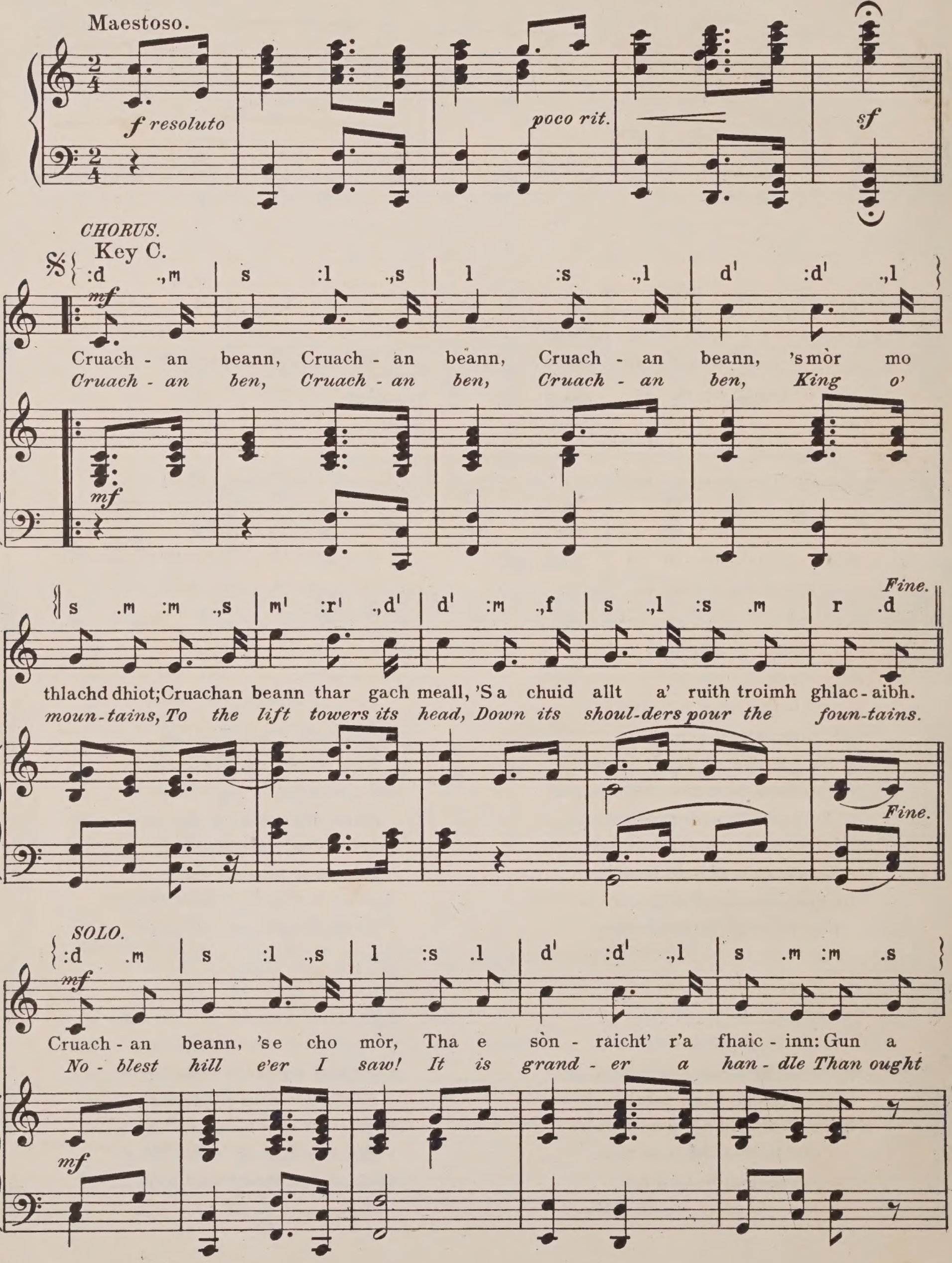
Before we heaved our anchor,
 Their evil speech began,
That you no more should see me,
 The false and faithless man;
Droop not thy head my darling,
 My heart is all thine own;
No power on earth can part us
 But cruel death alone.

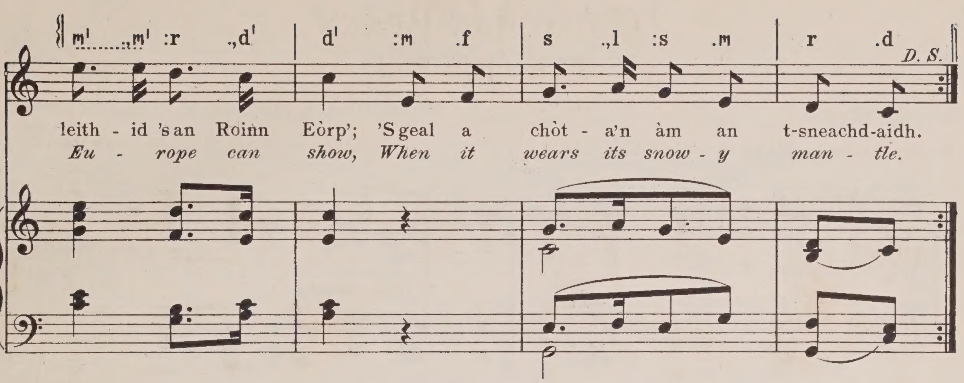
Gu ma slàn a chì mi.

CRUACHAN BEANN.

Cruachan Ben.

Gaelic Words by PATRICK MACINTYRE. Translation by MALCOLM MACFARLANE.


Maestoso.
f resoluto
poco rit.
sf
CHORUS.
Key C.
:d .,m | s :l .,s | l :s .,l | d' :d' .,l
mf
Cruach - an beann, Cruach - an beann, Cruach - an beann, 'smòr mo
Cruach - an ben, Cruach - an ben, Cruach - an ben, King o'
mf
s .m :m .,s | m' :r' .,d' | d' :m .,f | s .,l :s .m | r .d
Fine.
thlachd dhiot;Cruachan beann thar gach meall, 'S a chuid allt a' ruith troimh ghlac - aibh.
moun - tains, To the lift towers its head, Down its shoul - ders pour the foun - tains.
Fine.
SOLO.
:d .m | s :l .,s | l :s .l | d' :d' .,l | s .m :m .s
mf
Cruach - an beann, 'se cho mòr, Tha e sòn - raicht' r'a fhaic - inn: Gun a
No - blest hill e'er I saw! It is grand - er a han - dle Than ought
mf


m' .,m' :r .,d' | d' :m .f | s .,l :s .m | r .d
D. S.
leith - id 's an Roinn Eòrp'; 'S geal a chòt - a'n àm an t-sneachd-aidh.
Eu - rope can show, When it wears its snow - y man - tle.

2.
Cloinn-an-t-saoir d' am bu dual
Bhi 'nad chluanagan fasgach,
An diugh cha 'n fhaic mi aon de 'n àl
Gabhail tàmh ann ad thaice.
Cruachan beann, &c.

2.
Macintyres were the clan
That its precincts frequentit;
Now there's nane o' them there,
And fu' sair I lament it.
Cruachan ben, &c.

3.
'S iomadh linn o'n fhuair iad còir
Air a' bheinn is bòidhch' r' a faicinn;
'S cho fad 's a ruitheas uillt gu cuan
Bidh an dualachas ud aca.
Cruachan beann, &c.

3.
'Twas in days o' langsyne
Bonnie Cruachan they claimit,
And as lang as water flows,
Still on it they'll be namit.
Cruachan ben, &c.

4.
An Leitir beann chaidh m' àrach òg—
Leitir bhòidheach nam badan,
Gheibhteadh fiadh ann air an t-sliabh,
'S earbag riabhach anns gach glac dheth.
Cruachan beann, &c.

4.
I was reared at Letter-ben,
Far the grandest of onie;
Deers and roes bounded free
Owre its knowes green and bonnie.
Cruachan ben, &c.

5.
Aite 's maisiche fo 'n ghréin,
Chaoidh cha léir dhomh r' a fhaicinn;
'S o'n a chuir iad thu fo fhéidh,
'S goirt mo dheur gabhail beachd ort.
Cruachan beann, &c.

5.
I nae mair shall behold
Spot on earth half sae takin';
But they've put it under deer,
And my heart's nigh a-breakin'.
Cruachan ben, &c.

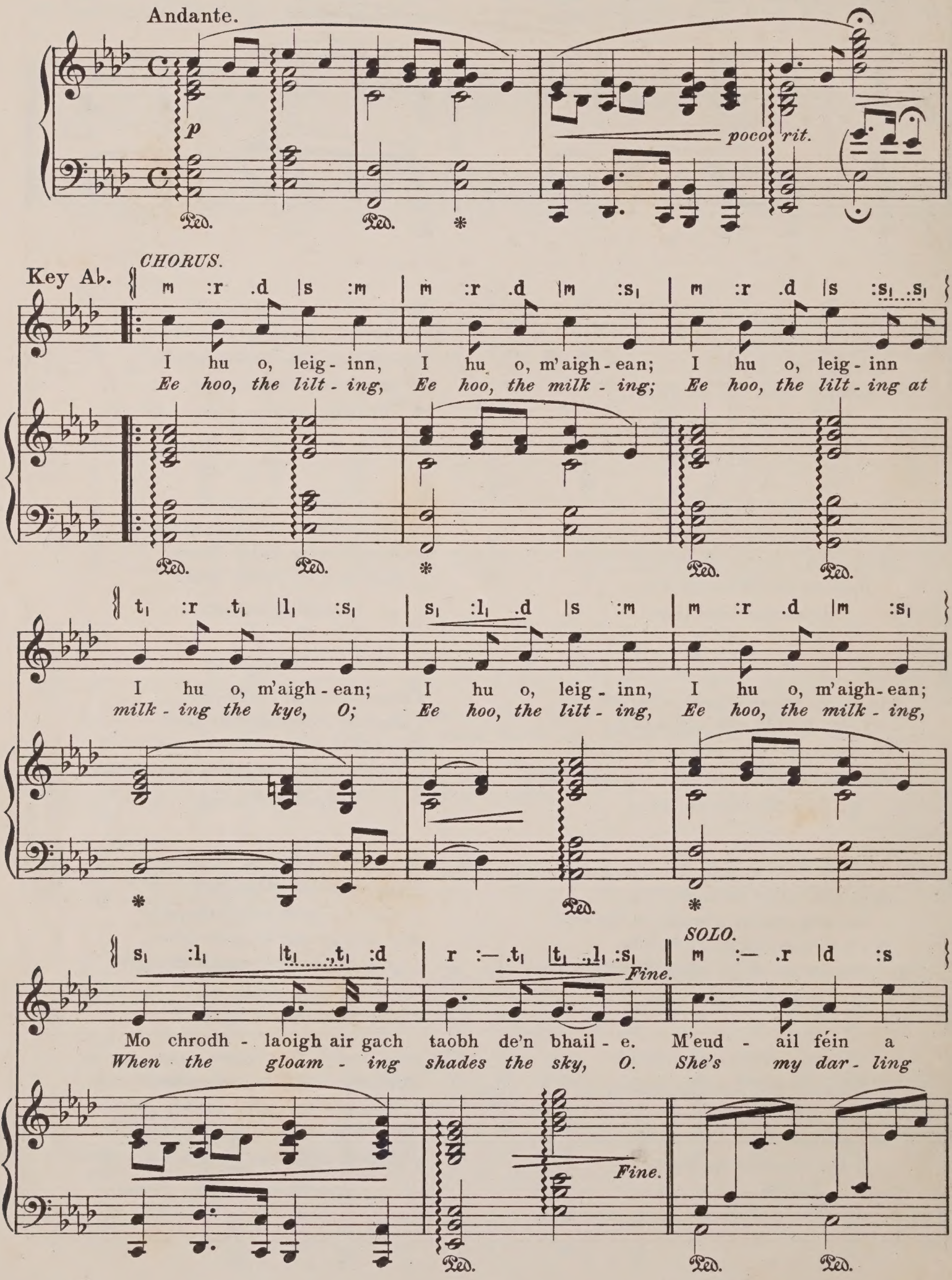
6.
Soraidh nis le Cruachan beann,
Leis gach coire 's gleann tha 'n taic ris:
'S e mo dhùrachd Cloinn-an-t-Saoir
A bhi daonnan 'na thaice.
Cruachan beann, &c.

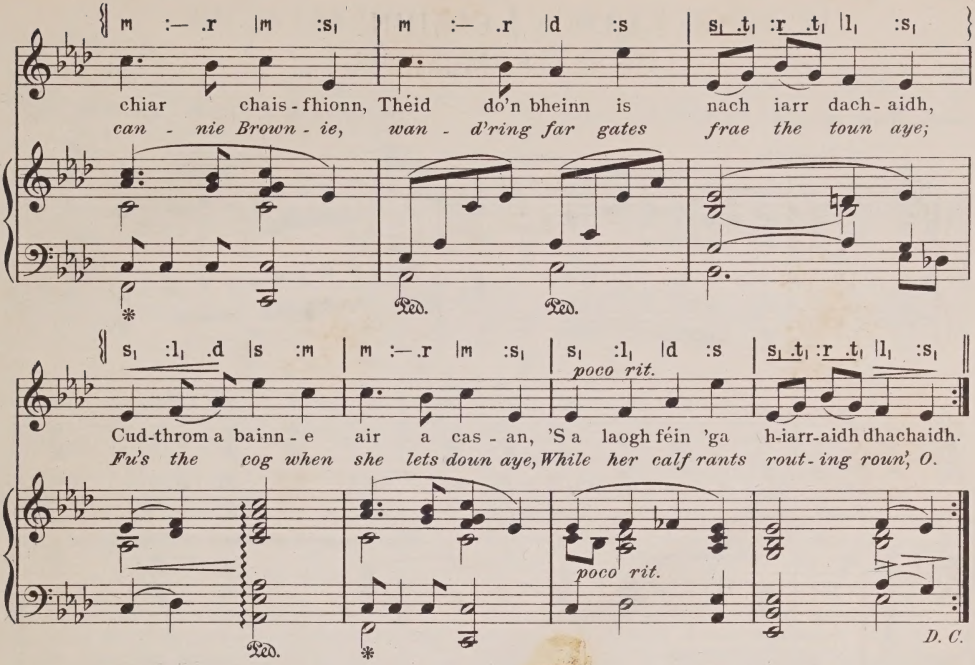
6.
Fare thee well, Cruachan ben!
Every scaur, glen and fountain!
Lang may Macintyres be found
Round their ain glorious mountain.
Cruachan ben, &c.

I HU O, LEIGINN.

Ee hoo, the Milking.

Gaelic Words old. Translation by MALCOLM MAC FARLANE.


Andante.
p
Ped.
poco rit.
Key A♭.
CHORUS.
m :r .d |s :m | m :r .d |m :s_1 | m :r .d |s :s_1 .s_1
I hu o, leig - inn, I hu o, m'aigh - ean; I hu o, leig - inn
Ee hoo, the lilt - ing, Ee hoo, the milk - ing; Ee hoo, the lilt - ing at
t_1 :r .t_1 |l_1 :s_1 | s_1 :l_1 .d |s :m | m :r .d |m :s_1
I hu o, m'aigh - ean; I hu o, leig - inn, I hu o, m'aigh - ean;
milk - ing the kye, O; Ee hoo, the lilt - ing, Ee hoo, the milk - ing,
s_1 :l_1 |t_1 .,t_1 :d | r :— .t_1 |t_1 .,l_1 :s_1 ‖ m :— .r |d :s
Mo chrodh - laoigh air gach taobh de'n bhail - e. M'eud - ail féin a
When the gloam - ing shades the sky, O. She's my dar - ling
Fine.
SOLO.


m :— .r |m :s₁ | m :— .r |d :s | s₁ .t₁ :r .t₁ |l₁ :s₁
chiar chais-fhionn, Theid do'n bheinn is nach iarr dach-aidh,
can - nie Brown - ie, wan - d'ring far gates frae the toun aye;
s₁ :l₁ .d |s :m | m :— .r |m :s₁ | s₁ :l₁ |d :s | s₁ .t₁ :r .t₁ |l₁ :s₁
poco rit.
Cud-throm a bainn - e air a cas - an, 'S a laogh féin 'ga h-iarr-aidh dhachaidh.
Fu's the cog when she lets doun aye, While her calf rants rout - ing roun', O.
poco rit.
D. C.

2.
M' eudail féin an t-aghan caisfhionn,
Chuirinn buarach air a chasan;
Chuirinn buarach air a chasan:
Buarach shìoda thig a Sasunn.
I hu o, &c.

3.
Chi mi grìsfhionn tighinn air fàire,
Leis a' mheanbh-bhric tha m' a bràghad;
Rì! gur ro-mhath 'thogail àil i;
Ceannard buaile suas thar càch i.
I hu o, &c.

4.
M' eudail ise 'chrodh na tìre;
Bheir i dhòmhs' am bainne prìseil;
Bheir i dhòmhs' am bainne prìseil;
'S mur a toir is mòr g' am dhìth e.
I hu o, &c.

5.
Naile! siod am bainne prìseil,
Bainn' o chaisfhionn, bainn' o ghrìsfhionn;
Ni mi càis dheth, ni mi ìm dheth
Nach bi coimeas riu 'san sgìre.
I hu o, &c.

6.
Anns na linntean mu'n robh fìon ann,
Uisge-beatha, leann no *tea* ann,
Dé chuir slàinte 's neart 'nar sìnnsear?
Bainn' o chaisfhionn, bainn' o ghrìsfhionn.
I hu o, &c.

2.
Come awa, my Whitefoot pretty;
Ye're whiles ready wi' yer fuitie;
Bourach strang we'll ha'e to get ye,
Silken bourach frae the city.
Ee hoo, &c.

3.
Brindlie comes in at the gloaming:
Whaur has she sae late been roaming?
Now the coggie's reaming, foaming;
She's the queen at Tackintoman.
Ee hoo, &c.

4.
Now's yer turn, my sonsie Jean, O;
Aye sae sleekit, plump and clean, O;
Rich and warm the milk ye've gi'en, O;
What wad we dae gin ye'd nane, O?
Ee hoo, &c.

5.
Rich and warm the milk they've gi'en, O;
Brownie, Brindlie, Whitefoot, Jean, O;
We'll mak butter sweet and clean, O,
The like o' which was never seen, O.
Ee hoo, &c.

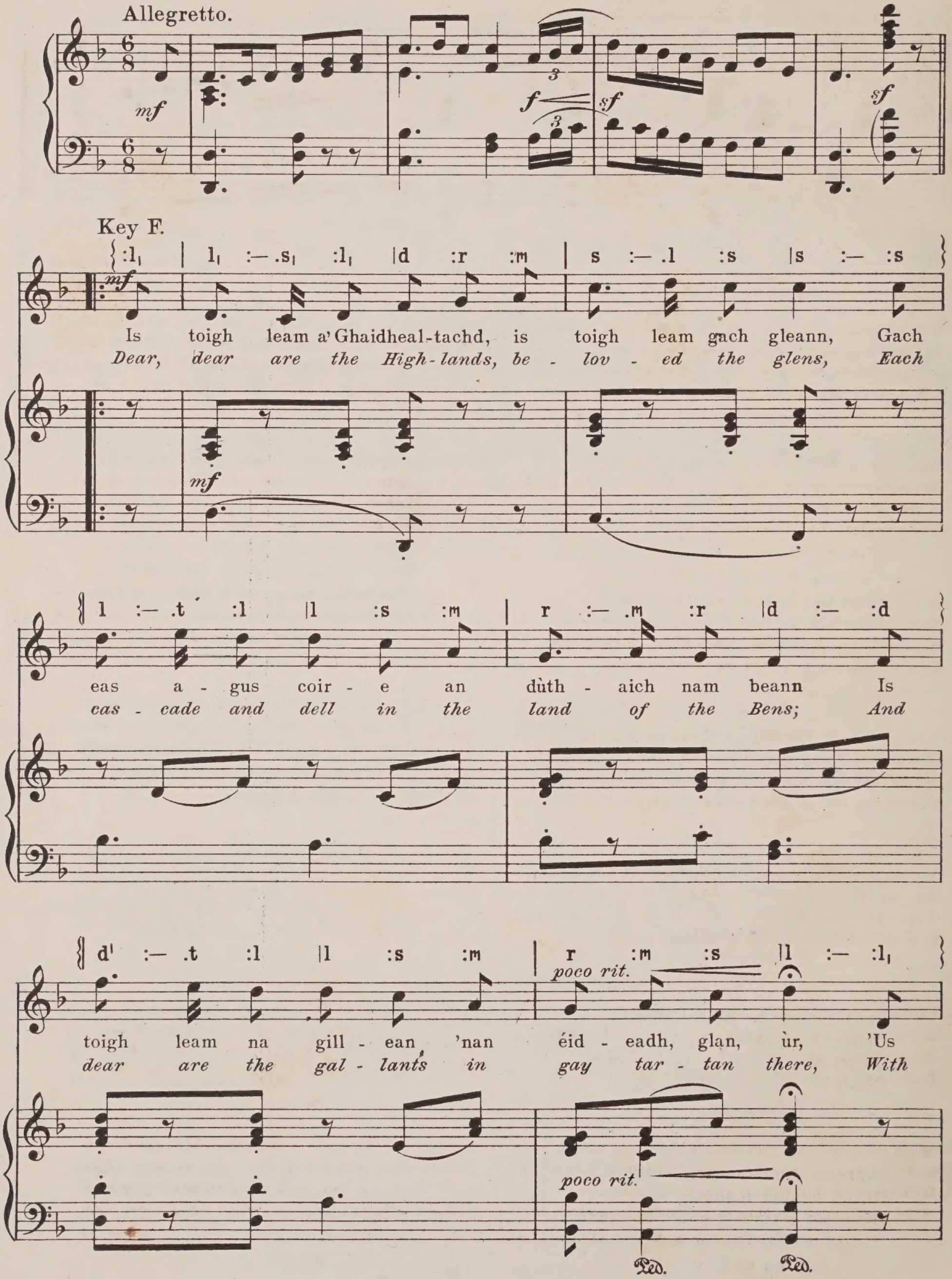
6.
Lang ere tea was brocht frae China,
Lang ere man had tasted wine, O,
What put smeddum in our kin', O?
What but milk like this o' mine, O.
Ee hoo, &c.

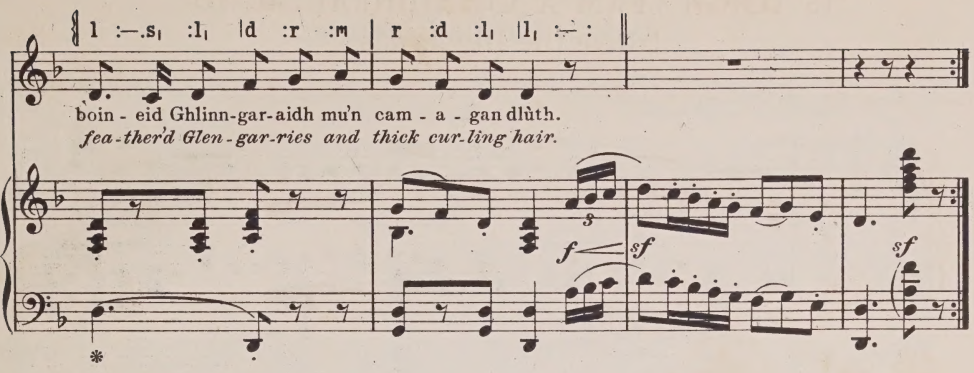
I hu o, Leiginn.

IS TOIGH LEAM A' GHAIDHEALTACHD.

I love the Highlands.

Gaelic Words by JOHN CAMPBELL, Ledaig. Translation by FINDLAY MACRAE, M. A.


Allegretto.
mf
f
sf
sf
Key F.
:l, | l, :— .s, :l, |d :r :m | s :— .l :s |s :— :s
mf
Is toigh leam a' Ghaidheal-tachd, is toigh leam gach gleann, Gach
Dear, dear are the High-lands, be - lov - ed the glens, Each
mf
l :— .t :l |l :s :m | r :— .m :r |d :— :d
eas a - gus coir - e an dùth - aich nam beann Is
cas - cade and dell in the land of the Bens; And
d' :— .t :l |l :s :m | r :m :s |l :— :l,
poco rit.
toigh leam na gill - ean 'nan éid - eadh, glan, ùr, 'Us
dear are the gal - lants in gay tar - tan there, With
poco rit.
Ped.
Ped.


l :—.s, :l, |d :r :m | r :d :l, |l, :— :
boin - eid Ghlinn-gar-aidh mu'n cam - a - gan dlùth.
fea-ther'd Glen-gar-ries and thick cur-ling hair.
f
sf
sf
3
*

2.
Is toigh leam 'n an deis' iad o'm mullach gu'm bonn,
Am breacan, an t-osan, an sporan 's an lann;
Is toigh leam iad sgeadaicht' an éideadh an tìr,
Ach 's suarach an deise seach seasmhachd an cridh'.

3.
Sheas iad an dùthaich 's gach cùis agus càs,
Duais-bhrathaidh cha ghabhadh ged chuirt' iad gu bàs;
'S ged shàraicht' an spiorad 's ged leigte an ceann,
Bha 'n cridhe cho daingeann ri carraig nam beann.

4.
Is toigh leam na h-ìgh'nagan 's b' ainneamh an t-am
Nach bithinn 'n an cuideachd 'n uair gheibhinn bhi ann,
'S na'm faighinn-se té dhiubh a dùthaich mo chridh',
Gu'n siùbhlainn-se leatha gu iomall gach tìr.

5.
Is toigh leam a' Ghàidhlig, a bàrdachd 's a ceòl,
Is tric thog i nìos sinn 'n uair bhiodhmaid fo leòn,
'S i dh' ionnsaich sinn trath ann an làithean ar n-òig,
'S nach fàg sinn gu bràth gus an laigh sinn fo'n fhòid.

6.
Nis tha dùthaich ar gaoil dol fo chaoirich 's fo fhéidh,
Sinn 'gar fuadach thar sàile mar bhàrrlach gun fheum;
Ach thigeadh an cruaidh-chas, 's có sheasas an stoirm?
O, có ach na balaich le'm boineidean gorm!

7.
Canar an gaisge 's an domhan mu'n cuairt,
Air sgiathaibh na gaoithe 'ga sgaoileadh thar chuan,
'Us fhad 's a bhios rìoghachd 'na seasamh air fonn,
Bidh cuimhne gu dìlinn air euchdan nan sonn.

8.
'S ma rùisgear an claidheamh a rithist gu strìth,
Ged 's ainneamh ar cuideachd, bidh trusadh 'n ar tìr;
Bidh clanna nan Gàidheal ri aghaidh gach càs,
'S iad guallainn ri guallainn, gu buaidh no gu bàs.

2.
To me, dear are they; clad from the heel to the head,
With hose and with sporan, with sword and with plaid;
Light and graceful they glide, in the Highland garb dressed—
But poor is their garb to the warmth of their breast.

3.
They stood by their country when perils pressed hard,
And, urged to the death, scorned the traitor's reward;
Though their vexed spirits bend to oppression's rude shocks,
Yet stout are their hearts as their own mountain rocks.

4.
And dear are the maidens, so handsome and fair;
In their smiles oft I sought to soothe sorrow and care;
With a bride by my side, from my own Highland home,
Light-hearted and free o'er the world I would roam.

5.
And dear is the Gaelic— its music and song
Oft cheered our sad hearts, wrung by grief or by wrong;
The accents we lisped, as in childhood we strayed,
Shall ne'er be forgot till in dust we are laid.

6.
O'er our country beloved now the red deer bound free,
While useless o'er ocean wide scattered are we;
But should battle-storms threaten, who then shall stand true?
O, then for the boys in the bonnets of blue!

7.
Of their might the renown shall be spread to the pole,
On the wingèd wind sped where the foam-billows roll;
And while o'er the earth's bosom a banner shall wave,
Rememberd shall still be the deeds of the brave.

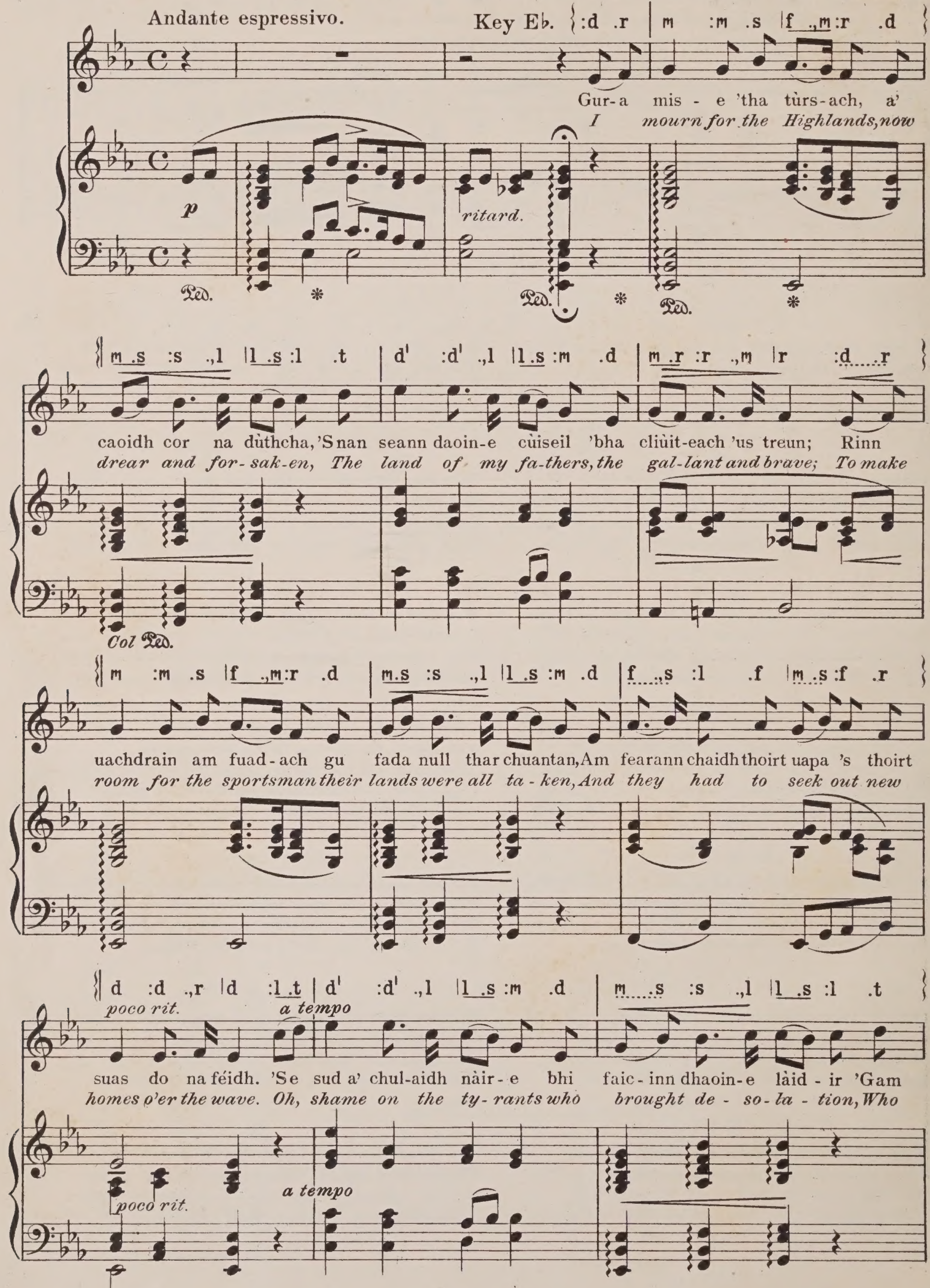
8.
And if ever for battle unsheathed be the sword,
Though scant now the numbers our musters afford,
Still the sons of the Gael shall in danger be nigh,
And, shoulder to shoulder, shall conquer or die.

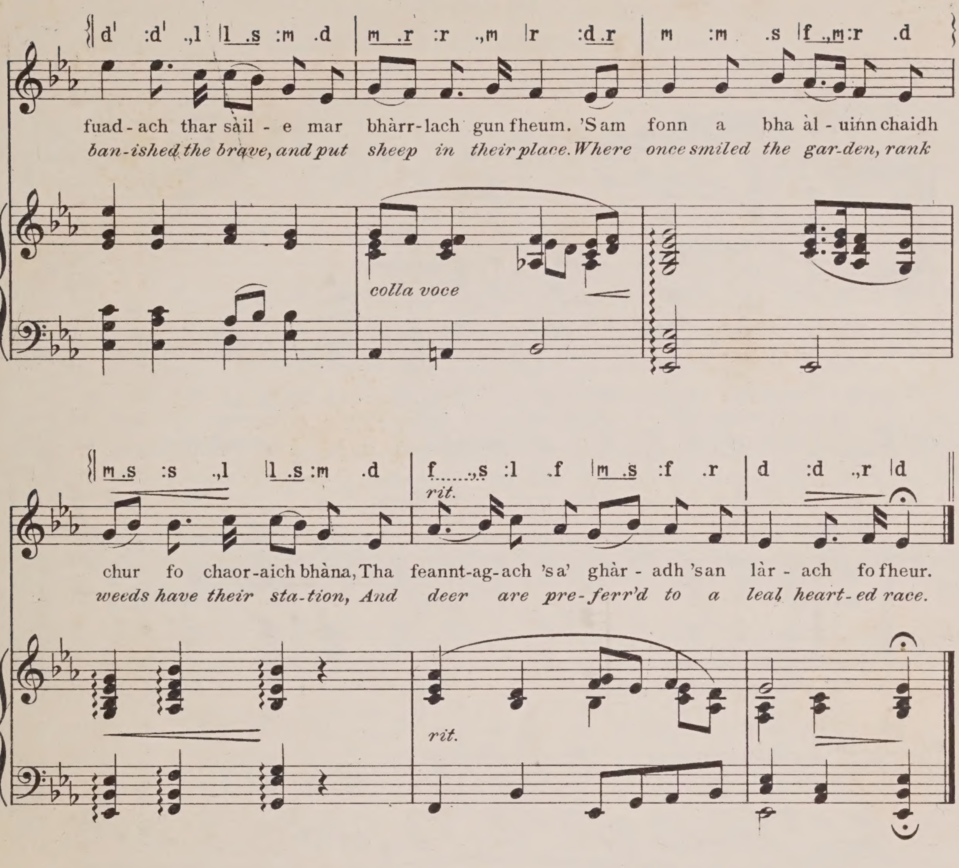
FUADACH NAN GAIDHEAL.

I mourn for the Highlands.

Gaelic Words and Translation by HENRY WHYTE. (Fionn.)

Air —"Lord Lovat's Lament."


Andante espressivo.
Key E♭.
p
ritard.
Col Ped.
poco rit.
a tempo
Gur-a mis-e 'tha tùrs-ach, a' caoidh cor na dùthcha, 'S nan seann daoin-e cùiseil 'bha cliùit-each 'us treun; Rinn uachdrain am fuad-ach gu fada null thar chuantan, Am fearann chaidh thoirt uapa 's thoirt suas do na féidh. 'Se sud a' chul-aidh nàir-e bhi faic-inn dhaoin-e làid-ir 'Gam
I mourn for the Highlands, now drear and for-sak-en, The land of my fa-thers, the gal-lant and brave; To make room for the sportsman their lands were all ta-ken, And they had to seek out new homes o'er the wave. Oh, shame on the ty-rants who brought de-so-la-tion, Who


d' :d' .,l |l .s :m .d |m .r :r .,m |r :d .r |m :m .s |f .,m :r .d
fuad-ach thar sàil - e mar bhàrr-lach gun fheum. 'S am fonn a bha àl - uinn chaidh
ban-ished the brave, and put sheep in their place. Where once smiled the gar-den, rank
colla voce
m .s :s .,l |l .s :m .d |f .,s :l .f |m .s :f .r |d :d .,r |d
rit.
chur fo chaor-aich bhàna, Tha feannt-ag-ach 's a' ghàr - adh 'san làr - ach fo fheur.
weeds have their sta-tion, And deer are pre-ferr'd to a leal heart-ed race.
rit.

2.

Far an robh móran dhaoine
Le 'm mnathan 'us le 'n teaghlaich,
Cha'n 'eil ach caoraich-mhaola
Ri fhaotainn 'n an àit':
Cha'n fhaicear air a' bhuaile
A' bhanarach le 'buaraich,
No idir an crodh guaill-fhionn
'S am buachaille bàn.

3.

Tha'n uiseag anns na speuran
A' seinn a luinneig gleusda,
'S gun neach ann 'g a h-éisdeachd
'N uair dh' éireas i árd;
Cha till, cha till na daoine
Bha cridheil agus aoibheil—
Mar mholl air latha gaoithe
Chaidh 'n sgaoileadh gu bràth.

2.

Oh! where are the parents
And bairns yonder roaming?
The scene of their gladness
Is far o'er the main;
No blithe-hearted milkmaid
Now cheers us at gloaming;
The herd-boy no longer
Is seen on the plain

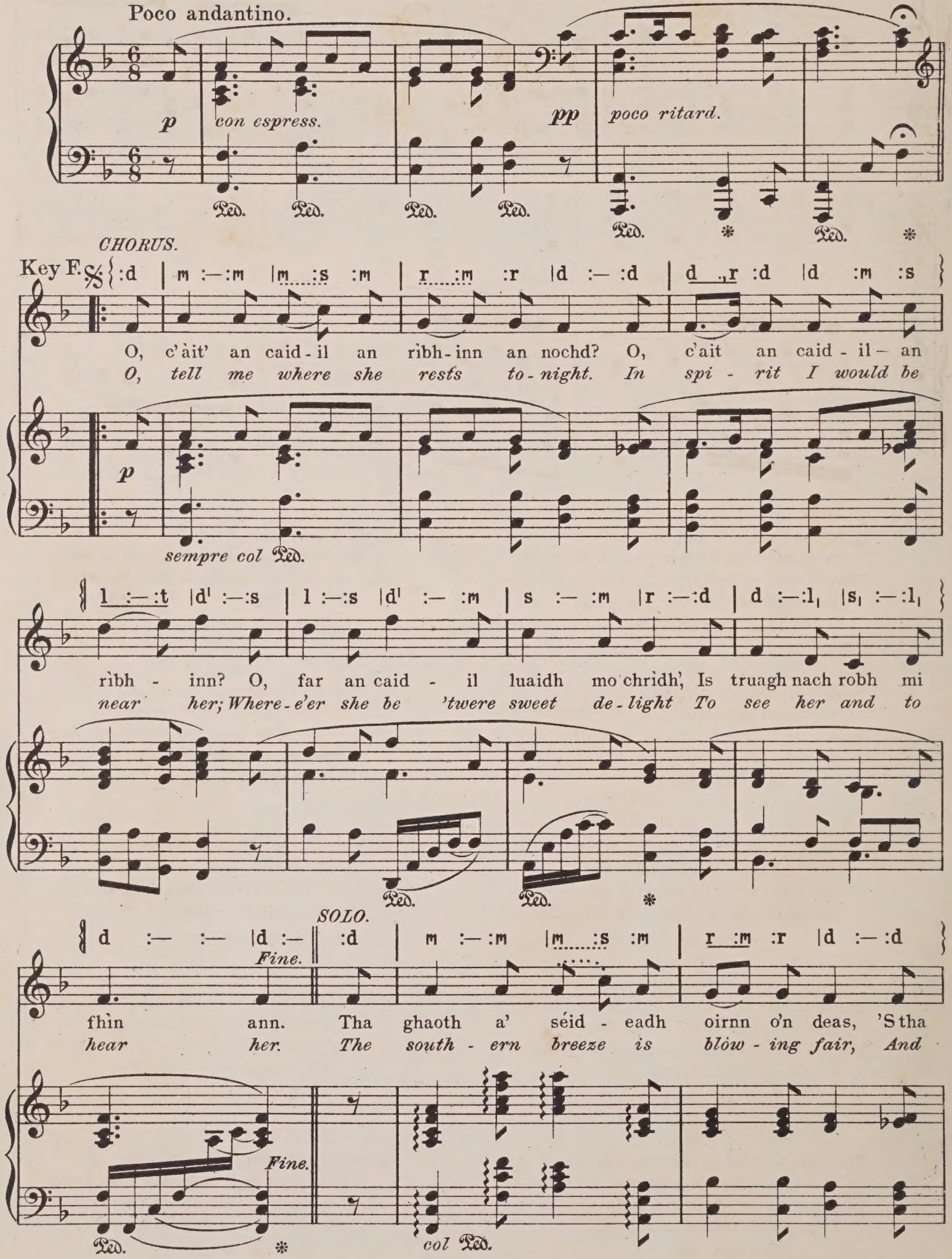
3.

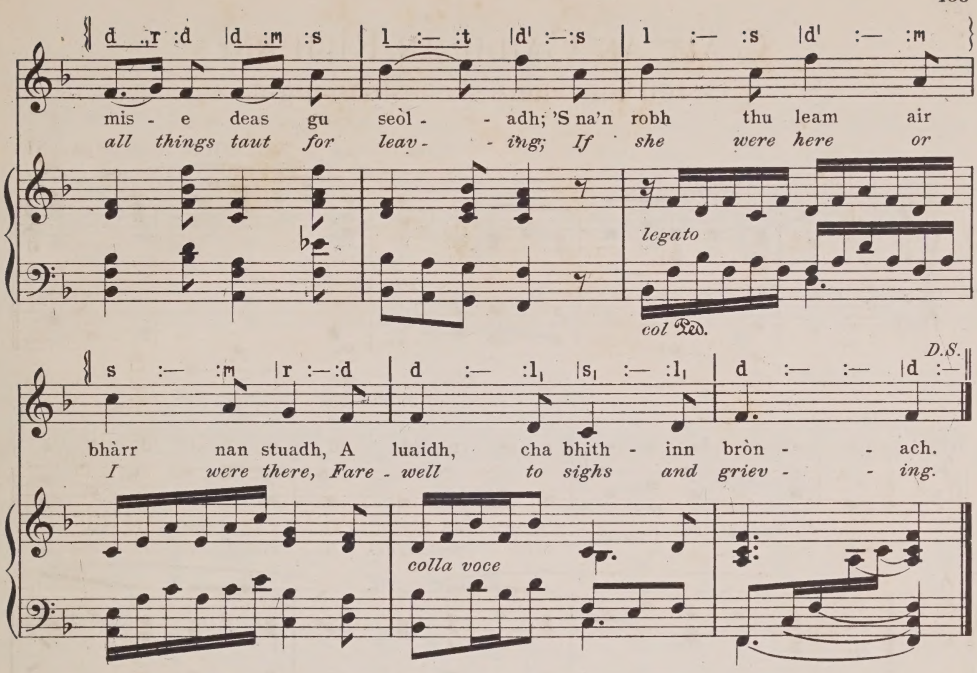
The lark still is soaring,
And sings in her glory,
With no one to listen
Her sweet morning lay;
The clansmen are gone—
But their deeds live in story—
Like chaff in the wind
They were borne far away.

C'ÀIT' AN CAIDIL AN RÌBHINN?

O, tell me where she rests to-night.

Translation by MALCOLM MACFARLANE.


Poco andantino.
p
con espress.
pp
poco ritard.
CHORUS.
Key F.
:d | m :– :m | m :s :m | r :m :r | d :– :d | d .,r :d | d :m :s
O, c'àit' an caid-il an rìbh-inn an nochd? O, c'ait an caid - il – an
O, tell me where she rests to-night. In spi - rit I would be
p
sempre col Ped.
l :– :t | d' :– :s | l :– :s | d' :– :m | s :– :m | r :– :d | d :– :l, | s, :– :l,
rìbh - inn? O, far an caid - il luaidh mo chrìdh', Is truagh nach robh mi
near her; Where-e'er she be 'twere sweet de-light To see her and to
SOLO.
d :– :– | d :– || :d | m :– :m | m :s :m | r :m :r | d :– :d
Fine.
fhìn ann. Tha ghaoth a' sèid - eadh oirnn o'n deas, 'S tha
hear her. The south - ern breeze is blow - ing fair, And
Fine.
col Ped.


d .,r :d |d :m :s | l :— :t |d' :—:s | l :— :s |d' :— :m
mis - e deas gu seòl - - adh; 'S na'n robh thu leam air
all things taut for leav - - ing; If she were here or
legato
col Ped.
s :— :m |r :—:d | d :— :l, |s, :— :l, | d :— :— |d :—
D.S.
bhàrr nan stuadh, A luaidh, cha bhith - inn bròn - - ach.
I were there, Fare - well to sighs and griev - - ing.
colla voce

O, bha mi deas is bha mi tuath,
'S gu tric air chuairt 'sna h-Innsean;
Bean t' aogais riamh cha d' fhuair mi ann,
No samhladh do mo nìghneig.
O, c' àit', &c.

3.
'S ann ort féin a dh' fhàs a' ghruag
Tha bachlach, dualach, rìomhach:
Fiamh an òir is bòidhche snuadh,
'S e dol 'na dhuail 'sna cìrean.
O, c' àit', &c.

4.
Cha tog fiodhall, 's cha tog òran
'S cha tog ceòl na pìoba,
'S cha tog brìodal nìghneig òig
Am bròn tha 'n diugh air m'inntinn.
O, c' àit', &c.

5.
'S e dh' iarrainn riochd na h-eala bhàin
A shnàmhas thar a' chaolais;
Is rachainn féin troimh thonnaibh breun
A chur an céill mo ghaoil duit.
O, c' àit', &c.

6.
Tha nis gach ni a réir mo dheòin,
Gach acfhuinn 's seòl mar dh' iarrainn;
'S gun mhaille théid mi air a tòir,
Is pòsaidh mi mo nìghneag.
O, c' àit', &c.

2.
O, I've been east, and I've been west,
In far lands and in nigh lands;
But the fairest maiden and the best,
I found her in the Highlands.
O, tell me, &c.

3.
O, rich and radiant is the hair
That her white neck caresses;
Like shower of gold in sunshine fair
It hangs in wavelike tresses.
O, tell me, &c.

4.
The song, the dance are all in vain;
Sweet music cannot cheer me;
For far from thee I live in pain
Until I see and hear thee.
O, tell me, &c.

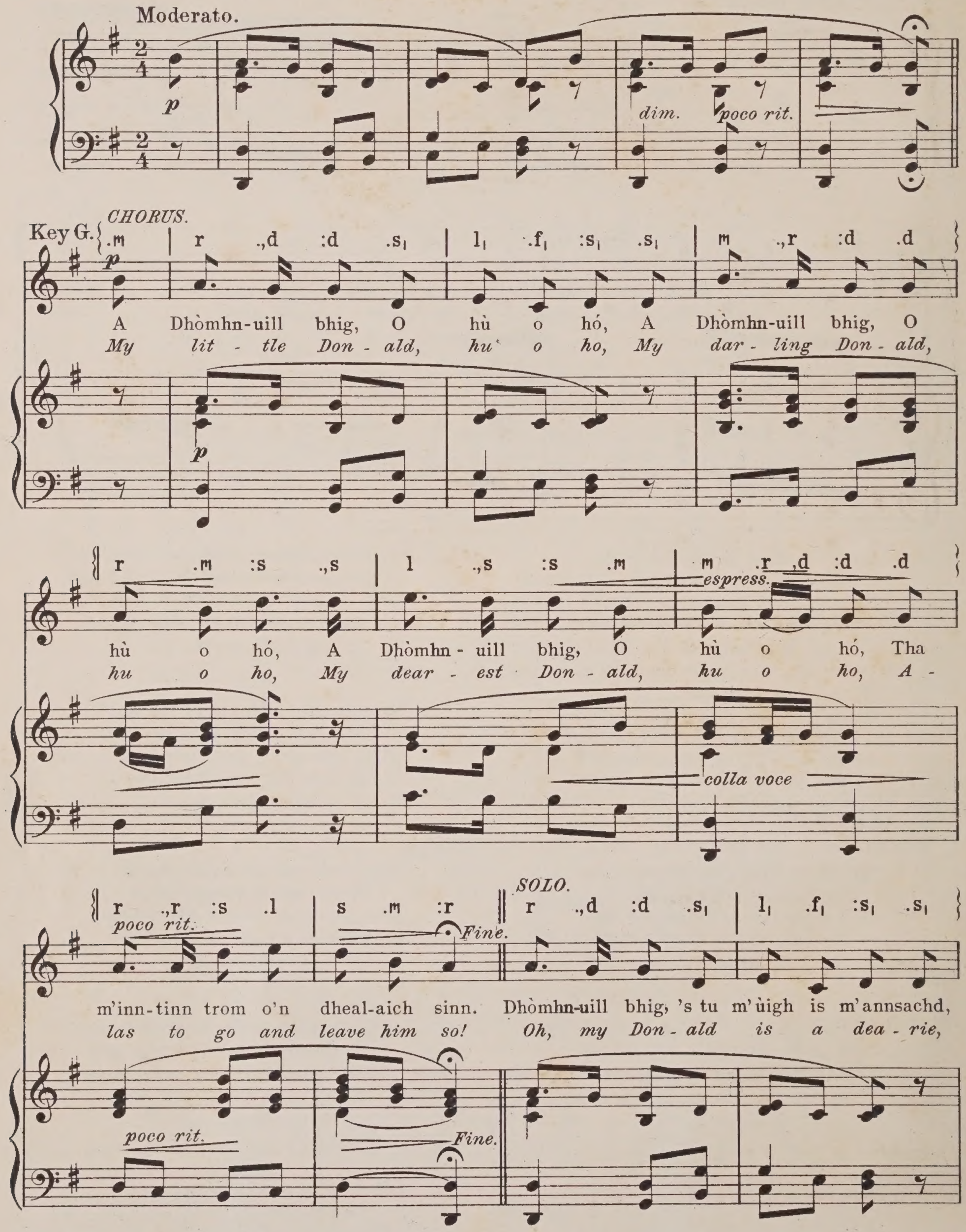
5.
I would I were the snow-white swan
That wings the sky above me;
Then I would fly o'er sea and land
To tell thee how I love thee.
O, tell me, &c.

6.
Now all is ready to set sail;
The morning brings the tide, boys;
Then to the Highlands of the Gael
I go to seek my bride, boys!
O, tell me, &c.

*A DHOMHNUILL BHIG, O HÙ O HÓ.

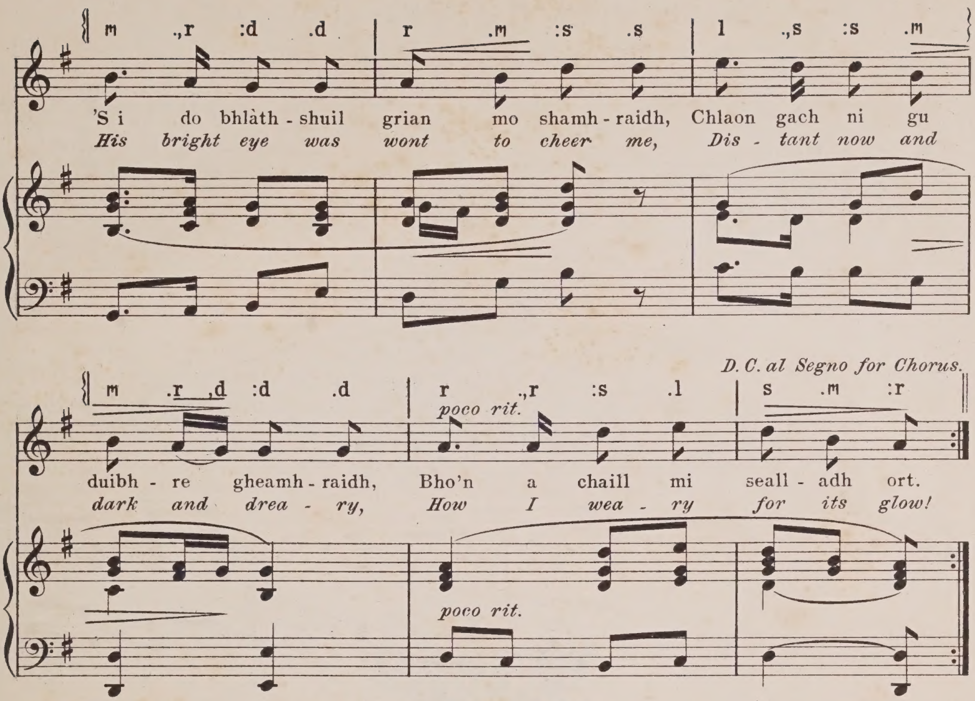
My little Donald, hu o ho.

Gaelic Words by D. MAC PHAIL. Translation by LACHLAN MAC BEAN.


Moderato.
p
dim.
poco rit.
Key G.
CHORUS.
.m | r .,d :d .s, | l, .f, :s, .s, | m .,r :d .d
A Dhòmhn-uill bhig, O hù o hó, A Dhòmhn-uill bhig, O
My lit - tle Don - ald, hu o ho, My dar - ling Don - ald,
p
r .m :s .,s | l .,s :s .m | m .r ,d :d .d
hù o hó, A Dhòmhn - uill bhig, O hù o hó, Tha
hu o ho, My dear - est Don - ald, hu o ho, A -
espress.
colla voce
r .,r :s .l | s .m :r || r .,d :d .s, | l, .f, :s, .s,
poco rit.
Fine.
SOLO.
m'inn-tinn trom o'n dheal-aich sinn. Dhòmhn-uill bhig, 's tu m'ùigh is m'annsachd,
las to go and leave him so! Oh, my Don - ald is a dea - rie,
poco rit.
Fine.

---

* Mr. Henry Whyte says of this song in *Ceòl nan Gàidheal* that it was composed by the late D. Mac Phail, the Mull Bard, on the occasion of his going from home, and leaving his little boy behind him.


m .,r :d .d | r .m :s .s | l .,s :s .m
'S i do bhlàth - shuil grian mo shamh - raidh, Chlaon gach ni gu
His bright eye was wont to cheer me, Dis - tant now and
D. C. al Segno for Chorus.
m .r ,d :d .d | r .,r :s .l | s .m :r
poco rit.
duibh - re gheamh - raidh, Bho'n a chaill mi seall - adh ort.
dark and drea - ry, How I wea - ry for its glow!
poco rit.

2.
Dh' fhàg mi 'n nochd thu measg nan Dù-ghall,
Ghabh mi fàth 'nuair bha do chùl rium;
'S cinnteach leam gu 'n dean thu 'm ionndrainn,
Mu'n tig dùiseal cadail ort.
A Dhòmhnuill bhig, &c.

3.
Dh' fhàg mi 'n diugh thu féin 's do mhàthair
As mo dhéigh ro chianail, cràiteach,
Cruadhs' na bliadhna 's cha'n e'n t-àilghios,
Chuir an tràths do Shasunn mi.
A Dhòmhnuill bhig, &c.

4.
Ach ged tha mi bochd 'n am chrannchur,
'S beag na th' agam fhèin de fharmad
Ris na fleasgaich sheasga, bharr-chruaidh
Ged robh sealbh air fearann ac!
A Dhòmhnuill bhig, &c.

5.
Fhad 's gheibh mi biadh is aodach
'S comunn blàth mo chéile ghaoil
Le fiùrain òga fàs ri taobh,
Cha chuir an saoghal smalan orm.
A Dhòmhnuill bhig, &c.

2.
Hard it was unknown to leave him,
Of his father's love bereave him,
Cruel cunning to deceive him,
It will grieve him now I know.
My little Donald, &c.

3.
With his mother — no one fonder —
I have left my Donald yonder,
While through England I must wander
And I ponder on my woe.
My little Donald, &c.

4.
But though wretched and ill-fated
Shall I envy loons unmated,
Childless, loveless, hard and hated?
No, though sorrow-weighted, no!
My little Donald, &c.

5.
Simplest food and clothes provide me,
Place my loving wife beside me,
From my boy no more divide me,
Wealth and pride I can forego.
My little Donald, &c.

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Music

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